POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 2 • 1963 20c

"Life begins at 39"

JACK BENNY

Back on Broadway after 32 years

Fiction by JOHN O'HARA

Norman Rockwell

NORMAN VINCENT PEALE on the ministry / HELOISE: Housewife's best friend?

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MODEL WA-1050X.

Big 12-pound washer has Mini-Basket for the things you now do by hand

12-pound-capacity washer by General Electric now has a small, extra wash-basket: MINI-BASKET*. It washes frilly frocks, woolen socks, unmentionables. All the things you now labor over at the sink.

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Huge, 12-pound loads come truly clean in the big washbasket. General Electric spent three years and $7,000,000 to develop its relentless washing action. Lint? Filter-Flo® System traps lint fuzz in the filter, not on clothes.

So you see the new General Electric is really two washers in one—giant-size 12-pounder, exclusive little MINI-BASKET. Now at your dealer's.

Only 28 inches wide! Low-priced two-door refrigerator-freezer will please all who have small kitchens. 61 inches high—11.2 cu.-ft.-capacity—zero-degree freezer holds up to 81 lbs. frozen food. Fresh-food section never needs defrosting; slide-out shelves. White, Mix-or-Match colors.

SHOWN: MODEL TB-312X.

By any measure...There is nothing just as good as General Electric

Americana* '63 range has 2 full ovens, yet is only 30 inches wide. It is fast: boils a pint of water in 130 seconds. It is careful: Sensi-Temp* cooktop unit holds the temperature you choose, avoids burning food. Easy to clean: oven door lifts off; cooking units tilt up. (Model J-794)

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

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A new Volkswagen costs $1,675.*

But that isn't as cheap as it sounds. Pound for pound, a VW costs more than practically any car you can name.

Actually, that isn't too surprising when you look into it.

Not many cars get as much put into them as a Volkswagen.

The hand work alone is striking.

VW engines are put together by hand.

One by one.

And every engine is tested twice: once when it's still an engine and again when it's part of the finished car.

A Volkswagen gets painted 4 times and sanded by hand between each coat.

Even the roof lining is hand-fitted.

You won't find a nick or a dimple or a blob of glue on a VW because we aren't above rejecting a piece of car (or a whole car) if we have to.

So you can see why a Volkswagen is so expensive when you figure it by the pound.

It's something to think about.

Particularly if you haven't bought one because you thought they didn't cost enough.

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Birmingham's Fears are many, but looming largest is its fear of change. While other Deep South cities have staunchly—if reluctantly—forged the transition machinery needed to satisfy Negroes' increasing demands for equality, Birmingham has refused to budge. The result: total unpreparedness for the changes which almost no one believes can be avoided. To gauge the mood of this city torn by tensions, novelist **Joe David Brown** revisited the town where he was born, educated and formerly employed by a local newspaper. (In the intervening years he won a battlefield commission and several decorations in France, and wrote *Stars in My Crown* and *Kings Go Forth*, both made into successful films.) This week he reports on the explosive situation building up in his native city.

Other Bylines. Briton **James Morris** roams the world as a correspondent for the Manchester *Guardian*, and is the author of many books based on his travels. . . . For two weeks contributing editor **Bill Davidson** saw Jack Benny daily, accompanying the ageless comedian to his rehearsals, television and concert appearances and even on visits to Benny's tailor. . . . Celebrated clergyman **Norman Vincent Peale**'s article is a reply to *Why I Quit the Ministry*, written anonymously by a former minister for the November 17, 1962 *Post*. . . . Without previous experience as a naturalist, **John Skow** hesitated to write the bunny story. He pushed ahead, however, because of a lifelong desire to visit an authentic den of iniquity. He was grossly disappointed; the bunnies were as tame as college-sorority girls, which most of them had been. One girl who had a journalism degree was more interested in Skow's job than in hers. He offered fatherly advice: "Stick to bunnying." . . . Washington *Post* reporter **Maxine Cheshire**, who traveled with both Nixon and Kennedy during the 1960 campaign and has covered many crime stories, found Heloise more reluctant to talk freely about herself than anyone else she has ever interviewed. . . . Associate editor **Tom Congdon** went into prison for the first time to gather facts for his article. . . . **Ben Bagdikian** is one of *The Post*'s contributing editors.

The Cover portrait of Jack Benny is by **Norman Rockwell**, who flew to Los Angeles to do the painting. When he arrived, the man who has painted some of the world's most famous faces anxiously telephoned *The Post*'s Bill Davidson. Would Davidson help him over the hurdle of meeting Benny? Davidson was glad to comply: Jack Benny, the shy friend of Presidents, had phoned half an hour earlier and asked Davidson to be on hand when it came time for him to meet Rockwell.

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LETTERS

Our Nomadic Ambassadors

Dear Sirs:

Your article, WASTE IN THE WORLD OF DIPLOMACY, [by Ellis O. Briggs, Feb. 2] is one of the finest you have published in your SPEAKING OUT column. Little wonder that our prestige throughout the world has been deteriorating. Why let anything so important to our nation as the appointment of ambassadors be footballed around by politicians?

W. L. BURNS
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Everyone interested in the American Foreign Service should read Ambassador Ellis O. Briggs' article in which he denounces the long-standing practice of moving our ambassadors, the representatives of the President abroad, often before they can possibly come to know the people or the problems of the country to which they are accredited. Mr. Briggs "speaks out" from many years of experience as a career diplomat when he condemns this policy which is both harmful and costly.

JAMES B. STEWART
American Ambassador, Retired
Denver, Colo.

Imprisoned Airman

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on a brilliant and objective report on Airman Anderson's case [INNOCENT'S GRIM ORDEAL, by James R. Phelan, Feb. 2]. Your article completely corroborates all I have read in the local newspaper as well as including additional information. All this was done without the sensationalism that could have been fostered under such conditions.

Your final statement should show your readers that you did not mean to degrade the Air Force but to show that Gestapo tactics are still being used by some unscrupulous people as a means to an end.

ALDEN BAKER
Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Being a Hungarian political refugee, I feel I have the qualifications to compare and associate the OSI's investigation in the Airman Anderson case with the brutal methods of brainwashing of the AVH (Communist Secret Police in Hungary).

A big chunk of the image of American Freedom and Justice has been shattered in me and in countless others, who thought "this CANNOT happen" in this country.

CHARLES CHIODI
Quincy, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

This article is another fine example of your continuing courageous efforts to place before your readers the important moral issues of the day that affect the dignity of man and the very moral fiber of our nation.

R. C. OLIN
Tulsa, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

It is to be noted that Anderson's release for insufficient evidence (!) came the day after the article was published, and several days ahead of the date (Feb. 7) set for his hearing.

MRS. L. RATHBONE
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Civilian Anderson—released from prison on January 29, and later honorably discharged from the Air Force.—ED.

Dear Sirs:

As a Naval court reporter I think it's a gross miscarriage of justice to consider a confession as admissible evidence when it's been wrought by special investigators. If I had my way, any military investigation that couldn't be handled by a commissioned officer would be handled by the FBI—not by some two-bit self-styled detective.

DAVID D. DUNN
Columbus, Ohio

Donovan's Drug Deal

Dear Sirs:

Bard Lindeman is magnificent in his article of February 2, 1963 [CUBAN PRISONER EXCHANGE], in which he tells the American public about the greatest airlift to freedom ever known. He paints a vivid picture of Attorney James B. Donovan's colossal success in his efforts to obtain the liberty of 1,113 Bay of Pigs prisoners.

ESTEBAN RAMIREZ
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Your article on Donovan made me proud of being an American in a society which could produce such an outstanding humble character.

PAUL B. SHAWEN
Maumee, Ohio

TV's Golden Corn

Dear Sirs:

Naturally the "critics" and other denizens of the movie and TV morass condemn and scoff at THE GOLDEN HILLBILLIES of Beverly Hills [by Richard Warren Lewis, Feb. 2]. They cannot understand it. It has no overtones of mad sexual perversion and it does not exalt moral degeneracy. It inspires no psychological traumas. It does not proclaim out-left social aberrations. It is, instead, just clean fun, like a breath of fresh air.

PAUL E. ROBINSON
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Why in the world would you waste time in giving so much publicity to the trashiest, most inane TV show that one could imagine?

WILLIAM R. KIMBALL
Ogden, Utah

Dear Sirs:

The statement in your article, THE GOLDEN HILLBILLIES, that "these are the same mass of people who vote for President and Senators" explains a lot of what goes on in Washington.

GEORGE L. HAWTHORNE
Livonia, Mich.

Tale of Terror

Dear Sirs:

Never has a condensed novel described the world of science fiction, love and life, as Philip Wylie's TRIUMPH [Feb. 2]. After reading Wylie's masterpiece seven times, the theme said to me, "There is no greater need than understanding."

HARRY RYAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I read TRIUMPH with as much interest as one can accord a story that is poorly characterized, or really not characterized at all, being a tale of adventure.

I was happy to learn from Mr. Wylie that we had won. I suppose the annihilation of all the Russian Communists with eleven North Americans surviving did constitute victory of a sort.

ESTHER M. ALGER
Grafton, Vt.

Dear Sirs:

If Philip Wylie's novel, TRIUMPH, doesn't open the eyes of the millions who have ignored the threat and the devastating consequences of a thermonuclear war, nothing will.

MRS. A. HENIS
Inglewood, Calif.

COMING...in next week's Post

Youngstown, Ohio:
City Where Corruption Rules

The sprightly return of
BRANCH RICKEY

Defense expert HANSON BALDWIN hits
THE McNAMARA MONARCHY

Filmland's new sheik:
O'TOOLE OF ARABIA

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

4–Los Angeles Times. • 6–Pictorial Parade. • 11, 12, 13–Lynn Pelham. • 14–From CORE; U.P.I. • 15, 16, 17, 19–Lynn Pelham. • 20–Jerry Cooke. • 23–D. Forbert (Alpha Photo); Stuart Smith (Globe); Ewing Krainin. • 24–Stuart Smith (Globe). • 25–Australian National Travel Association. • 26, 27, 28, 30, 31–Don Cravens. • 33–Jim Drake; Morris Warman; Ivan Massar (Black Star). • 35–Bill Whittingham. • 42, 43–Bernard Perlin. • 48, 49–Austin Briggs. 52–Vytas Valaitis. • 56, 57–Bill Bridges. • 59, 60, 61–Robert Phillips. • 62, 63–Larry Keighley. • 66–Ollie Atkins. 67–Camera Press (Pix). • 68–Sovfoto. • 69–Pictorial Parade.

Religious Freedom

Dear Sirs:

Please convey my thanks to Miss Hotchkiss for her fine article ["ASK AMERICANS TO PRAY FOR US," Feb. 2], as it so ably outlines the true feelings of those who have lost one of their greatest basic freedoms, the freedom to worship as they please.

BOYD E. DANIELS
Denver, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Now may we have an unbiased article on religious freedom in Spain and in Colombia, South America?

EVART PARKS
Buffalo, N.Y.

Republican Retort

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial, THE REPUBLICANS AND THE SOUTH, in the *Post* of February 2, reflects a considerable lack of understanding and knowledge of the Republican movement in the South.

Southerners are coming more and more to identify themselves with the party which more nearly represents their views on national issues, instead of clinging to the Democrat Party, simply because of tradition.

The *Post*, if it is as progressive in its attitudes as it claims to be, should laud the progressive character of the two-party development in the South, instead of castigating it.

JOHN G. TOWER
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

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316. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE *Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You,* 8 more

493. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY: JACKIE GLEASON. *Relax* and let romance take over with *Body & Soul, Little Girl, Some Day,* 13 others.

447. JEAN SHEPARD. GOT YOU ON MY MIND 12 country hits—*Big Midnight Special, One White Rose, Glamour, Violet Mist, Mockin' Bird Hill,* more.

416. JACKIE GLEASON. APHRODISIA Originals for lovers. *Seraglio, Rapture, Glamour, Violet Mist, Orange Velvet, Pink Chiffon,* 6 others.

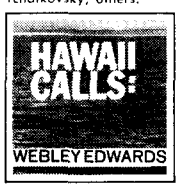
549. RED NICHOLS: DIXIELAND SUPPER CLUB Red and the 5 Pennies in 13 dancers' delights: *Blue, Always, Sentimental Journey,* 10 others.

547. 4 FRESHMEN: STARS IN OUR EYES Salutes to great vocal groups of the past. *Apple Blossom Time, Opus #1, Shangri-La,* 9 more all time hits

391. WILD HI-FI/STEREO DRUMS! Billy May, Les Baxter and others in a dazzling percussion program! (Monaural or Stereo)

110. OFFENBACH: GAITE PARISIENNE. Felix Slatkin and Hollywood Bowl Symphony in an exuberant performance of a beloved ballet score

422. LAURINDO ALMEIDA. REVERIE FOR SPANISH GUITARS. 11 classical works by Ravel, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, others.



341. HAWAII CALLS: GREATEST HITS. WEBLEY EDWARDS plays *Mama's Muu-Muu, Lovely Hula Hands, Song Of The Islands, Hiilawe,* 8 more

CAPITOL RECORD CLUB
"THE RECORD CLUB OF THE STARS"
Dept. 5407, Scranton 5, Pa.

321. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC, MARTINIS AND MEMORIES in the lush Gleason manner: *Once In A While, I Remember You, I Can't Get Started,* 9 more.

543. GLEASON: LOVE EMBERS AND FLAME Jackie's best — with two string orchestras! *Would You, Where Are You?, It's a Blue World,* 9 others.

9. THE KING AND I. Original movie sound track of Rodgers and Hammerstein's delightful success. *Hello Young Lovers, We Kiss in a Shadow,* more.

478. DRIFTING AND DREAMING: GUY LOMBARDO. 12 ocean voyages to enchanted places. *Harbor Lights, Isle of Capri,* others.

432. THE BEST OF DUKE ELLINGTON. *Black And Tan Fantasy, Caravan, Flamingo, Satin Doll, Passion Flower, Bakiff,* others

454. HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY. STARLIGHT FANTASIE. Miklos Rozsa conducts Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Brahms, Enesco.

334. JUNE CHRISTY. BALLADS FOR NIGHT PEOPLE *Bewitched, Kissin' Bug, Make Love To Me, Shadow Woman,* 7 other favorites.

392. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, Gerry Mulligan and others in 11 "cool" tunes. Monaural only.

373. THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL. George Shearing Quintet plays — Nancy Wilson sings: *Blue Lou, Inspiration,* 10 more!

481. DINAH SINGS, PREVIN PLAYS — songs in a midnight mood. *It Had To Be You, April In Paris, Man I Love,* 8 others

421. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame, I'll Be Around, Just A Little While,* 9 more "torch" numbers.

175. KINGSTON TRIO. Here's the Kingston Trio in a vivid folk festival: *Blow Ye Winds, Scarlet Ribbons, Getaway John*— 9 more.

420. KINGSTON TRIO. *CLOSE-UP.* 12 songs never before recorded: *Sail Away, Ken Karanga, Jesse James, Weeping Willow, Glorious Kingdom,* etc.

544. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! *Tom Dooley, Tijuana Jail, Everglades,* 9 other best-sellers.

324A & 324B. JUDY GARLAND AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest." Hi Fi Stereo Review. *The greatest evening in* show business history. 28 exciting songs.
(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

200. JONAH JONES. SWINGIN' 'ROUND THE WORLD Ports of call from Rome to Shanghai, *April In Paris, Arrivederci Roma, Brazil,* 9 more

166. FRED WARING. DO YOU REMEMBER? The Pennsylvanians take you down memory lane with *Remember, Stardust, For Me And My Gal,* more.

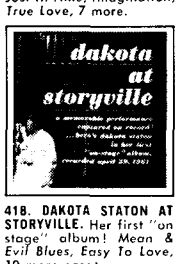
354. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of *Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed,* 11 more.

425. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. *I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Valley High,* 8 more romantic ballads.

529. NO STRINGS. New Orig B'way Cast album! Stars Diahann Carroll, Richard Kiley, 14 fresh R. *Rodgers' songs: The Sweetest Sounds,* others.

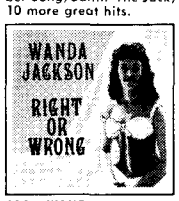
542. FERLIN HUSKY: SOME OF MY FAVORITES. Songs of mountain and prairie —with a sound as big as America. *Willow Tree, My Adobe Hacienda,* 10 more.

338. DEAN MARTIN. THIS TIME I'M SWINGIN'... *Mean To Me, Someday, Just In Time, Imagination, True Love,* 7 more.



418. DAKOTA STATON AT STORYVILLE. Her first "on stage" album! *Mean & Evil Blues, Easy To Love,* 10 more greats.

179. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND DINNER DANCE. The Five Pennies swing a la carte: *Ja-Da, September Song, Ballin' The Jack,* 10 more great hits.



423. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six *songs on the sentimental* side, six on the "rockin'" side. 12 unforgettable sugar 'n spice performances!

524. PEE WEE HUNT'S SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY. *Honeysuckle Rose, Dinah, Coquette, Margie,* 8 more foot-tappers

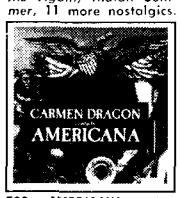
534. GOD OF OUR FATHERS. WILLIAM WARFIELD. Music of many religions sung by "a matchless, profoundly satisfactory artist."—*N.Y. Herald Trib.*

526. VIC DAMONE. LINGER AWHILE. The "Lively One" swings 12 meaningful ballads: *One Love, Deep Night, Change Partners,* more.

415. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist,* 6 more.

545. STAN KENTON: THE ROMANTIC APPROACH. His newest, most exciting dance band! *Imagination, I Understand, Fools Rush In,* 9 more.

548. ROGER WAGNER: VICTOR HERBERT ON STAGE America's top choral group charms with *Kiss Me Again, Indian Summer,* 11 more nostalgics.



539. AMERICANA: CARMEN DRAGON and the Capitol Symphony Orchestra. "American music emphasized to the full . . ." — *Record Review.*

528. NIGHTFALL. CARMEN DRAGON conducts the Capitol Symphony Orchestra in Brahms' *Lullaby, Grieg's Ases Tod,* 7 more evensongs.

808. MOZART. EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK; **HANDEL:** WATER MUSIC. Von Karajan, Berlin Philharmonic, Chorus of Society of Friends.

241. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West.

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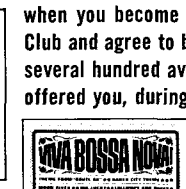

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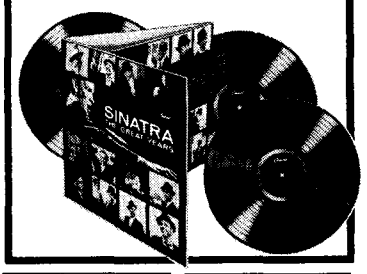

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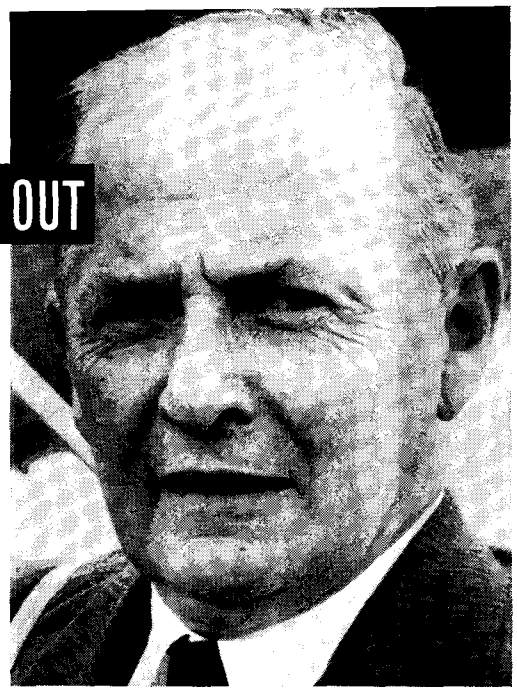
SPEAKING OUT



The Right Honorable John Selwyn Brooke Lloyd was first elected to the British Parliament in 1945. Since then, Lloyd has served in such posts as Minister of Defense, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Conservative governments.

England's place in the sun

By Selwyn Lloyd

A British leader denounces charges that his country is all "played out."

Great Britain recently suffered a series of hurtful blows to its international prestige. Most bitter was President Charles de Gaulle's veto of British membership in the Common Market. Shortly before de Gaulle turned them away, the U.S. stunned the British by canceling the Skybolt-missile program. And, before that, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson touched off British rage when he declared that Great Britain has lost its empire but not yet found a new role to play in world politics. Disturbed by Acheson's remarks, former British Cabinet Member Selwyn Lloyd wrote the following eloquent dissent.

Friendship and cooperation between the United States and Britain are vital for the free world.

In that belief I utterly reject what Dean Acheson, the former Secretary of State, said about Britain in his West Point speech of December 5. I reject his statement that the British Commonwealth is powerless and his implication that it is useless. It is not a military alliance; it was never meant to be one. But it is a unique association of free nations with many common ties capable of vast influence for good. We will not win the cold war by military might alone.

Secondly, I reject his statement that Britain's policy in recent years has been weak and his implication that we have been disloyal to the United States. Everything we have done, all our independent initiative, has been with the purpose of preserving peace, strengthening the free world's position and preventing further Communist victories.

Thirdly, I reject the suggestion that we have not found a role in world affairs and are "played out." We are doing our full share in keeping the peace, and in some areas we are doing it alone. We are doing our share to help poorer nations with aid and technical assistance and to maintain stability in areas of unrest. It is true that our strength and influence in certain cases have been undermined by the actions of some Americans. I say so bluntly. But we have not lost faith in ourselves.

The failure of Common Market negotiations makes our role the more important in Europe and elsewhere, and we intend to fulfill our responsibilities. Those who have underestimated us in the past have invariably proved to be wrong, and so it will be again.

It is true that our empire in its old form has to a large extent gone. But Mr. Acheson would have enhanced the force of his general thesis if he had added that Britain has succeeded in doing what no great imperial power has ever done before; she has transformed, with remarkably little bloodshed or bitterness, a colonial empire into an association of independent states.

U.S. policy has hurt

No American statesman who wants to emphasize the decline in Britain's imperial power can honestly deny that his own country has done much to make the process of transformation faster than was wise or safe. Mr. Acheson might have remembered that toward the end of the 1939–45 war, and since 1945, the American obsession against colonialism has made the pace of constitutional advance too fast and has led to countries' becoming independent before they had the skills and resources to look after themselves. This has produced conditions, especially in Africa, which have unnecessarily weakened the Western position.

Whatever Washington may have intended, there is the knowledge in Britain that in Iran, in Egypt, in the Middle East, in Africa and Asia, and, on some issues, in the United Nations, American influence has on a number of occasions been cast against Britain.

Now that so many former colonies are independent states, and the strategic consequences of their new position are becoming more apparent, relations on these matters between the United States and Britain—at the United Nations, for example—are said to be better. However that may be, no American should denigrate Britain on the score of having lost an empire without accepting some of the responsibility.

Mr. Acheson asserted, "The attempt to play a separate power role—that is, a role apart from Europe, a role based on a special relationship with the United States, a role based on being the head of a Commonwealth which has no political structure, or unity or strength, and enjoys a fragile and precarious economic relationship by means of the sterling area and preference in the British market—this role is about played out."

Take first Britain's special relationship with the United States, to which both Mr. Acheson and President de Gaulle seem to object, presumably because it is supposed to make us less wholeheartedly European than either of them would wish. Is it really so arrogant of the British to assert that it does exist? The history of the two countries, our association in the two world wars, and above all our common language, must mean a special relationship. Our joint experience in military planning and scientific research, our cooperation over intelligence matters, the host of personal relationships between Americans and British have confirmed it.

Over nuclear matters we claim a special position as our right, because our scientists played a substantial part in the original research and in subsequent developments. Apart from that, Mr. Acheson is wrong in implying that we claim special privileges, although we do regard ourselves as a dependable ally.

Regarding his critique of the Commonwealth, I will concede that the Commonwealth does not measure up to the American idea of a military alliance. But is it impossible for the America of the cold war to understand how an association of equals can exist? Was Mr. Acheson right to depreciate it so much? It has no

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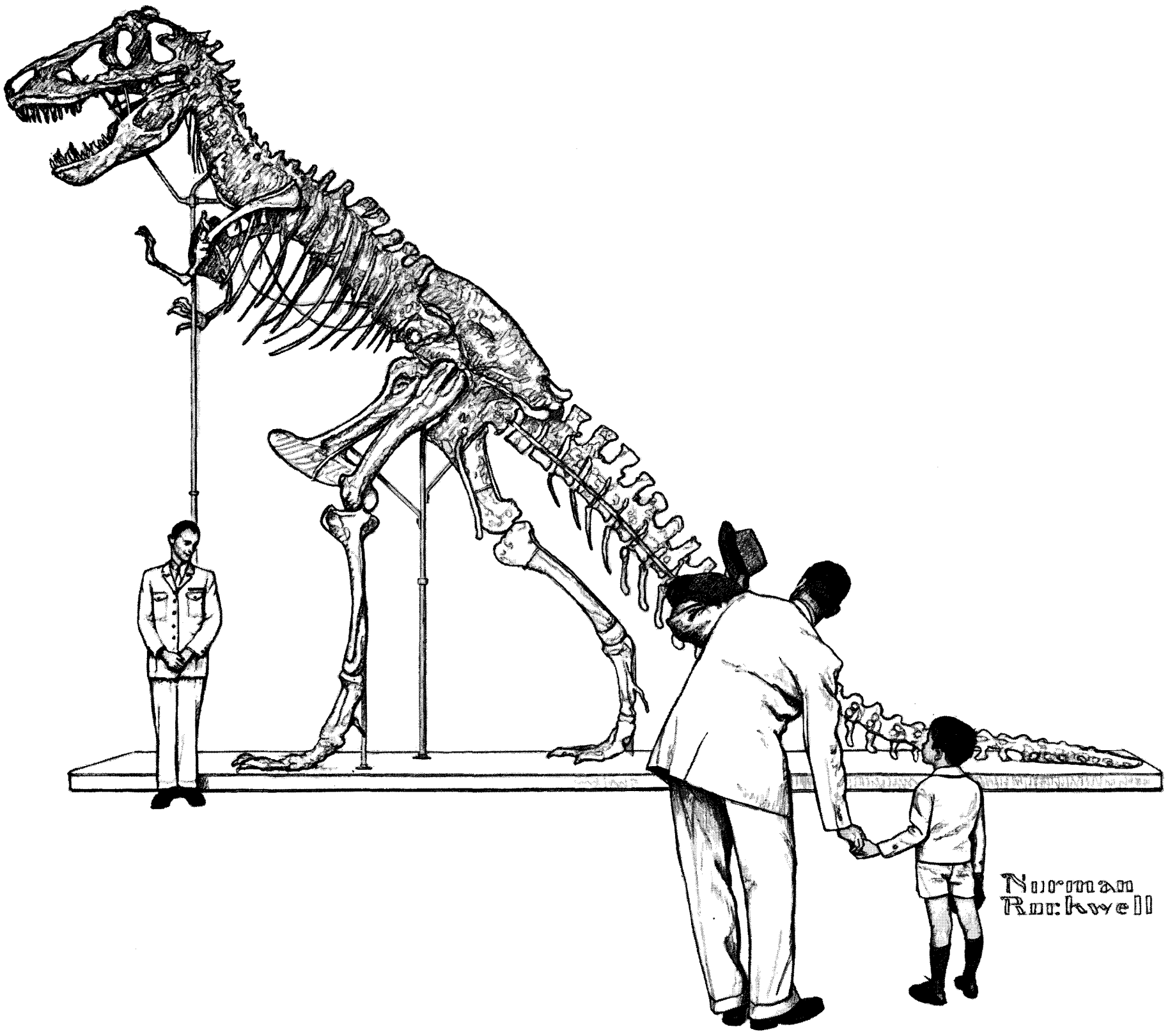

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SPEAKING OUT

political structure or unity: Is that necessarily a source of weakness? Is it wise to write off so summarily this association of nations drawn from all continents of very different creeds, colors and customs, acknowledging the queen as its head, with a common language, English, generally understood, with a common training in government and the rule of law, and many practical current links? At the Conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers at Accra in 1961 speech after speech emphasized the importance of Commonwealth links.

Mr. Acheson suggests, "Great Britain, attempting to work alone and to be a broker between the United States and Russia, has seemed to conduct policy as weak as its military power."

We recognize the United States' military strength and heavy commitments throughout the world. We know that our resources are much less, but it is British military power, unsupported by the United States, which has held a precarious balance in the Persian Gulf and in South Arabia. It is British military power which contributed most to stability in Singapore and the territories which will, I hope, come together as Malaysia.

Then the charge about Great Britain working alone—it is just not so. It is true that from time to time we have taken initiatives. We did get the resolutions through the United Nations which led to the Korean armistice on terms not of American dictation. Anthony Eden did achieve the Indochina settlement in 1954 on terms of which John Foster Dulles did not approve.

The conference of experts which led to the suspension of nuclear tests for about three years was our idea. The point just conceded by Mr. Khrushchev about a quota of inspections was first proposed by Britain. The visit of Prime Minister MacMillan and myself to Moscow in 1959 was our idea. It led to a détente which, but for the U-2 incident, might in time have gone much further. These were not acts of weakness, but those of a dependable ally taking action to strengthen the Western position, action supported by an overwhelming majority of our other allies. I am not sure along what other lines United States action over Cuba could be justified.

I take it upon myself to speak very plainly because of my sincere affection for so many generous-hearted American friends and my admiration for so much of what the United States has done for what we call the free world. However, some of America's allies are getting increasingly tired of the feeling that they are being pushed about.

The United States seems to many to want to have it both ways. It is all right for the United States to take savage action against our shipping, to reject the idea of interdependence over weapon production, to try to deny entry into the United States market of our aircraft, to encourage American businessmen in economic imperialism and to have them compete against their allies, not always with complete scrupulousness. The Secretary of Agriculture's recent views on protectionism against United States primary exports hardly square with the United States' own import policy.

Mr. Acheson was critical of the French and British attitudes toward plans made for action against Soviet pressure or aggression in Berlin or elsewhere. I have now been out of office for six months, and I do not know the latest developments. But some of the contingency plans which I saw in earlier days were of doubtful merit, and no responsible French or British government could have agreed to their being carried out without a further decision.

He went on to indicate that all would be well if the United States and West Germany acted together with determined vigor. The Russians are already in East Germany. I do not believe that the piling up of conventional forces in West Germany would cause the Soviets to lose their grip on East Germany or to remove their troops. I think that it would have precisely the contrary effect. It would certainly impose a heavy economic burden on the allies.

Now I return to the statement that Britain has not yet found a role. I do not agree. We have certain tasks to perform which we alone can do, or at least can do better than other countries. Britain must not flinch from her position in the areas where she still has special responsibilities and many friends. She must persevere with the development of the Commonwealth as a multiracial force for peace and stability and for the promotion of the individual freedoms. She must try to exercise a moderating influence in the various international organizations of which she is a member. She must throw her considerable weight behind all efforts to expand world trade and to improve the mechanisms for handling it, and for dealing with currency problems.

Britain has many roles

While contributing her fair share to the military strength of her alliances, she must continue to preach the doctrine that genuinely peaceful coexistence between East and West will not come from just a confrontation of armed forces and weapons. Of course it will not come, either, from Western weakness, but something more positive than the military balance is required. Much more effort is needed to obtain a greater intermingling of people and ideas from East and West. Russia has changed very much in the past 10 years, and her social patterns will change much more. Ostracizing the Russians, imposing stupid restrictions on trade with them, refusal to develop every possible form of contact, is a weak and defensive policy.

Finally, Britain as a mature democracy must try to set a standard of political, commercial, professional and social behavior which will be the envy and admiration of the world. Our military might may have relatively diminished, but our power to influence has not, provided we ourselves have the necessary willpower to maintain our standards and to share them.

On the topic of United States leadership I will be frank. For a long time the United States' role in the world outside was regarded by the Americans as that of the great champion of theoretical liberal principles. The supporters of any subversive or insurrectionary movement anywhere in the world were given freedom of the American press and platform. How the Kremlin must have been delighted to see the United States' friends and allies undermined in this way!

I believe, and I have often said, that if our two countries differ, grave harm can come to the causes which we hold dear. If we stand genuinely together there is no limit to what we can achieve for ourselves and our friends. THE END

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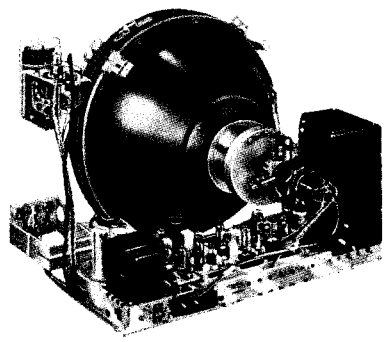

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Water skiing scene at Cypress Gardens

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

BIRMINGHAM
Alabama

A city in fear

Racial violence smolders in this Deep South tinderbox.

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BIRMINGHAM

By JOE DAVID BROWN

Joe David Brown was born in Birmingham, attended local public schools and the University of Alabama, then worked on the old Birmingham "Post." Between assignments as a foreign correspondent and authorship of three successful novels, Brown frequently revisited his native city. On his most recent visit he found some schoolmates in high public office, others pillars of local society and industry. "The people were as charming as ever," Brown says, "but their hardened attitude, their fear of desegregation saddened me."

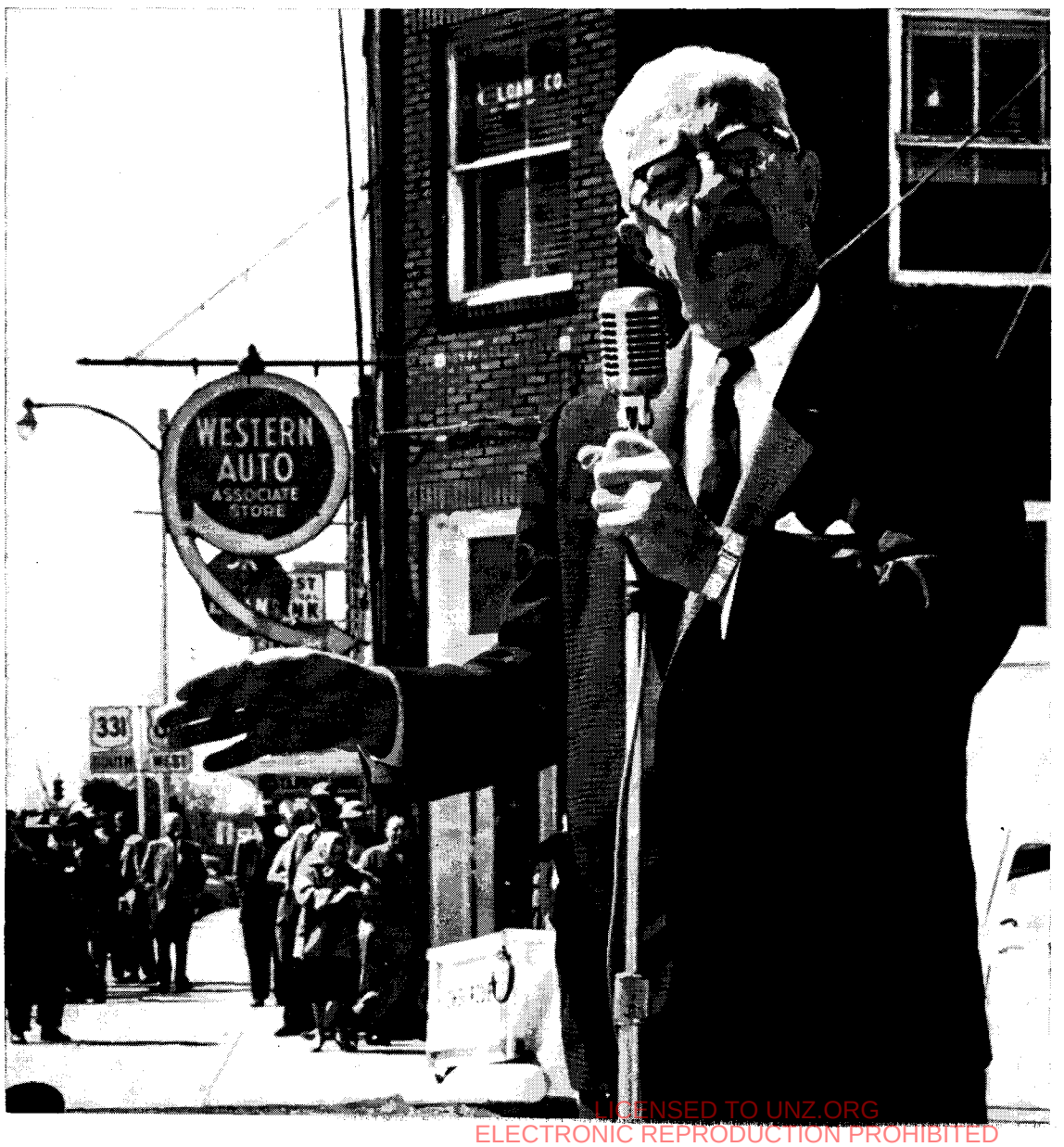
My Aunt Margaret is getting on now. I do not mean that Aunt Margaret is palsied or failing, for she still is an active, handsome woman, and time has treated her more gently than it has a lot of us. It's only that when I go to Birmingham and visit with Aunt Margaret nowadays I find it easy to forget that she was the pale lovely little girl with enormous tragic eyes who on a quiet evening leaned against the old Grand Rapids hat rack with the marble top that stood in my grandfather's front hall and cried and cried because her favorite beau had telephoned to break a date.

Aunt Margaret eventually married that beau, and although he has been dead so long that his tombstone has lost its luster, she still lives in the sprawling and drafty 90-year-old house where he took her as a bride. Aunt Margaret manages to keep busy. She looks after her property and visits with her two daughters who now have half-grown children of their own, and usually on a Sunday she attends services at the Ruhama Baptist Church, which is one of the oldest churches in Alabama. When it is her turn, Aunt Margaret also entertains the W.C.T.U. in her front parlor and pours tea and serves angel food cake and discusses ways to smite the booze trade. Aunt Margaret has lived in Birmingham all of her life, and she simply can't understand why all of a sudden it is supposed to be the toughest and most violent city in the South.

When Yankee reporters come down to Birmingham and write that fear and hatred and violence stalk the streets, Aunt Margaret is more bewildered than indignant. "I declare, I just don't know how they get such ideas," she says.

Most people in Birmingham feel exactly the same way as my Aunt Margaret and, to be fair about it, so much emphasis on Birmingham's race troubles has in many ways given the city a much worse name than it deserves. There are 340,000 people living within the city limits of Birmingham, about 36 percent of them Negroes. One has only to drive through the quiet residential streets and watch yelling kids booting footballs in vacant lots, observe housewives placidly trudging home from supermarkets laden with groceries and trading stamps, and see husbands tenderly buffing family cars in driveways to realize that the overwhelming majority of people in Birmingham, like people everywhere else, are decent, law-abiding citizens, filled with folklore and prejudices, worrying about their kids, struggling to pay their bills, but normally fearing only God and the Internal Revenue Service.

Outspoken segregationist Eugene "Bull" Connor speaks in streets during mayoralty race.



Judged solely by its downtown district, Birmingham admittedly is not an attractive city. It has only one of the slab-sided, glass-filled office buildings that add so much dash and glitter to other cities, and most of its buildings are well over 30 years old, nondescript and streaked with grime from the blast furnaces and steel mills that make Birmingham the South's greatest iron-and-steel producing center. It is only when one drives to the top of nearby Red Mountain and gets a startling cinemascopic view of the entire city ringed by mills sending up plumes of white smoke that one also realizes that Birmingham's streets are broad and laid out with sweeping geometrical precision. Then it is obvious that with some civic face-lifting here and there Birmingham could be an impressive and maybe even a striking city. Moreover, people in Birmingham always have been house-proud, and, scatte around the outskirts of the city and arroga... spread over the mountains of unmined iron-ore surrounding it, are some of the loveliest residential sections found in all the South.

Birmingham is not without things to boast about. It is the cast-iron capital of the world. It

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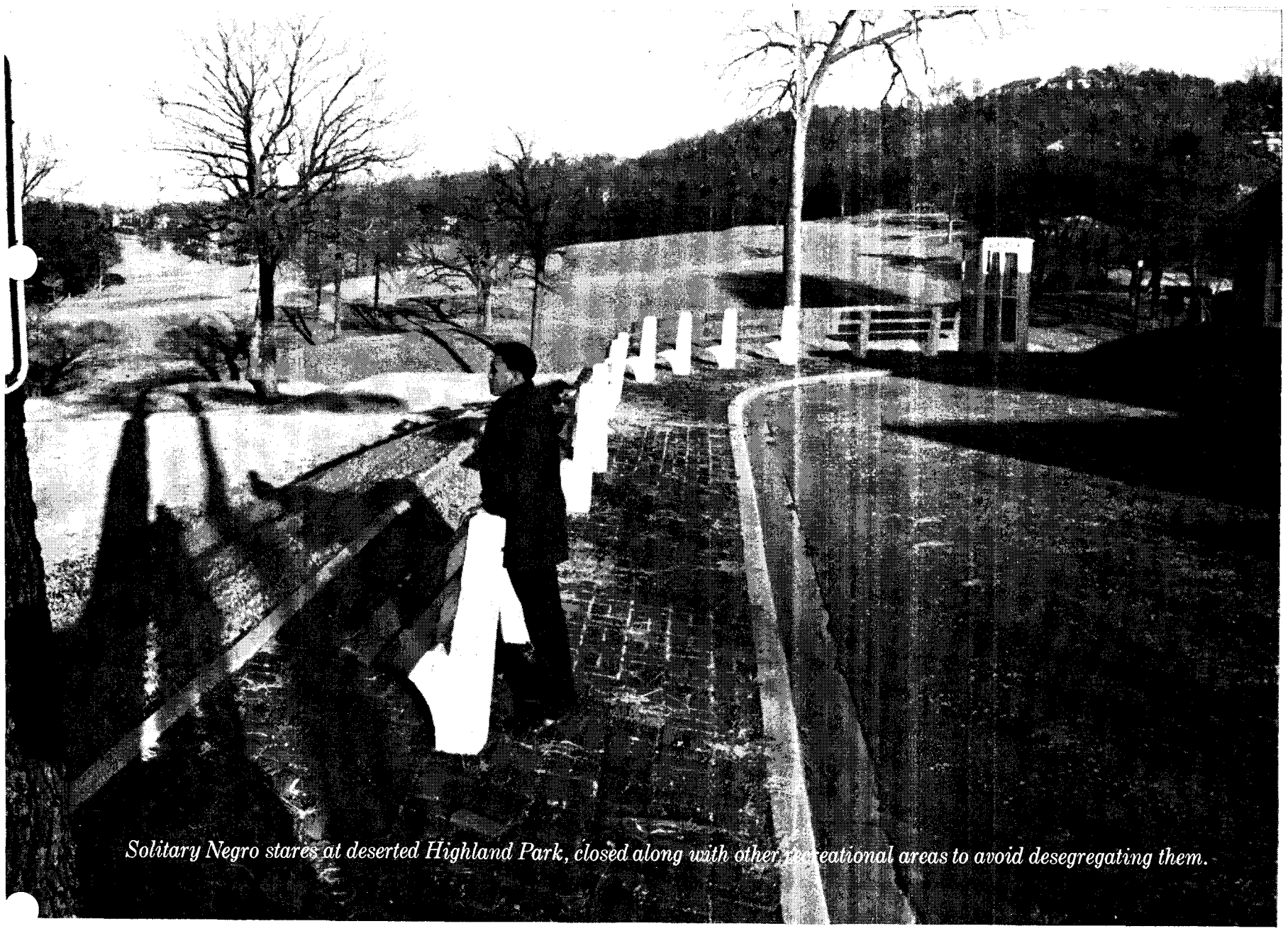

Solitary Negro stares at deserted Highland Park, closed along with other recreational areas to avoid desegregating them.

has its towering medical center, two fully accredited colleges, a fine symphony orchestra and its Oscar Wells Museum of Art. It also has 700 churches, for it has a strong, almost puritanical, religious streak, and now and again it claims to have more Sunday-school students per thousand population than any other city in the country.

Despite its cultural and social overtones, Birmingham essentially is a blue-collar, shirtsleeves mill town, with all the grimy faults and all the sweaty hardships of a mill town. As a typical mill town set down in a hard-scrabble region, it also probably has more freckle-eared, sorghum-fed toughs in its population than most large cities in the South. Some of these millbilly hoodlums belong to the Ku Klux Klan, but most of them do not even have this unsavory excuse for their acts of violence, large and small, which keep Birmingham perpetually on edge.

A bomb for Christmas

Only a few nights before last Christmas, for example, a crude dynamite bomb ripped apart the front of a church in which a group of small Negro children were rehearsing a Nativity play. It was the 17th bombing in and around Birmingham since 1957, all of them directed against Negro churches and the homes of civil-rights leaders. Like any decent community, Birmingham reacts with righteous indignation when such lawless acts are committed, and after the pre-Christmas bombing, rewards posted for the perpetrators totaled $5,000 within a few days. "Let a carload of riffraff throw a stick of dynamite and—boom—we're set back another five years," a Chamber of Commerce officer said gloomily.

Birmingham has a tendency to blame its hoodlum element for most of its troubles, but the real reasons for its newfound notoriety are some grave social and political problems peculiarly its own. Anyone who wishes to be honest about it has to admit that the Yankee reporters, who have aggrieved my Aunt Margaret and others, have stated them fairly well. Sometimes their prose was too molten, and a few writers stooped to such tired old journalistic practices as making all of Birmingham's white leaders sound like uneducated Negroes while making all Negroes sound like Sir Winston Churchill; but in the main they have been uncannily accurate. The writers were not attracted to Birmingham in the first place because of the activities of a few possum-faced hoodlums. Neither did they come primarily because Birmingham is a segregated city; segregation is a problem in many places, North and South, and even Yankee editors know the futility of trying to make the issue a clear-cut contest between good guys and bad guys, or stupid men against bright men. If the issue were that simple it would have been solved long ago.

Birmingham is news because it is the largest city in the United States which adamantly refuses to call its white and Negro citizens together even to try to work out some solution to a problem which the Federal Government and enlightened public opinion plainly intend to force the city to solve. This makes Birmingham a backward big city by any standards, and it remains backward because to this day there is no communication between its white and Negro population on an official level.

Furthermore, Birmingham persistently has demanded attention with a strident defiant voice, presenting an ugly face to the world. If it had hired experts and set out to do it deliberately, it probably could not have been so successful in creating a bad national reputation. Worse still, largely because of a lack of progressive leadership, Birmingham has allowed a small, moronic hoodlum minority to make it into the most danger-laden, potentially explosive city in the nation.

If Birmingham's public schools are ordered desegregated this fall—and cases now pending in Federal court make this a likely possibility—nasty, noisy trouble almost certainly will erupt.

"It's not a question of will there be trouble," said a Birmingham newspaperman. "The only question is how much trouble will there be. If the responsible people get together and demand that the police keep order, we'll probably have a lot of jeering and some minor scuffling, but probably no more serious trouble than New Orleans had. But if there's not a change in Birmingham, the red-necks might get out of hand the same way they did when the Freedom Riders came through. If that happens, what goes on here will make Little Rock and Oxford seem like a church social."

Asked what would happen if the schools were desegregated a soft-drink deliveryman glowered. "They just ain't—period," he said. "We'll kill every damn nigger in town first."

Such threats of violence are not heard often, but they are representative of the sort of people

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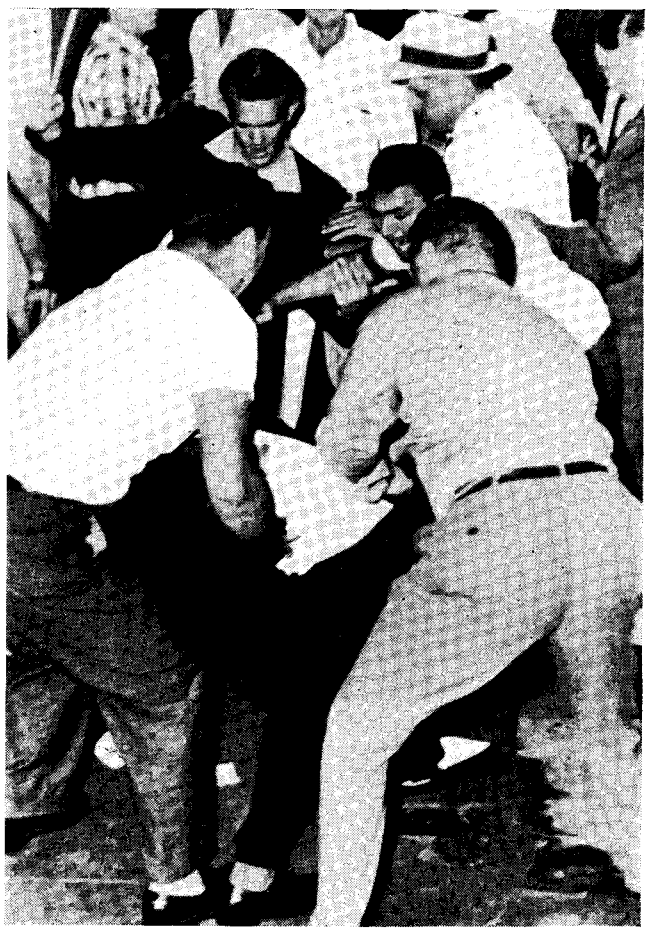
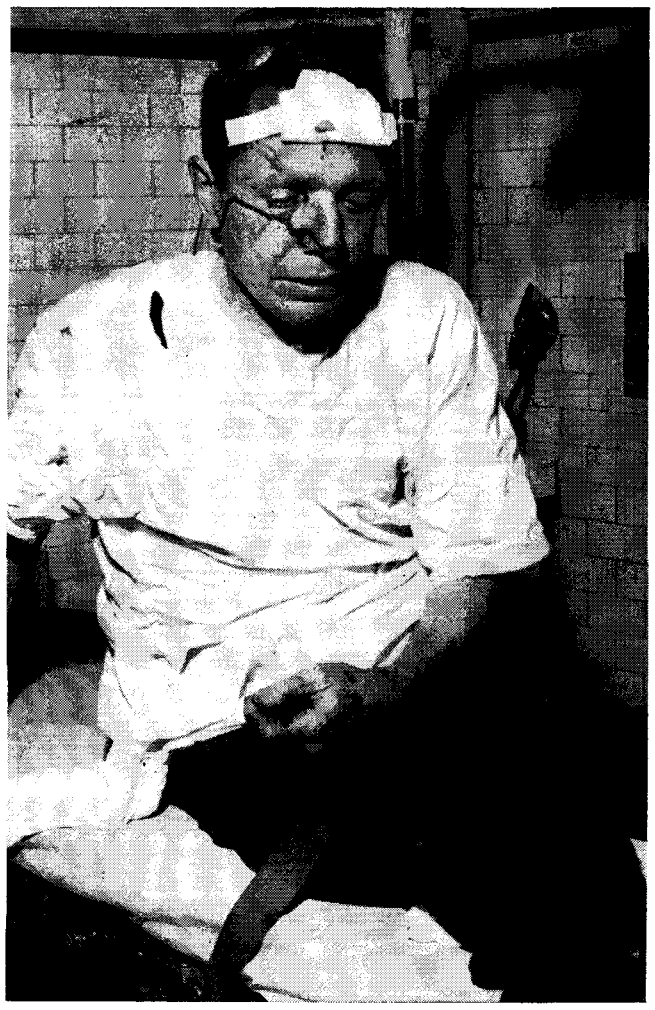
BIRMINGHAM / "I will never permit integration in this state unless I am compelled to by force,"



Mob beats Freedom Rider James Peck during 1961 riot after busloads of Riders arrived in city.



Battered and bloody, Peck sits up in Birmingham hospital after being treated for his injuries.

who have burned more than 50 crosses around the city since 1958. Most of Birmingham's more backward citizenry seem to take it for granted the schools will be closed rather than be desegregated, probably because for a number of years city officials have promised to take such action.

"I quit school up in Attalla when I was nine," said a taxi driver, "and it don't seem to have hurt me none. I reckon it won't hurt my girl to quit when she's twelve."

Various groups of middle-aged business leaders have been scurrying around secretly as if they were plotting a revolution instead of dealing with a pressing social problem, and there are occasional vague references to a "Birmingham plan," a secret scheme to prevent racial strife. The melancholy truth, however, is that absolutely nothing has been done in Birmingham to create a climate which will permit even token integration to be carried out peacefully.

"It's all quite simple," said a well-known clergyman. "We've delayed too long, and now we are about to reap what we've sown. For more than eight years the mightiest and most influential people in this town have told us to fight, to resist, not to give in at any cost. We've interpreted that according to the kind of people we are. Some of us thought it meant to resist legally, to delay, to drag case after case through the courts as long as possible. But others have interpreted it as a call to arms, a cry to rally and fight the Civil War all over again if necessary. After whipping these people into a fighting mood for eight years, it simply is not possible to tell them that the rules have been changed. How sad it all is. If our leaders had started talking restraint and moderation eight years ago, people who are ready to spill blood would now be prepared to accept some gradual integration in our schools."

No matter what degree of trouble develops when the first Negro children attempt to enroll in its previously all-white schools, it is a disquieting fact that Birmingham can expect neither aid nor comfort from the state of Alabama, but only more trouble.

Governor George Corley Wallace, the prancing, voluble little man who was sworn in as Alabama's 47th chief executive before the capitol of the Confederacy on Goat Hill in Montgomery in January, talks tough about almost everything. But he talks the toughest of all about school desegregation. When he campaigned up and down the state with a hillbilly singer last year, Wallace acted as if he were a one-man army at war with the Federal Government. He shouted that the U.S. Supreme Court "did not have the brains to try a chicken thief," accused Federal courts in general of "judicial dictatorship and judicial tyranny." But he pleased crowds the most when he vowed that he would resist school integration even if he had to go to jail.

"I shall ask the legislature to give me the right to assign pupils to schools that are threatened with integration," he said. "When the court order comes, I am going to place myself in the position so that it must be directed against me and not some lesser official. I shall refuse to abide by any illegal Federal court order, even to the point of standing at the schoolhouse door."

When he was swept into office with the greatest popular vote ever given an Alabama governor, many people expected Wallace, a former circuit judge, state legislator and World War II flight sergeant, to forget his "stand in the door" pledge. Instead he seems determined to keep it.

In his inaugural address, he shouted his defiance even more loudly. "I draw the line in the dust and toss the gauntlet before the feet of tyranny, and I say segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever!"

Little 43-year-old George Wallace, who walks with his back arched like a cavalry officer leading a charge against Yankee cannon at Shiloh, has defiance stamped on his brow. One has only to meet him, and to see his eyes, which are dark as a Cherokee chieftain's, flash with scorn, and to listen to his angry tirades against the Federal Government, to know that here is a man whose name will appear in many black and rattling headlines before he is finished.

"Who suppresses Negroes?"

"I told the people of this state what I would do if I was elected," he said not long ago. "I told them, 'If you don't want me to do it, don't vote for me.'" He rummaged in his desk and produced a county-by-county tally of his overwhelming election victory and handed it over triumphantly. "They did elect me, and I'm not going to let them down. I will never permit integration in this state unless I am compelled to by force," he said, eyes flashing, cheeks flushed. "They must use force—physical force—directly on me. Let them put their hands on the governor of this sovereign state and see what happens. We're going to show the people of this country what we stand for, and they'll be glad we did. I've got stacks of mail from good people, on letterheads from all over the country, and they say, 'Thank God for you southern people. You're the only hope to save this country.'

"They talk about law and order. Hell, I'm for *law* and order; law is more important than order. The Government watched us build separate schools, raise up mortar and bricks for 100 years, and then they turn around and tell us it's unconstitutional. It's against the Negroes. Hell, what do they mean it's against the Negroes? Who's suppressing the Negroes? Did you see that case over in Mississippi the other day? A Negro and a white man came in a restaurant together and the owner served the Negro, and then he turned to the white fellow and said, 'The law says I have to serve this man, but the law doesn't say anything about a sonuvabitch like you, and I'm not serving you.'

"The Mississippi action wasn't violence against Negroes. It was Federal troops and marshals firing on young white boys. Suppose they did harangue them. Since when has it been against the law to harangue? Sure, I'm for *law* and order, but I also believe in the Federal Government obeying the law, and it's the duty of the state to preserve law. I'll do anything necessary to keep my foot in the door to obstruct this attempt to push Negroes into our schools. I'm going to ask the legislature to give me authority so I can raise lawful questions about the legality of whether we have a right to decide who shall go to our schools or shall the Federal Government dictate to us."

Although the Montgomery *Advertiser*, which

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says Alabama's governor.

supported Wallace's candidacy, has called his "stand in the door" plan a "fantasy," and a Birmingham editor speaks of him as "the loneliest man in Alabama," almost everyone agrees that Wallace desires more than anything else to confront Federal troops and make them use physical force on him. It also is obvious that he would prefer this confrontation to take place at the University of Alabama, which for six years has been under a continuing Federal order to accept a Negro student and seems likely to comply next fall.

But the University of Alabama is a far different place than it was in 1956 when the admission of Negro coed Autherine Lucy brought both violence and notoriety to its quiet campus. Under an able and suave new president, Dr. Frank Rose, it has raised its academic standards, hiked salaries to lure outstanding scholars to its faculty, is in the midst of a $42 million building program and is almost truculently determined not to let George Wallace or anybody else use it as a battleground.

President Rose made that clear recently when he said, "This university cannot go through another crisis such as occurred in 1956 or happened at the University of Mississippi. . . . [It] must never become the scene of mob violence, battle troops or national news media seeking sensational headlines."

The university's trustees, alumni association, faculty and student body all quickly backed him up by passing resolutions saying, in effect, that if a Negro student is accepted by the university they will not raise any objections, and they expect the police to see that outsiders do not interrupt the school's normal routine. Various powerful emissaries also have carried the word to Wallace that the state constitution states that the university is under control of a board of trustees and, short of a constitutional amendment, nobody at the university will recognize Wallace's right to decide any student's entry.

If Wallace stands in the door anywhere, Birmingham may be the place. Whether he will be welcomed there or encounter formidable pressure to stay out of its affairs will, among other things, be settled in an election being held this month. Since even many people in Birmingham believe this election is the result of a sudden yeasty transformation that began taking place under the city's surface last fall, it is necessary to explain that the groundwork really was laid back in February, 1961.

A group of businessmen, worried about the bad publicity the city was getting and its slow rate of growth, asked the Chamber of Commerce to appoint a committee from the local bar association to look into the advisability of changing Birmingham's three-man city commission form of government. Specifically, it had long been felt that if some way could be devised to guarantee them a voice in city hall, Birmingham's large and prosperous suburban communities such as Mountain Brook, Vestavia Hills and Homewood, probably could be persuaded to join the city. Not only would this almost double the city's population to 640,000, it also would make some of Birmingham's richest and brainiest business and professional men legal residents of the city and presumably make them start taking an interest in its affairs.

Bomb damage at Bethel Baptist Church is viewed by Rev. V. C. Provitt. Blast occurred last December.

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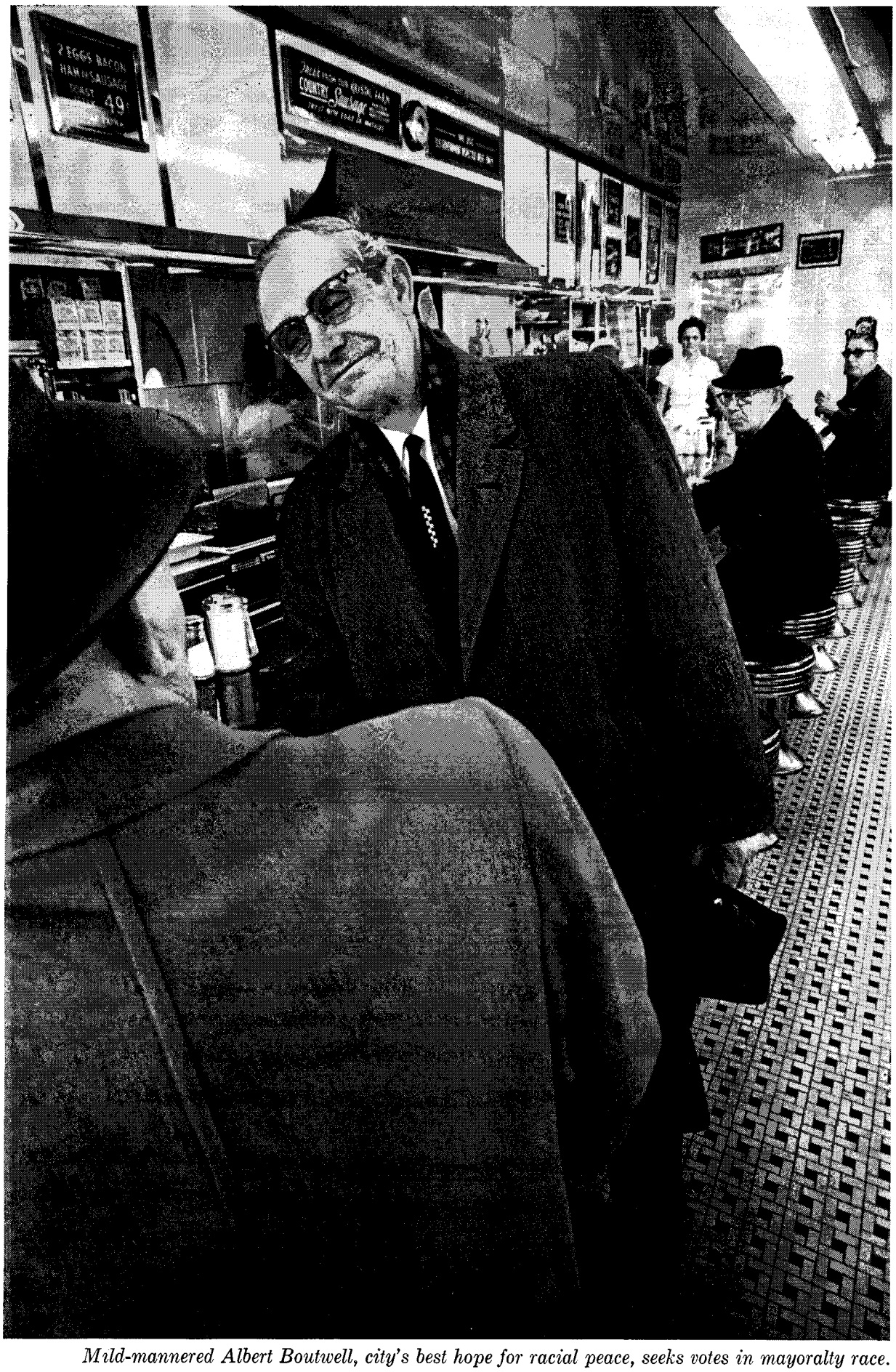
BIRMINGHAM / Bold leadership on the segregation issue has not been permitted in the city hall.



Mild-mannered Albert Boutwell, city's best hope for racial peace, seeks votes in mayoralty race.

Near the end of 1961 the panel of lawyers reported that a mayor-council form of government would do the trick. While this report was being handed around and discussed, a whole series of events roiled Birmingham and created a general feeling of dissatisfaction. A drop in steel demand increased unemployment, Negroes started boycotting downtown stores, and there was more bad publicity about the city's race troubles.

Finally, when city commissioners closed down the city's park system rather than comply with a Federal desegregation order, and Little Leaguers, den mothers, scoutmasters and outraged golfers began howling, a group of young lawyers and businessmen organized a "Citizens for Progress" movement. In one day they collected 11,000 signatures on petitions demanding a referendum on a change in city government.

The election was held last November and the mayor-council proposal squeezed through with a bare majority. Birmingham will vote for a mayor and nine councilmen on March 5. Since they can now be guaranteed a voice in city affairs, there is a good possibility that Birmingham's suburbs may eventually be persuaded to join the city. Since the Negroes have 10,000 of the city's present 80,000 votes, there also is an excellent possibility that they may be able to elect a councilman, which will certainly improve race relations in the city.

But whether 10 men in city hall instead of three will be an improvement obviously depends almost entirely on who is elected mayor. Most cure-minded groups are supporting and confidently expect the election of Albert Boutwell, a mild-mannered 58-year-old lawyer and a former lieutenant governor and state senator. Boutwell ran for governor last year but had to withdraw from the campaign after he collapsed from exhaustion. His name heads the bill that keeps Alabama's schools segregated; Boutwell is a staunch conservative. His best quality in the eyes of most Birmingham voters is that he speaks soberly and thoughtfully and is not the kind of man to attract unfavorable publicity.

Another candidate is Eugene (Bull) Connor, Birmingham's best-known citizen, who has been one of the city's three commissioners since the mid-'30's (except one term, 1954–58). Bull likes his nickname so much he uses it officially. While few people think he is a shoo-in, Bull Connor is "a man of the people," as the expression goes, and he'll certainly give Boutwell a race. During his long tenure as a city commissioner, Connor, among other things, was responsible for Birmingham's police department (he often is erroneously identified as the city's police chief or police commissioner). Southerners have always been partial to politicians who are part clown, part humble public servant, and part hard-boiled administrator, and nobody can deny that in 65-year-old Bull Connor all these qualities are powerfully evident.

Most people in Birmingham refer to Connor, as Ole Bull and, until fairly recently, at least, they usually smiled when they said it. They know Ole Bull as a jug-eared, paunchy, overgrown country boy who first worked as a telegrapher, later made his name a household word in Birmingham by the uninhibited corn-pone way he announced baseball games over the radio. In 1936, for no good reason except that he made them laugh and seemed to be exactly like them, only

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more so, they elected him a city commissioner.

Since the president of the city commission in those days was a one-legged, strong-minded one-time police constable named Jimmy Jones, who ran both city hall and Birmingham with an iron hand, most voters probably felt Ole Bull couldn't do much harm anyway. They were pleased when Ole Bull actually proved to be no fool, but a hardworking and honest, if somewhat buffoonish, city official. Ole Bull fell from grace for one term back in the early 1950's after a city detective with whom he had been feuding surprised him in a hotel room with a woman secretary. There was no indication of improper conduct, but he was required to pay a small fine. After working mightily for four years to convince the electorate that he had been framed, Ole Bull was returned to city hall.

As his name implies, Ole Bull is a colorful spieler, with a knack for saying things that attract attention. Since he speaks with a gravelly croak, dislikes junketeering journalists and sometimes bawls out city-hall petitioners whom he considers his inferiors, Ole Bull often is described as tough. He likes this appellation. When Ole Bull growled that whites and Negroes "were not going to segregate together" as long as he had anything to do with it, Birmingham laughed and was not aware that the rest of the country was laughing with a different tone. Ole Bull is fond of calling himself *the* segregation man. He has bellowed defiance at the Supreme Court, offered to fight the Attorney General, vowed that "blood would run in the streets" of Birmingham before it was desegregated. Birmingham police arrested a U.S. Senator who went there to address a meeting because he entered through a door marked COLORED. The police have hauled off Negroes by the carload when they have attempted peaceful demonstrations.

Voice of segregation

Through the years Ole Bull has created such a ruckus, in fact, that his name has become synonymous with Birmingham, or, as a national publication put it, "the voice of a police chief, Bull Connor, has emerged as the voice of one of the greatest cities in the United States." The publication missed Connor's position but it got the voice right.

It took people in Birmingham a long time to realize that Ole Bull's bullfrog voice was creating a strange impression of the city in other parts of the country. Some of them still find it difficult to believe that the clownish man in their city hall has become to people in other parts of the country an example of a die-hard segregationist.

The vast difference between the way Ole Bull is viewed at home and elsewhere was vividly illustrated when a television crew came to Birmingham to put together a CBS documentary. One of the persons interviewed was a matronly churchwoman who scathingly denounced Ole Bull for "jumping up and yelling, 'Nigger, nigger,'" every time he wanted some votes. "Aren't you afraid of Bull Connor?" the interviewer asked. The lady was as surprised as most people in Birmingham would have been. "Afraid of Bull Connor?" she repeated incredulously. "No. That's amusing."

Nowadays a lot of people blame Ole Bull for giving Birmingham bad publicity, and they are eager to explain that he is neither the voice nor a fair representation of the city's citizens. This may be true, but even a visitor kindly disposed to Birmingham soon discovers that it richly deserves some of the unfavorable publicity it has been getting, and in the case of Bull Connor this is certainly true. If a majority of the people had not approved of the sentiments Ole Bull was spouting, his sensitive political antenna would have picked up the signal and he would have moderated his tones or shut up completely. It is obvious that most of them did approve, and what really disturbs them now is that his intemperate and raucous voice has attracted a lot of unexpected and unwelcome attention.

Majority opinion in a democracy, particularly at the local level, is not simply a blessing but can be turned into an unconscionable tyranny; and Birmingham cannot evade the harsh truth that on the segregation issue it has not permitted bold, progressive leadership in city hall. On the contrary, it shamelessly has badgered and pressured its elected officials until, sooner or later, all of them developed a kamikaze determination to maintain the *status quo* at any cost.

There is, for example, Art Hanes, a handsome and vigorous man of 45, who last year was elected president of the city commission, a post which gives him the title of mayor, though he shares equal power with Bull Connor and another commissioner, J. T. Waggoner. No city could have asked for a more personable mayor than Art Hanes, son of a beloved Birmingham minister, married to a gracious lady from a fine Birmingham family, a lawyer, ex-FBI agent, a PT-boat commander with a distinguished record during World War II.

Nobody is quite sure what happened to gutsy, strong-willed Art Hanes after he entered pressure-packed city hall; perhaps he doesn't know himself. But Hanes gave his supporters a rude jolt when he voted along with his fellow commissioners to close down the city's entire park system—parks, playgrounds, golf courses and community houses—after a Federal court ordered them desegregated. Furthermore, during the uproar that followed, Hanes vigorously defended the commission's action, and his friends and neighbors were aghast to discover that moderate, widely traveled Art Hanes, who has a son at Princeton and a sister who has devoted her life to mission work in Africa, sounded almost exactly like Ole Bull: "I'll never give up either to integration or Communism. They are one and the same as far as I'm concerned. . . . I don't think any of you want a nigger mayor . . . or a nigger police chief . . . but I tell you that's what'll happen if we play dead on this park integration."

Under bitter protest, the city finally has been forced to desegregate its public transport system, waiting-room and restaurant facilities at its airport, and two bus and two railroad terminals, but that is all. Besides closing down its park system rather than allow its Negro and white citizens to mingle, Birmingham has sacrificed its baseball team, no longer receives an annual visit from the Metropolitan Opera and is by-passed by most theatrical companies touring with Broadway hits.

But these are only petty annoyances compared with some grave economic and social woes which have developed because of the city's reputation for intransigence and violence. Partly because people believe it is a bad place to live, work and

Outgoing Mayor Hanes, once thought of as moderate, now talks like a segregationist.

raise families, Birmingham's metropolitan population increased only about 14 percent during the period 1950–60, although metropolitan areas in the United States as a whole increased by 26.4 percent. During the same period Atlanta, Birmingham's old rival, grew by almost 40 percent and Memphis by 30 percent.

Largely because the mere mention of Birmingham sets alarm signals flashing in the minds of manufacturers who want to build new plants in the South, the city has been unable to lure any new industries to speak of for the last five or six years. Without new industries to take up an unemployment slack caused by automation in its mining and steel industries, Birmingham has suffered a drop of 10 percent in the number of jobs it has to offer in the last five years alone, though there has been an increase in jobs in the U.S. Even if it just holds its own, experts say that Birmingham must create from 8,000 to 12,000 new jobs a year. This does not give Birmingham a very rosy future and, by comparison with more vigorous cities in the region, it already is losing its status as a major Southern city.

A typical example of how Birmingham is losing new industries is the case of a company that wanted to build a Southern plant to make products out of steel. The Chamber of Commerce beguiled the company with an account of Birmingham's advantages, both the state and city made lavish concessions, and Alabama's governor even sent a state plane to bring company officials to Birmingham.

Negotiations still were going on when a busload of Freedom Riders arrived at a local bus station on Mother's Day, 1961. The Riders had telegraphed city officials the time of their arrival, and their movements were being watched carefully because they had encountered violence from

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BIRMINGHAM / Most community leaders feel integration is inevitable, but they are afraid to speak up.

the time they crossed the state line. Yet police were conspicuously absent when the Riders reached Birmingham. A mob was waiting, and it charged the Freedom Riders, swinging lengths of pipe and blackjacks. Before it was through for the day, the mob also battered a newspaper photographer and roughed up a TV newsman. Newspapers all over the country were still playing up Birmingham's Mother's Day Riot when the company sent its regrets and said Birmingham was out of the question. It eventually put its plant in Tennessee, although it has to ship in its steel from Birmingham.

The Wall Street Journal started a story with a quote from Sidney Smyer, president of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce: "These racial incidents have given us a black eye we'll be a long time trying to forget."

Another Birmingham businessman was less restrained: "We let twenty-one college-age kids looking for trouble come into our town and make a half million of us look like damn red-necks—besides losing us a lot of money, time and jobs."

Birmingham's most pressing economic problem is one that almost nobody wants to talk about. For almost a year now its downtown stores have been slowly strangled by a Negro boycott which is about 90 percent effective. Some people believe it is possible that every major department store, as well as many smaller stores, showed a loss for 1962. "It stands to reason," said a newspaperman. "Negroes make up almost forty percent of the population in this trade area. Take away twenty-five or thirty percent of any store's customers and it loses money."

Whether this glib assessment is accurate is anybody's guess. The only people who really know how much the boycott has cut business are the merchants themselves; they refuse to discuss losses. They speak warily even when discussing the boycott for fear that if they sound as if they are weakening, their white customers will boycott them also. "If I told you this is my worst year since I started in 1932, you wouldn't believe me, would you?" asked one store owner. "Don't ask me about it, just tell me what to do about it," said another.

In desperation some stores removed COLORED signs on washroom doors and above drinking fountains. With one exception the signs were replaced after police threatened to prosecute storekeepers for violating the city's segregation ordinances. Since Alabama law forbids boycotts, Birmingham's Negroes also are chary about discussing the boycott; when they refer to it at all they call it a "selective-buying campaign." The boycott was inspired by the 800 students at Miles College, a run-down Negro school on the western outskirts of Birmingham, and it is the first time the city's Negro community, which is split into numerous cliques and factions based on income, religion and even class, has ever united solidly behind any movement.

Although many Negroes were slow to realize it, the boycott is about the most powerful weapon they could have hit upon to make the white community gain a new awareness of them and their demands. For since Birmingham is so highly unionized and they draw prevailing wages, the city's Negroes are a prosperous lot by Southern Negro standards. Nearly 50 percent of them own their own homes, and Negro residential sections—with their manicured lawns, trimmed hedges, and every type of house from prefab ranch to impressive brick Tudor—are among the city's showplaces.

More than 40 percent of Birmingham's Negroes own automobiles; 92 percent own electric refrigerators; and while 34 percent of the Negro population still earn $2,000 a year or less, a whopping 64.6 percent range through the $2,000–$7,000 bracket, and 1.4 percent have an annual income of more than $7,000.

On a normal, day-to-day basis relations between the races are surprisingly good in Birmingham. The Negro shoeshine boys, elevator operators, mill hands, and business and professional men one meets in Birmingham are, in the main, friendly and courteous. White households with even modest means usually employ a Negro domestic in some capacity. Fights and shoving matches do occur on buses now and then. Some whites claim that Negroes flaunt their newfound rights to sit where they please, and some Negroes claim that whites are rude and overbearing. But there was no serious trouble until last December when a bus driver shot and killed a Negro passenger who allegedly drew a knife after they had exchanged words.

Are the whites worried?

The Negro community is walking with special care these days because it realizes the slightest flare-up between the races will be exploited by Ole Bull in his race for mayor. Asked about the worries of the Negro community, Orzell Billingsley, the alert and personable young attorney who handles most of the N.A.A.C.P.'s cases in Birmingham said, "I don't know of any particular worries or fears. If anybody is worried, it must be the white community."

All of the South's big cities prefer segregation to integration, but even more they prefer continued prosperity to economic blight, social change to civic suicide. What makes Birmingham so notoriously different? It is not because it is more closely bound by Southern traditions. Although Birmingham often seems ferociously Confederate, the land where it now stands was a prosperous farm during the War Between the States, and the city was not incorporated until 1871, seven years after Sherman burned Atlanta.

From its earliest days, in fact, Birmingham had more of the flavor of a Western boom town than a Southern community. During the years of its most phenomenal growth, it was a lusty brawling place that welcomed all comers, proud that it was free of stultifying traditions and was known as the New South. As recently as 1941 the WPA guidebook on Alabama, written by Alabamians, described Birmingham as "the most unsouthern of southern cities," and added, "Birmingham people are a new type of Southerner. They are not so much concerned about where a person was born . . . as about his political opinions and how much money he has." This still is true.

The people of Birmingham are no more backward than people in other Southern cities. Although they don't like it, most of the leading business and professional people in Birmingham realize that integration is inevitable, and probably a majority of them also feel that it is time to start making plans so the transition can be made smoothly and peacefully—and as slowly as possible. The reason they do not speak up is, quite simply, fear. It is not the eye-rolling, quaking fear seen in police states, and people in Birmingham prefer to call it by other names, but it is fear all the same.

It is fear of being ostracized or called names, fear of losing status, jobs, customers, clients and advertising, and, more often than would seem possible among a hardy people, fear of chili-parlor hoodlums who have wrapped themselves in Confederate flags although they are upholding no tradition but hate and no custom except violence.

Last May about 150 civic Big Mules were summoned to the Chamber of Commerce by word-of-mouth and told emphatically by a clergyman, a lawyer and a leading businessman that unless the Federal courts altered their system the Birmingham schools would be ordered desegregated by the opening of the fall term in 1963. Birmingham's elite had better start preparing for it. Although 110 of the men present pledged their support to any program that would permit desegregation to be carried out peacefully, none has spoken out boldly or carried the message to the general public. The ironic thing, of course, is that white leaders fear to expose themselves to the almost identical risks that Negro leaders are now accustomed to facing.

It is fear that causes a fine newspaper editor to say to a visiting reporter, "For God's sake, don't say too many nice things about me, or you'll spoil my usefulness." It is fear that prompts an industrialist to say, "Please don't use my name. I made a speech along these lines a year ago, and it's only here lately that I feel safe in leaving my wife alone nights." It is fear that causes a utility-company official to refuse to head up a committee to meet with Negro leaders and discuss desegregation, and fear that caused a group of prominent businessmen to choose him in the first place because "white people won't boycott a utility company."

It is fear that silences voices of moderation; if this silence is broken, hoodlums are likely to look up the offender and dump filth on his front porch. It is fear that makes a newspaperman keep a loaded shotgun near his front door. It is fear that causes presidents of large corporations to speak with sweet reasonableness about the inevitability of integration and always add: "This is off the record, of course."

It is fear that has always made Birmingham's elected officials follow rather than lead the voters, and it is fear that prevents all the many people who believe it to be a fact from speaking out boldly and saying, "We are going to have to integrate our schools whether we like it or not, and we are a community of fools if we don't start doing something about it now."

It was fear that made my Aunt Margaret say, when she heard she was mentioned in this piece, "Be careful what you say or the Kluxers will burn a cross in front of my house." Fear is the real shame of Birmingham. THE END

Governor Wallace defies integration forces: "I draw the line, toss the gauntlet.'

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Jolly swagmen, kangaroos and tough Outback cowboys are waltzing, like Matilda, toward a new destiny.

The new pulse of Australia

By JAMES MORRIS

Energetic evidence of their colonial heritage is the Australians' deep passion for cricket.

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History does not often set its sights on Australia, but 1963 is likely to be a year that Australians will always remember, as the Americans look back to 1776. For posterity may well decide that in this year of ironic grace the Australians discovered themselves. Since the first convict fleet dropped anchor in Botany Bay nearly two centuries ago, the Australians have been a stanchly British people, tied by nebulous but always potent bonds to the gnarled old motherland on the other side of the earth. In 1963, though, the imperial era is ending at last, as the British recognize themselves to be Europeans again, the Commonwealth fundamentally changes its character, and the Australians are left, willy-nilly, to stamp out a destiny all their own.

Of course, history more often lurches than strides, and it will be many a long year before Australia loses her resilient Britishness. Her law, her government, her social systems, her monarchism, her lingering tastes for flags and drum rolls, her proud battle honors, her double-decker buses, her snobs—all are still recognizably and resiliently British. "British to the boot heels," is how Prime Minister Robert Menzies recently described the Australian condition.

To the foreign visitor, though, there often seems something unhealthy or debilitating about these old emotions. They mean that Australia does not yet feel an altogether adult country, walking on her own feet down her own chosen boulevards. And at the same time, there is a sad streak of pathos in these old ties. For the truth is that Australia's loyalty to Great Britain is largely misguided.

Twenty years ago John Curtin, then the Australian prime minister, looked around him at the chaos that followed the fall of Singapore to the Japanese, and courageously announced: "I make it quite clear that Australia looks to America, free of any pangs as to our traditional links of kinship with the United Kingdom. . . . We know that Australia can go and Britain can still hold on." He was only stating a poignant truth. Britain's ability to protect Australia collapsed, symbolically no less than strategically, with the loss of Singapore. It was United States forces, at the Battle of Midway, that saved Australia from invasion by the Japanese, and today Australia's chief instrument of defense is the ANZUS Treaty, to which the United States is a party, but not Great Britain. They are American fighters that the Royal Australian Air Force flies these days, and soon even the Royal Australian Navy, long nurtured in the Nelson tradition, will be sailing in new American-built ships. Australians are all too well aware that without the power of America astride the Pacific, their own vast territories would be indefensible.

Does this mean that, as they gradually abandon one model of behavior, they are molding themselves to another? As their Britishness fades, will their Americanism increase? I think not, for the point about Australia today is that she is diligently evolving a character all her own. She stands to Americans, as she now stands to Englishmen, in the position of a prickly, sometimes shamefaced, occasionally arrogant relative. She shares with Americans many aspects of a common culture, from the language to the Common Law, but her progress from colony to an independent state has been so different from that of the United States that her flavor is quite distinct, almost antagonistic. She is like an America that never had a revolution, that produced no Washingtons or Jeffersons, that has suffered neither the torments of civil war nor the terrible responsibilities of power.

The significance of this year in Australia, in a paradoxical sense, is the fact that the old kind of Australian has won—the irreverent kind, the rebel, who saw in Australia the opportunity for men of all classes to start afresh in an empty land under a southern sun. He himself is fast vanishing from the scene, as this country becomes ever more urban, ever more industrial; but it is his personal sense of destiny that is now at last being reflected in the history of Australia herself.

Here and there, in the beer saloons or corrals of the Outback, you may still see this man in all his splendor—the archetypal Australian, as we envisage him in our affectionate legends or conjure him up when we whistle *Waltzing Matilda.* He wears his wide hat rakishly and he is hunched over the bar with his huge feet propped on the rungs of the stool and his arms coiled sinuously around his mug. He is very lithe, very lean, very leathery. I doubt if he has shaved this morning; and when he speaks, his accent is so distorted that you can hardly understand a word he says, but there is something about him that is essentially fastidious and self-respecting.

Backwoods aristocrat

He is pre-eminently an outdoor man, and there is nothing grubby, loutish or curmudgeonly to his style. He looks made for this harsh country, and it for him, so exactly fitted to its mold that if you deposit him anywhere else on the face of the earth he looks instantly out of place. He has, in short, by one of history's more familiar ironies, developed in this far paradise of the common man all the qualities of the aristocrat.

Less interesting men, at least to my taste, now dominate Australia, leaving the great Outback severely alone and reducing most of this country to far more prosaic levels. But when we think of Australia embarking upon a new historical course we will do right to remember that fine old figure of the distant saloon, so impervious to the demands of propriety or even prosperity, so ready to accept all men as friends and equals, so dedicated to the ideals of free-and-easy independence.

Such a man has never minded being alone, away in the unimaginable expanses of his beloved wilderness. It is loneliness, above all, that has for so long made Australia no more than an appendage to other people's history. This is one of the loneliest of all the nations, away down at the bottom of the earth, far beyond Fiji and Guadalcanal. Only 10,500,000 people live in Australia, fewer than in the New York metropolitan area, and most of them are clustered in urban settlements along the seashore. Behind their backs there stretches always the awful immensity of Australia, gaunt and friendless, inconceivable wastes of desert and salt lake, the fearful red center of this always mysterious continent. Even the seacoast cities are separated by vast distances. If you draw a circle around Perth on the map, you will find that within a radius of 1,200 miles there is no single community with a population of more than 25,000—which is about like saying that between New York and Oklahoma City there is no city bigger than Owosso, Michigan. No paved road connects Perth with Adelaide, the next city of any size, or Adelaide with Alice Springs, in the center. No railroad crosses the continent north to south, and there are still enormous tracts of this extraordinary country where nobody lives, even now, except the arcane aborigines and the weirdly leaping or lolloping creatures of the Australian fauna.

If you stand in a canyon somewhere beyond Alice Springs, in the very middle of Australia, you will well see why Australians have always pined for some bonds with a more comfortable outside world. There is nowhere on earth, I swear, where you can feel more utterly and eerily alone. Around you the grotesque, rhythmically eroded ridges ride away to the horizon like huge ossified waves, or perhaps the vertebrae of some gigantic skeleton. The air is so crisp, hot and brilliant that it feels almost tangible. There is a faint smell of dust and eucalyptus on the air and a hum of flies beneath the ghost gums. Sometimes a flock of gray parrots may sweep raucously by, or an eagle swoops down to its aerie in the canyon wall. Mostly, though, it is only emptiness: blazing, silent, red emptiness. And what makes it feel emptiest of all is the thought that almost all this vast continent is precisely the same. "The world a new leaf," wrote D. H. Lawrence of this continent 35 years ago, "and on the new leaf, nothing."

Three factors, however, now seem to be giving Australia a new fullness and permanence, and tempering its people's inherited feeling of defenseless isolation. The first is the shrinking of the world at large; the second is the Australians' determination to devise a purely indigenous culture; the third is the influx into this Anglo-Saxon society of fresh and invigorating racial strains.

Whether she likes it or not—and sometimes she has doubts—Australia is drawing closer to the rest of the world. It is still two days in a ship from Perth to Adelaide, but only a few hours in a jet will take you from Sydney to San Francisco. Not many tourists come to Australia, even now, but thousands of Australians set off, year after year, to visit Europe and America.

The isolation of Australia is still an instinct, still a sort of subconscious article of faith, at least among older people, but it is fast becoming more spiritual than real. Even the Outback is contracting. Australia's supremely efficient internal airlines now make Coolawanyah or Nutwood Downs accessible to anyone with a few pounds in his pocket. You will still feel terribly alone in that Outback chasm. But somewhere within trucking range there is almost sure to be a radio, and at the end of every Australian radio wave there is a young pilot with his small plane, only eager to pick you up. Uninhabited though much of Australia remains, a complex system of communications and air services means that, if you behave with sensible caution, you are never very far from home.

Perhaps it is this new sense of physical security that has made Australians want to be more Australian than ever before and has inspired the lively intellectuals of this country to evolve a purely national Australian civilization. This is an odd process to observe. Almost everywhere else in the western world the

Peering beneath a rakish hat, an Outback sheepman keeps watch.

The lolloping, lovable kangaroo is an Australian national symbol.

Melville Island aborigines paint themselves for religious ritual.

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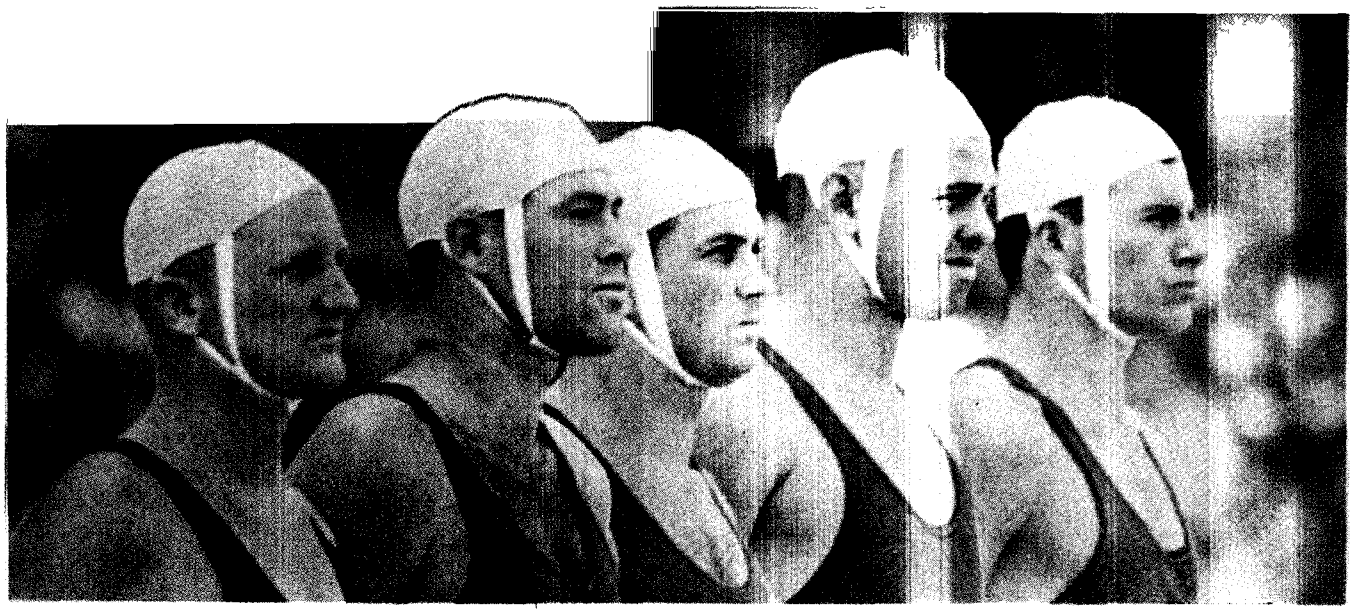
"A new



Butter-colored caps indicating club membership, husky lifeguards stand ready to compete in a Sydney surf carnival.

barriers are now being dismantled, the frontiers are fading, the cultures slowly blending. In the more sophisticated European circles the very notion of patriotism is half-discredited already.

Many Australians, though, are now pursuing more enthusiastically than ever the chimera of an "Australian identity," coloring everything from the dialect to the television screen. In many ways they have been astonishingly successful. The best Australian poets are exceedingly interesting; Australian painters like Sidney Nolan and William Dobell are in demand all over the world; *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* was something new and remarkable in the Australian theater. For myself, I rather sympathize with the impulse toward a national culture—the more different kinds of civilization there are, to my mind, the merrier our world can be. But it is strange, all the same, to see so many keen brains laboring against so overwhelmingly adverse a tide, and it is unpleasant to imagine how sour and aggressive this movement could become, if ever the Australians' new independence led them into a mood of chauvinism.

The third of our maturing factors is much the most important—the arrival in Australia, since the Second World War, of hundreds of thousands of immigrants who are not of British stock and who are thus giving to this rather pallid country a new sense of energetic diversity. Australia still unrepentantly believes in the Nordic strain and still firmly excludes black, brown or yellow immigrants. Since the war, nevertheless, though half the newcomers have been British, the other half are vigorously European—Italian, Dutch, German, Polish, Hungarian—as brave and colorful a flow of humanity as ever poured into America in the days when New York was the world's haven. All over Australia today you will find people who speak English with a foreign accent, who wear clothes of a racier cut than the dinkum Aussie's sometimes fustian suits, and who are prepared, it appears, to do a great deal of this country's most disagreeable chores.

This great immigration is powerfully helping to alter the character of Australia—and of the Australian too. It is our old friend in the Outback bar, or someone recognizably like him, who has created the Australia of today, taming its atrocious wildernesses, fostering its traditional attitude of manly cussedness, driving its tremendous cattle herds from water hole to water hole across the continent. But now a different figure altogether is emerging into symbolism—"a new man," as Crèvecoeur called the American. Every generation, every year almost, his face and physique seem to change. Whenever I see a young Australian nowadays, before he even opens his mouth or wins his Davis Cup set, I fancy I can detect some small genetic shift, some broadening of the forehead or elongation of the skull, that tells me he comes from down under. The Australian is becoming a species of his own.

This is partly the effect of climate, of course, and of material prosperity, but it is now being vastly accelerated by the intermingling of bloods in Australia. The whole social atmosphere of the place is being softened and diffused by the new variety. Until now Australia has been, in most parts, a very stuffy country. The Outback is rip-roaring indeed, but mostly this is a monotonous urban state, a heavy-going kind of country. The barriers between the sexes stand high and generally inviolate, and the appalling pubs of the Australian cities, looking like public lavatories and smelling of spilled beer, are still all-male retreats of mateship and interminable war reminiscence.

Extra zing and fizz

The new cosmopolitanism of Australia, though, is slowly dissolving this dull provincial mold and bringing a little more zing and fizz to the place. Australia is still, in some respects, an underdeveloped country, where there is still room for the values of the pioneer, but you cannot sustain the mores of a frontier society forever. And it is this reflection of wider horizons that is now puncturing the isolation of Australia, and making her feel at once more Australian and more at one with the rest of us—making her feel, in short, more human.

She is a country, I feel, that is streaked with a certain meanness and unkindness, very different from the wild-riding generosity of the American West, the pampas or the Canadian prairies. But the European immigrants are bringing with them softer and gentler attitudes. I was once strolling down the main street of Cooma, a little town in New South Wales, when I saw an astonishing sight: a grown man leaning against a wall dandling a baby. Never in all my Australian journeys had I seen such a thing before—naked aborigines yes, duckbill platypuses certainly, but never a man with a baby in his arms. I could almost hear Australia catching its breath, to observe such a sissy apparition, and in the churchyard up the road, I fancied, I could hear the stiffened rustle of pioneers turning in their graves.

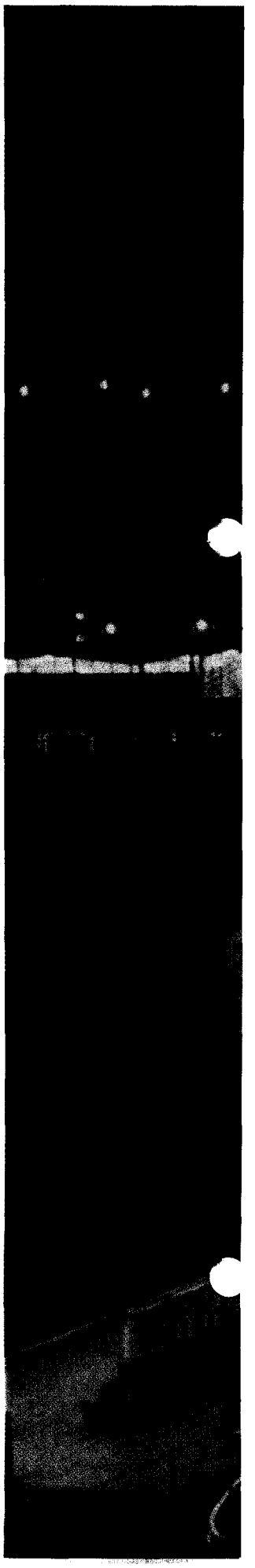
Which way will Australia turn when these various influences and aspirations have made her emancipation complete? Mostly to herself, I think, for cultural development; mostly to America, for security; to Britain still, for examples of law and state. But for the more general requirements of a national existence, for trade and companionship and all the complex exchanges that enrich the life of a nation, I do not see how she can fail to ally herself, in the end, with the vast and reviving nations of Asia—assuming, that is, that they don't gobble her up first.

Australia's is a western civilization still, but she is a country of the Orient, sprawling across the same longitudes as Japan, Borneo and Formosa. If you look at Australia upside down, so to speak, out of the heart of Asia, she is no more than the last and greatest of the Indies, a lumpish afterthought of the archipelago.

Australians often find this proximity uncomfortable, but already the possibility of a disintegrated Commonwealth is altering their attitudes. Many Australians realize that, just as Britain's present opportunities seem to lie pre-eminently in Europe, so Australia's lie inescapably in Asia. Already the cattlemen of the Northern Territory are busily exporting animals to Hong Kong. Already there have been some trading exchanges with the Chinese Communists, those insatiable customers.

If I were an Australian, however affectionately I regarded the old ties of history, blood and heritage, still I would welcome this shift in the direction of Australia, the challenge and excitement of it, the sense of boundless opportunity and tremendous risk. Australians are gamblers almost to a man, but so far their nation has led a safe and placid life, sheltered always by greater powers. Now she has a chance of national adventure, and she can match the exploits of her indomitable explorers and legendary cattlemen with a policy that is bold, potentially profitable and entirely Australian.

Is it not an excitement to imagine the hungry multitudes of Asia awaiting the grain, the meat and the techniques of Australia? Could not a new kind of civilization one day emerge in this vast but so far disappointing country, a fusion of styles and ideas, a proper reconciliation of East and West? I can think of no nobler destiny for a state. And true-blue old Briton that I am, if the decline of the Commonwealth means the emergence of such a prodigy of the South Pacific, then give me a lift up the pole, and I'll haul down the British flag myself. THE END



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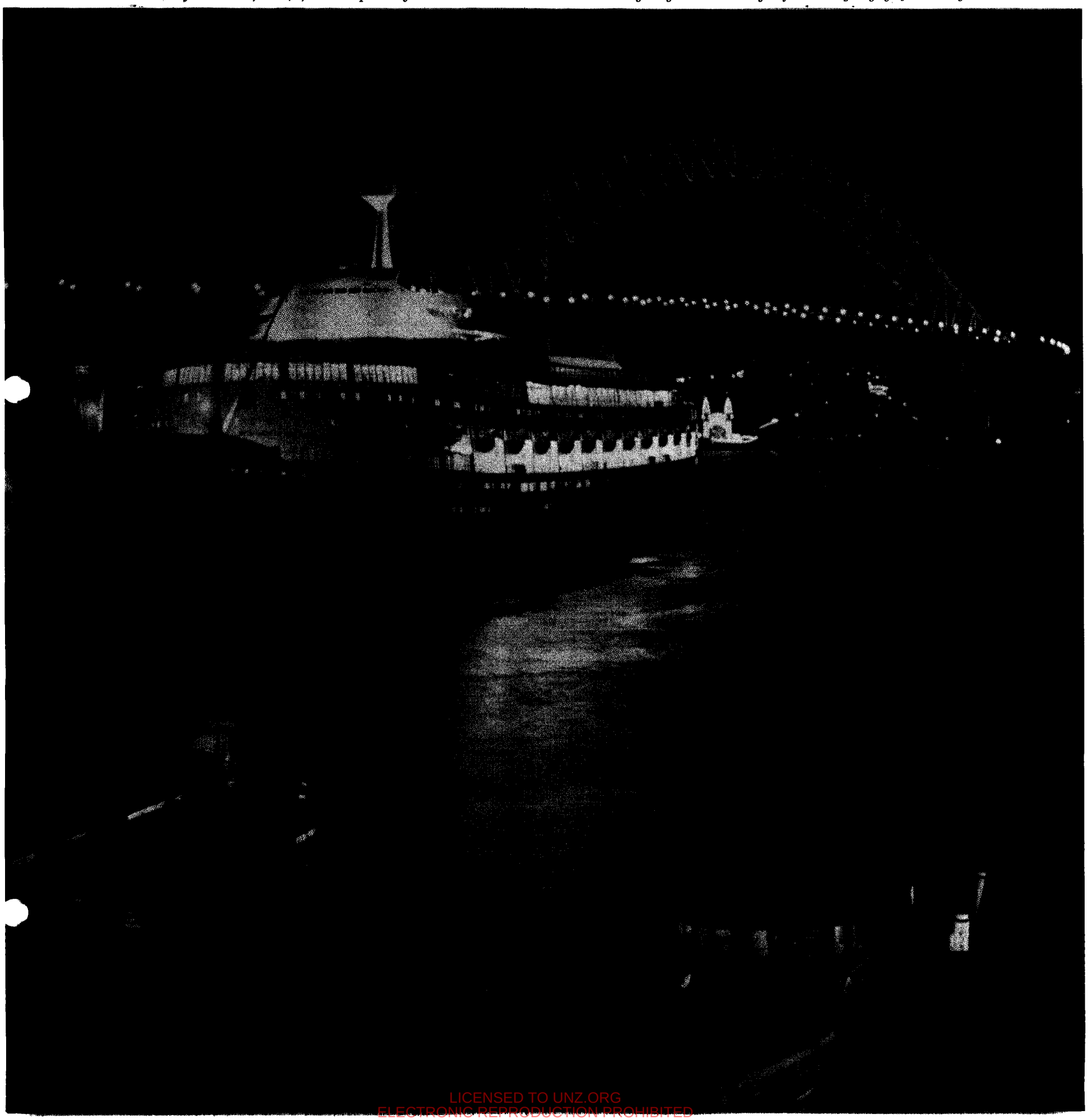
nan" is changing the face of AUSTRALIA

Her lights ablaze, the 45,000-ton passenger liner Canberra moors near the Sydney Harbor Bridge after a long voyage from England.



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In scene from new Broadway show Benny wears hillbilly costume and scrapes out comic violin squeaks.

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BUCK$ BENNY RIDES AGAIN

The world's best-paid comedian, still 39, returns to Broadway after a 32-year absence.

By BILL DAVIDSON

This week, Jack Benny—now in his 70th year—returns to the legitimate Broadway stage for the first time since 1931, when he forsook his starring role in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and began his incredible 32-year career in radio and, subsequently, TV. In the *Vanities*, he did a routine about taking his girl to dinner and she laughed so hard at one of his jokes that she dropped her cafeteria tray. In the current revue *Life Begins at 39* at the Ziegfeld Theater, Benny makes clumsy amorous advances to the beauteous Jane Morgan and just as he is about to succeed, he loses out by uncontrollably pausing to examine a huge diamond on her finger through a jeweler's glass. This led his close friend, comedian George Burns, to exclaim, "For fifty years this guy has been doing the same thing—and I guess it works. When I was a boy, all the stingy jokes were about Scotchmen. Now they're all about Jack Benny. So, in between Broadway appearances, he's succeeded in wiping out Scotland."

In the period between the two shows, Benny—by "doing the same thing"—also has succeeded in establishing himself as what Milton Berle calls The Most Successful Paradox in Show Business. He is the best-paid comedian in the world—he gets $3,000,000 for three years for his CBS television series alone—and he is beloved by millions of fans in dozens of countries, yet he often presents the image of a lonely, troubled man. He is seen walking alone about the streets of Hollywood or Beverly Hills or disconsolately playing golf by himself at the Hillcrest Country Club.

He gets into his car, from time to time, and drives to Palm Springs or Chicago or even to New York with no one accompanying him to disturb his solitude. At home he used to lock himself in his bathroom and play his $25,000 Stradivarius violin for hours every day. When the noise wrought havoc on the nerves of his wife Mary he moved to another wing of his huge Beverly Hills mansion, and now he plays in the room once inhabited by his daughter, Joan.

A second facet of the Benny paradox is his agelessness. Some people refuse to believe that he is much older than the 39 he professes to be on the stage—and yet nearly all of his contemporaries (Groucho Marx, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Fred Allen, Phil Baker) have either passed from the scene or are in total or semiretirement. To the adoring throngs at Broadway's Ziegfeld Theater—and the fans who keep him in or near the Top 10 in the TV ratings—Benny may be an anachronism, but they don't care.

Comedian George Burns draws a characteristic Benny laugh at Jack's home.

Ex-vaudeville comic Sid Silvers, who used to work with Benny in the 1920's, told me, "When I see Jack get up on a stage today, he looks like the same guy I saw forty years ago on the stage of the old Palace Theater in New York."

Except for bags under the eyes—which are cleverly concealed by makeup or heavy black-rimmed spectacles—the Benny face and physique have remained unravaged by time. Only the hands, gnarled and liver-spotted, and the fingernails gnawed to the skin line, betray his age. His perennial youthfulness is a mystery even to Benny, who offstage is prey to diabetes, crotchetiness, hypochondria and other afflictions of the near-septuagenarian.

"I dunno," he recently told me with questionable logic, "maybe I look so young because I got such good writers and I always follow their script." (Two of his writers, Sam Perrin and George Balzer, have been with him for 19 years; two others, Al Gordon and Hal Goldman, joined him 14 years ago. He still refers to Gordon and Goldman as "the new writers.")

Benny, the paradox, has been a millionaire for many years. When his daughter Joan married for the first time, the headline in the Los Angeles *Times* read: BENNY WEDDING COSTS $60,000, and the headline in the Los Angeles *Examiner* was BENNY WEDDING COSTS $50,000. Whereupon Eddie Cantor called the comedian and said, "Jack, read the *Examiner* this morning and you'll save $10,000."

Benny, the super-shrewd business entrepreneur—who is known in Scotland as "The Meanest (stingiest) Man in America"—has been known to haggle over the price of a suit of clothes and sometimes is influenced in consummating big deals by such extraneous factors as the sourness of his stomach.

George Burns says, "It's hard to believe, but Jack nearly turned his back on that $3,000,000 contract under which he is now doing his show at CBS. One day, a couple of years ago, I met him at the Hillcrest Country Club, where we both play golf. He had just come off the course. He was tired and dragging his feet and grousing. He said, 'My agent wants me to sign a three-year deal with CBS to do a show every week. Who needs it?' I said, 'How was your golf game today, Jack?' He said, 'The worst. I couldn't hit my hat.'"

Continues Burns, "Two days later I met Jack at the club again and he looked great. I said, 'Jack, how was your golf game?' He said, 'I never played better. I hit the ball a mile.' I said, 'How about that CBS contract?' He said, 'The greatest! I'm going into Hollywood to sign it right now.'"

Benny, the paradox, may be careless and blasé enough to let his golf game influence such monumental personal decisions, and yet he was shrewd and generous enough in 1956 to realize the potential for charity of his admittedly dreadful violin playing. In that year, performing with Alfred Wallenstein and the Oklahoma City Symphony and later with Wallenstein and the Philharmonic Symphony in New York, he raised $106,000 to aid retarded children and to help save Carnegie Hall.

Since then his mock-serious concerts with some 30 symphony orchestras—for which he receives not one cent in compensation—have brought in nearly three and a half million dollars for various charities, for musicians' pension funds and for the continuing existence of the symphonies themselves. The Baltimore Symphony, for example, admits that it would have gone out of business if it had not been for $42,800 attracted by "Jack Benny, Soloist," at a concert in 1962.

Benny is the most assured man in show business when he is working on a stage and is, as Ed Wynn says, "the world's finest comedian—comedian meaning a man who says things funny, as opposed to a comic, who says funny things."

According to George Burns, "Jack can just drink a glass of water and people will laugh. He doesn't need jokes, I guess. He's got funny water."

When he's offstage, however, Benny's insecurities take over. For example, he said to me, "I feel a terrible loss about not having had an education. I have developed a good vocabulary, but I never use it. I know too much about show business and not enough about everything else. I've lived in the same house for twenty-five years, and I still don't know where things are or how to fix a loose screw. I don't know what's going on in the world. I try to read at night to educate myself, but I'm so tired from working so hard that I fall asleep."

And yet Benny, who tortures himself about his lack of education and knowledge, manages to hold his own in conversations with such friends as Harry Truman, Pablo Casals, Richard Nixon and Henry Ford II. In 1952 he so enthralled Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands that the royal couple prevailed upon him to spend

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For first time in 10 years, wife Mary poses with Jack.

"He's everyone's patsy, the clumsy poseur halted by small obstacles."

three days with them as their solitary guest in their palace. He delights President Kennedy, with whom he meets and corresponds occasionally. Recently, as a gift, Benny sent the President a money clip with a dollar bill in it. The President replied in his own handwriting, on plain ruled paper, saying he was sure that Benny had sent $750 in the money clip but that Peter Lawford, the bearer of the gift, had removed $749 of it for himself.

In his doubts about himself, Benny—who thinks every comedian is funnier than he is—falls prey to his colleagues' needling. When he played with the Philharmonic Symphony in New York, for example, Jackie Gleason sent him a huge gift-wrapped box of rosin for his violin bow—enough to satisfy the needs of all the symphony orchestras in the world for the next 100 years. One of the great frustrations of Benny's life is that he can't make George Burns laugh offstage—a plight which Burns carefully promulgates. Once, Benny sent Burns a 50-word telegram embodying the funniest joke he could think of. Burns' reply was:

"DON'T WORRY. I WON'T SHOW YOUR WIRE TO ANYONE."

A few years ago Benny was in a hotel in Minneapolis, and Burns phoned from the lobby saying he was on his way up to the room. Benny says, "I decided once and for all that I was going to make him laugh. I stripped and stood there with a book on my head, a glass of water in one hand and a flower in the other. There came a knock on the door, I yelled, 'Come in'—and do you know what that terrible man did? He sent the maid ahead of him." Burns, of course, entered immediately thereafter—poker-faced as usual.

In his current Ziegfeld Theater show Benny devotes a full eight minutes of monologue to describing such indignities heaped upon him by "that terrible man, George Burns." And therein, according to Benny's friend, conductor Johnny Green, lies Benny's genius. Says Green, "The secret of Jack's continuing success for all these years is that he knows his own weaknesses—which, after all, are the same weaknesses that nearly all of us have—and by exaggerating them slightly, he converts them into universal humor. He's everyone's patsy, the pseudo-sophisticate who doesn't get away with it, the clumsy poseur who is constantly halted by small obstacles.

"His concerts with the symphony orchestras constitute one of the finest comedy acts I've ever seen, because there is truth, as well as that matchless combination of humor and pathos, in a Jack Benny, who doesn't play the violin very well, sawing away as hard as he can and trying to keep up with the finest musicians in the world. It's really not an act. It *is* Jack Benny and he's willing to be absurd in order to catch that element of truth which all of us see in some preposterously ambitious uncle or some other relative. He's lasted so much longer than all the others because—without resorting to slapstick or pratfalls or jokes—he can make people identify with his slightly-larger-than-life-size descriptions of what he is and what has happened to him during his long, sometimes frustrating life."

The seeds of the Benny puzzle—the strange mixture of security and insecurity, the moods, the talent, the point of view—can be found in his early years.

Born Benjamin Kubelsky, the son of Orthodox Jewish immigrants, he was subjected, as a boy, to the bewildering combination of love and unintentional abandonment which was standard among parents of that generation and background. Nothing was too good for the child, but both parents usually struggled so hard to provide the good things that they shortchanged their child in the most precious commodity—their presence.

Benny's father at first owned one of the toughest saloons in Waukegan, Illinois, but rapidly switched to the safer confines of a dry-goods store after his head was laid open by a drunk swinging a pool cue as a weapon of protest. Benny's mother had to help out in the dry-goods store; and the boy, left pretty much to himself, grew up as a shy, timid child.

Like nearly all sons of immigrant Jewish parents at the turn of the century, he was forced to take violin lessons—in the expectation that he would grow up to be a world-renowned concert artist. The violin, however, led Benny only to the orchestra pit of Waukegan's Barrison Theater, where he got an eight-dollar-a-week job when he was only 15 and still wearing knickers.

"It wasn't that I was so interested in the theater," recalls Benny. "It's just that it gave me something to do."

In any event, the job—because he had to play at afternoon matinees—resulted in his being expelled from school and eventually in his separation from his family at the age of 17. The leader of the Barrison Theater orchestra, an old vaudevillian named Cora Salisbury, bought Benny a pair of long pants and formed a touring vaudeville act in 1911 called "Salisbury and Benny—From Grand Opera to Ragtime." Miss Salisbury played the piano and Benny did a non-comedic violin accompaniment. The girls, both backstage and in the audience, began to pay attention to him for the first time in his life, and as Benny puts it, "That, I guess, is what hooked me for show business."

By 1913—before Gregory Peck, President John F. Kennedy or Dr. Jonas Salk were even born—Benny was heading up his own piano-and-violin vaudeville act, "Benny and Woods," on the old Orpheum Circuit. He was making $200 a week with his partner, Lyman Woods, just for playing spirited renditions of the popular tunes of the day. He was yet to utter his first comedy line in public. This did not come until 1918, during World War I, when he enlisted in the Navy and was assigned to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

"A man named David Wolff wrote a sailor revue, and I was called in to do my violin act with a pianist named Zez Confrey. Wolff wrote a two-line part in the script for a character called Izzy There, the Admiral's Disorderly. He asked me to read the lines and I delivered them in my usual flat tones. Everyone else was hamming it up, so I guess my delivery sounded funny by contrast. Anyway, Wolff began adding on to my part until I ended up as one of the leads in the show."

This was the beginning of Benny's career as a comedian. After the war he went out on the vaudeville circuits as "Jack Benny, Aristocrat of Humor."

He needed his violin

"I thought that up," Benny told me, "but I didn't even know what it meant. Then I changed the name of my act to 'A Few Minutes With Jack Benny' to make it a little more modest. I was so scared and insecure that I continued to work with my violin, even though I only used it at the end of the act to play myself off with some little jazz number. While I did my monologues I held onto that violin like it was a crutch."

"It was *such* a crutch for Jack," recalls George Burns, "that I'll never forget the first time he tried to work without it. We were in Wilkes-Barre, where the coal miners used to come into the theater with the lights still on in their hats, and you couldn't tell where the footlights ended and the audience began. Just to be sure, Jack left his violin at the hotel. He came onstage and told his first joke, but the coal miners were still adjusting the lights in their caps, I guess, and they didn't laugh. Jack told two more jokes—and still no laughs. Then, white as a sheet, he leaned over the orchestra pit and asked the conductor, 'Could you please lend me a violin?' The conductor obliged and clutching the violin, Jack started all over again. Now he was fine. After that experience, it was another three years before he put the violin away and was able to work without it."

As he became a vaudeville headliner in the 1920's, playing the famous Palace Theater in New York and touring with such notables as the Marx Brothers, Nora Bayes, Frank Fay and Lou Holtz, Benny developed all the characteristics that distinguish his humor today. He learned that he could get laughs by telling the audience about things that actually had happened to him, such as his ordeal in reaching the theater from his hotel through a newly installed network of one-way streets. He talked about his own stinginess—it had taken him a long time to get over his poor childhood—his lack of success with women, the way he was always a foil for the pranks of his friends.

By 1925 Benny was making well over $750 a week with his formula. He continued, however, to be a strange and shy young man. Milton Berle told me, "There were some tough theaters in those days, like one on 14th Street and another on 125th Street in New York, where the bums hung out. They'd heckle us and throw vegetables, and we all had to learn how to deal with them with quips and jokes. Jack never could master this. I remember one time he took a train down from Buffalo to play a split week at the 125th Street house. He walked on the stage from the left and said, 'Hello, folks,' which was the way he opened his act. Just then a guy yelled something obscene and threw a tomato. Jack walked across the stage, said, 'Good-bye, folks,' exited, and continued directly to the 125th Street railroad station, where he took a train back to Buffalo."

George Burns says, "I don't know what it is, but even in those days Jack thought everything I said was the most hilarious thing he ever heard. Once, in front of the Palace Theater in New York, I made an ordinary remark about our agent, Tom Fitzpatrick, and Jack broke up. He dropped to his knees on the sidewalk and began beating his fists on the pavement, he was laughing so hard. A crowd gathered and I said to them, 'What's that guy laughing about?' as if I didn't know him. When he realized what I was doing, he laughed even harder—and almost got arrested as a nut.

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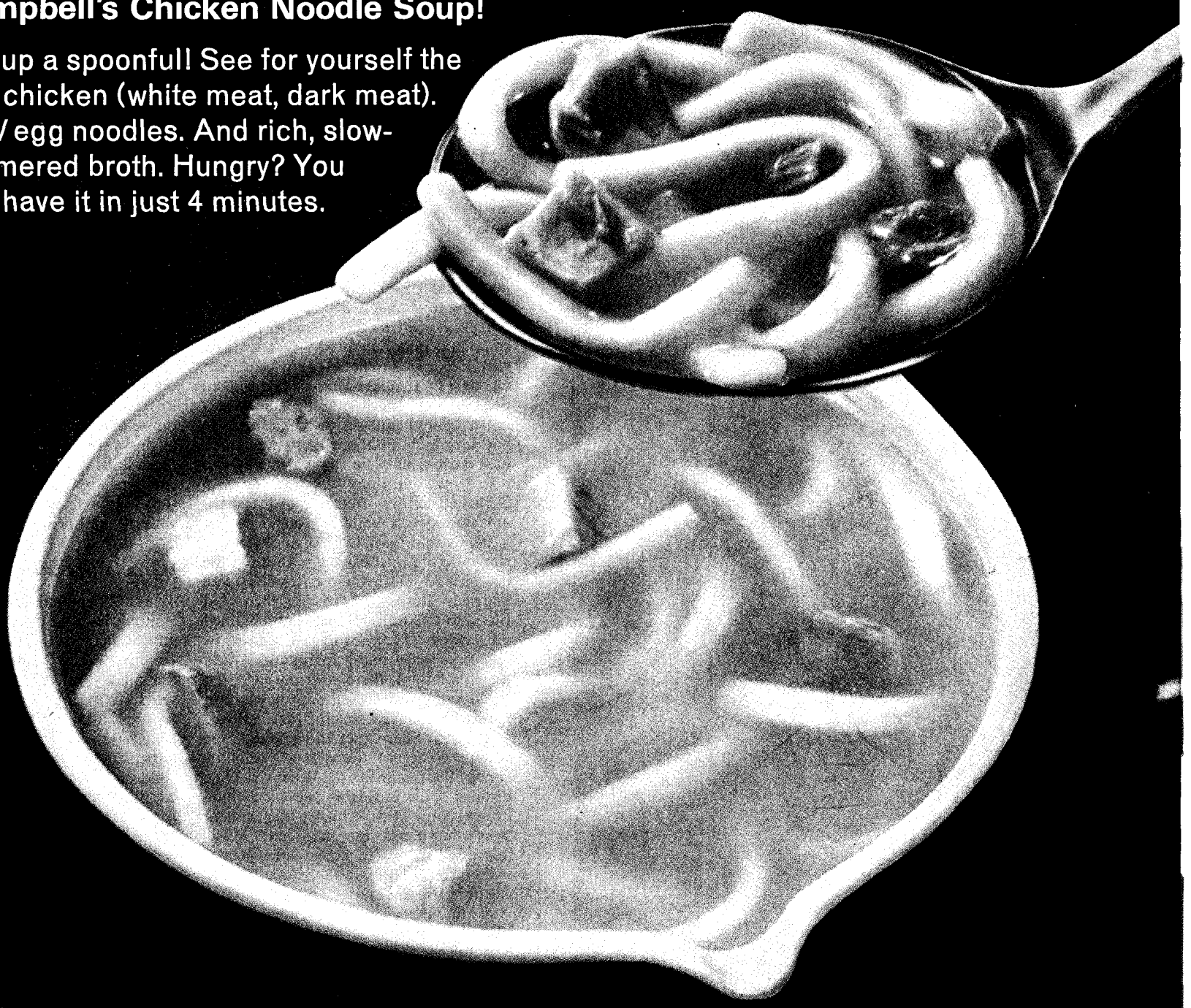

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"When I feel troubled or depressed, I play the violin and the bad mood goes away."

Maria, 5, and Michael, 7, romp with accommodating grandfather.

"On the other hand, as funny as he was onstage, he developed an inferiority complex about the gags he tried to pull offstage, which never worked. We all lived in the Forrest Hotel on 49th Street in New York in those days, and Jack was courting a girl on the third floor. One day he tried to impress her with his humor. He put on long paper eyelashes, turned his hat inside out and burst into her room. But the girl had checked out the night before, and Jack found himself in there with four total strangers staring at him. That was the way nearly all his offstage jokes turned out. It was pathetic."

Jesse Block, now a New York stockbroker but then a top vaudevillian—his act was called "Block and Sully"—has an interesting reminiscence of the first time he met Benny. Says Block, "George Burns took me up to Jack's room in the Forrest Hotel and left me there because he had to go to the theater. Jack was dressing for a date. As he dressed, I told him how great I thought he was on the stage and how delighted I was to meet him. He seemed to be listening to me, but when he finished dressing, he just walked out the door, and I could hear him locking it behind him—with me inside. He had forgotten all about me. I was stuck in the room until he came home at two A.M. How could I call down to the desk clerk and tell him that one of their tenants had locked me in his room?"

Benny had an active but inconclusive romantic life in those days. By the time he was 32 all his close friends were married (Burns to Gracie Allen and Block to Eve Sully) but Benny remained a bachelor. "Jack was in love with show business," says one acquaintance, "and we didn't think there was any girl who could compete with the profession in which he received so much adulation."

But then Benny met Sadie Marks, the younger sister of the wife of a fellow vaudevillian named Al Bernovici. She disliked show business—she was selling hosiery in a Los Angeles department store when Benny met her—but she was impressed with the suave and gentlemanly comedian. He liked her iconoclastic sense of humor. A few months later, in January, 1927, they were married. Several months after that, despite resentments against the unreal world of show business, Benny had pressed her into service as part of his act. She assumed the role of a bubble-headed girl against whom Benny played some of his funniest comedy skits. She took the name Mary Livingstone (Mary has been her first name ever since) and Benny was doing an act with his wife—"just like George Burns and Jesse Block and all the other guys."

The act prospered, Benny got a contract with M-G-M during which he made such long-forgotten film epics as *Chasing Rainbows* and *The Medicine Man*, and finally he returned to Broadway in triumph as a $1,500-a-week star of Earl Carroll's *Vanities*. In 1931, knowing that Mary was sick of touring, he left the *Vanities* when it made ready to go on the road, and he took a flyer in the infant medium, network radio. His first appearance was as guest on an Ed Sullivan interview show in which he opened with the now-historic show-business lines: "Hello, folks, this is Jack Benny. And now there will be a pause for all of you to say, 'Who cares?'" A few weeks later he had a regular show of his own. For 32 years thereafter—without interruption—he has done a weekly radio or television program. This is a record not likely to be broken for some time to come.

Today Benny is the master of his craft. George Burns says, "He runs his operation like a well-oiled machine. His four writers, his producer, Irving Fein, even his stand-in, Ned Miller, do their jobs under his direction, and they grind out his shows with no sweat or frenzy."

Compared with other stars' lavish working quarters, Benny's offices are small, unpretentious and utilitarian. Although his wife Mary has seven servants at home, Benny has no flunkeys or entourage. He drives his own car, dresses himself, even does his own makeup. To a Hollywood used to seeing a Frank Sinatra or an Elvis Presley walk about with a palace guard of nine or ten musclemen, chauffeur, valet, makeup man, hairdresser, errand boy, etc., Benny is a startling sight entering a studio all by himself and ready to go to work. Onstage all his early insecurities are gone. He's like a skilled editor in rehearsals, pruning, changing, rearranging, until he's ready for the actual performance, which usually goes off with professional precision.

He's a proud grandfather

In his personal life Benny is not so assured. He told me, "I'm a real moody guy. Sometimes I wake up in the morning terribly depressed, and it goes on like that all day. I don't know why." After 36 years of marriage to Mary, he is still devoted to her and to their daughter, Joan, and he is the typical proud grandfather rolling on the floor with Joan's children—Michael, 7, and Maria, 5.

"But," as a friend says, "there have been disappointments. You know how Jack values the education he never had, but Joan, a brilliant student, left Stanford University to get married before she graduated. This hasty marriage ended in divorce, and so did her second. Mary, who was always terrified of performing, got to be a nervous wreck in the last years she worked with Jack. She'd break out in hives and actually faint backstage. About six years ago, she finally had to retire from show business. Now she devotes herself to making their home a showplace and is adding to her reputation as one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood. Jack, whose whole life is show business and who has always wanted Mary to be as wrapped up in it as he is, misses her as he goes about his work."

At about the same time that Mary retired, a strange thing happened to Benny. He had come up with an idea for one of his television shows—a dream sequence in which he imagined he was a great concert violinist. In order to do the show, he had to take violin lessons again, because he had done little more than scratch out *Love in Bloom* on the instrument in the 30 years since he had aban-

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doned the "crutch" of his early vaudeville days. He did the show, but he was so fascinated that he continued the lessons and his violin playing. He since has practiced two or three hours a day. "I find that it is therapy for me," he says. "Whenever I feel troubled or depressed, I play the violin, and the bad mood goes away."

He plays the violin at home and he has set up a music stand in his office so he can practice there. Last summer he borrowed Kirk Douglas's home in Palm Springs, drove there alone in his Rolls-Royce and did nothing but play the violin for three weeks. He says, "I came back refreshed."

Fiddling for Carnegie

In 1956 his friend, the renowned concert violinist, Isaac Stern, suggested that he do a concert in New York with the Philharmonic Symphony in order to raise money to save Carnegie Hall.

Benny said, "That's ridiculous. The soloist should be you or Jascha Heifetz."

Stern replied, "Ah, but neither Heifetz nor I can draw an audience paying a hundred dollars a ticket. *You* can."

Benny did the concert and was a smash hit. He played Beethoven outrageously, argued with the conductor, demanded that the concert master be banished from the stage for playing better than he. Since then, nearly every symphony in the United States has asked Benny to do a similar money-raising concert, and Isaac Stern, in effect, has become his concert agent. "When they want Benny," says Stern, "they ask me."

Sometimes Stern himself plays with Benny in the concerts. They do the *Bach Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor*, and Stern kids him unmercifully on the stage, saying such things as, "Only a Jew who needs money would do this."

Playing with Stern, Benny is more inept than usual. Significantly, however, Benny once did the same double concerto with Anshel Brusilow, the brilliant young concert master of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Instead of ribbing him, as Stern does, Brusilow treated him with respect and admiration. A musician friend says, "I don't know what happened to Jack that night. He simply played his heart out trying to be good. And he *was* good for that one number. He wasn't a Heifetz or a Menuhin, but by God, he was good."

And so at the age of 69, Benny seems to have come full circle back to the lonely youngster in Waukegan who dreamed of becoming a concert violinist. With all his tremendous success, the violin has become his obsession again.

In January I watched him perform with the Beverly Hills Symphony before a sell-out audience of film and television notables. At the intermission, I pushed my way through the crowd, all abuzz with comments about the master's comic genius. I went to his dressing room, expecting to be surrounded by his wife and daughter and a throng of admiring friends. But Benny was alone. He stood in a corner in his shirt sleeves, all by himself, playing a sad passage from Brahms—in perfect tune—on his $25,000 Stradivarius violin. THE END

Benny Goods during rehearsal of Los Angeles Symphony.

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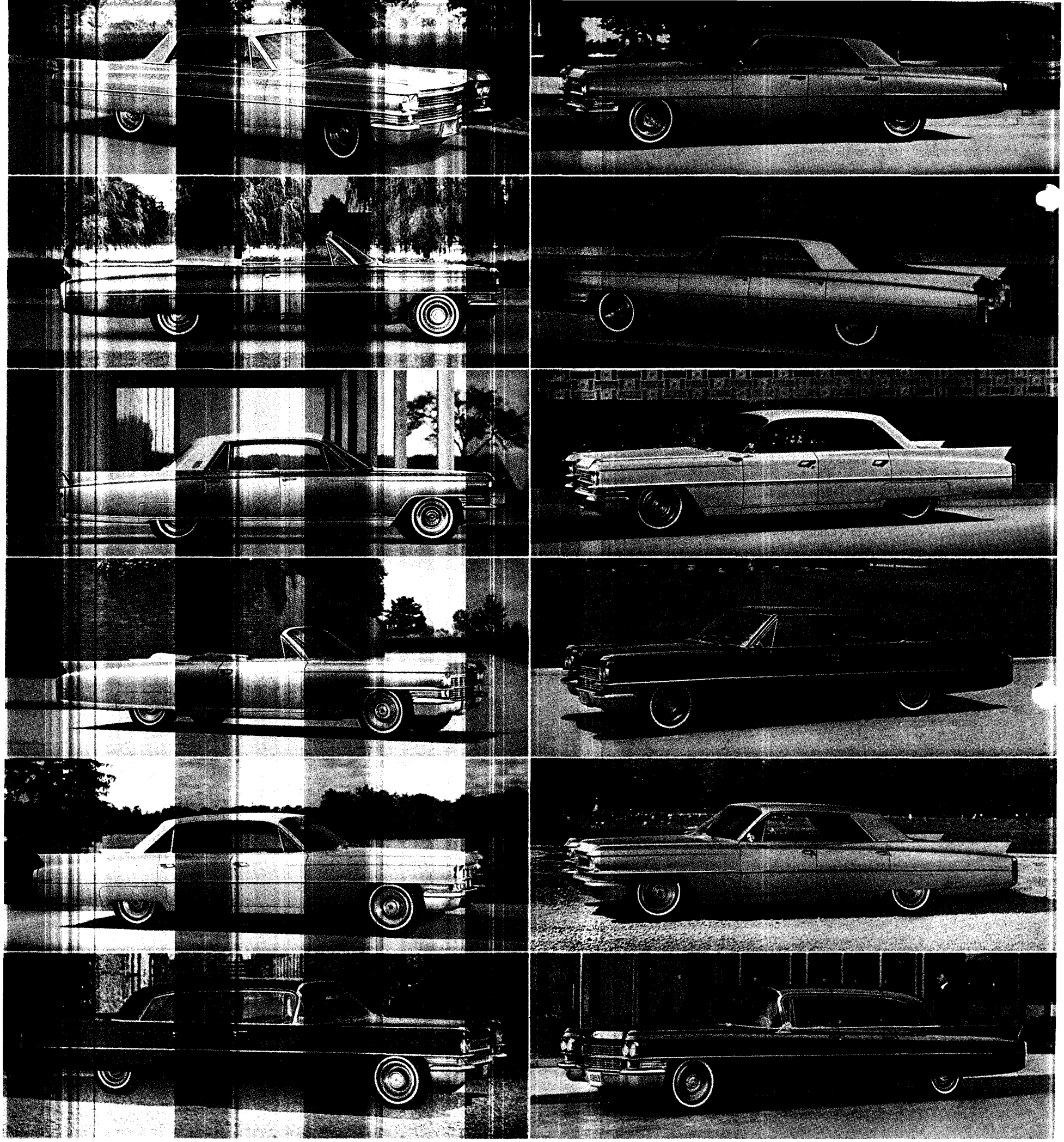

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POST /FICTION
this week

John Updike

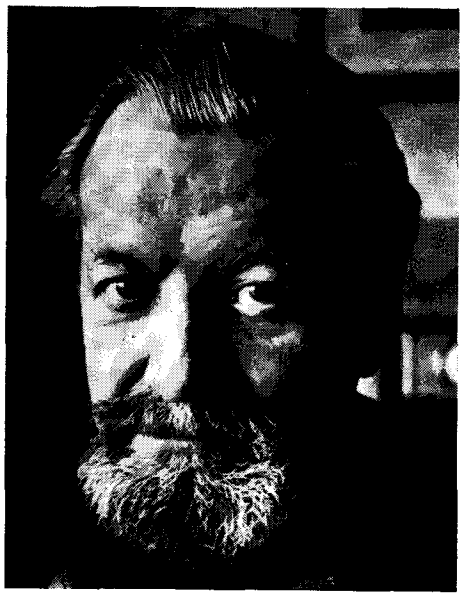
John Updike, 30, perhaps the most widely discussed young writer in the United States, has been acclaimed by critics for his meticulous style. A Harvard graduate, he spent a year in England at Oxford's Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, and then returned to New York to write. His works include several volumes of poetry, 2 collections of short stories and 3 novels—"The Poorhouse Fair," "Rabbit, Run" and "The Centaur" (this last published only a month ago).

• My Uncle's Death

John O'Hara

With the publication of "Appointment in Samarra" in 1934, John O'Hara's reputation was instantly established. Here was not only a brilliant new novelist but a penetrating commentator on the manners and customs of his generation as well. The succeeding O'Hara novels—"A Rage to Live," "Ten North Frederick," "From the Terrace," "Butterfield 8," "The Big Laugh" and many more—and such short-story collections as "Pal Joey," "Hellbox," "Assembly" and "The Cape Cod Lighter," a current best seller, have proved that reputation and made O'Hara one of the best-known authors in the world today. (The Pal Joey stories, of course, were the basis for the award-winning musical comedy—O'Hara wrote the libretto—and for the popular motion picture.) "The Glendale People," which follows here, marks his first appearance in the POST since 1959, but Mr. O'Hara said recently that he finds he has "an apparently inexhaustible urge" to produce short stories, and the POST will be publishing more John O'Hara stories in future issues.

• The Glendale People



Stuart Cloete

Stuart Cloete's literary fame began in 1937 with the publication of "The Turning Wheels," a novel about the Boer pioneers of the early 1800's which became both a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and a choice of the English Book Society—the first book to be thus doubly honored. Mr. Cloete's other novels include such successes as "Congo Song," "The Curve and the Tusk" and "The Fiercest Heart" (serialized in the POST in 1960). Mr. Cloete's current way of life is as international as his far-flung literary reputation: Born in Paris, he attended schools in France and Great Britain. After the first World War he went to South Africa, where he managed a cattle ranch. He is now equally at home in Paris, Africa, London and New York City.

• The Honey Bird

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The Glendale People

by JOHN O'HARA

They thought he was one of them. And despite all the places he'd been and all the things he'd done, in a way he was.

No place in Florida is very highly situated, but from Dale Connell's cottage it is possible to see the Gulf of Mexico while seated on the screened porch. It is a somewhat obstructed view; between the cottage and the water there is a busy highway, and across the highway a row of cottages not unlike Dale Connell's, and in back of them is the narrow beachfront. But the Gulf of Mexico is there, flashes of it between the cottages, and above the cottages a thin blue arc that is the horizon. When the traffic is momentarily halted by the red light, you can even hear the surf sometimes during the day, and late at night and early in the morning the small attacks of the waves upon the sand are continually audible and very helpful in producing sleep.

The cottage is the best he could do for the money, and Dale Connell is reasonably content. He has a living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen. Some of his neighbors use their living room as a bedroom, but Dale Connell is alone and does not need a second bedroom. Some of his neighbors envy him the luxury of the living room that is a real living room and not a part-time bedroom with a convertible couch. Dale Connell has room for what he calls his stuff—his souvenirs and framed photographs of movie actors and actresses—and when the weather is not at its best he can entertain indoors. Having a nice place to receive guests, being a bachelor, and always wearing a jacket when he goes for a walk—these items set Dale Connell apart from his neighbors. It is also known that he is writing a book, and his neighbors are a little envious of that, too. It would be wonderful to have the knack of writing a book, or doing *something*.

The neighbors look upon Dale Connell as a very lucky man, and because they do, so does he, and he has made friends with dozens of people whom in the past he would have ignored, the kind of people he spent most of his life avoiding. They are what he used to call Glendale people, married couples from the Middle West who had come to California to save money on overcoats and tire chains, bought small bungalows in Glendale and Burbank and less well known places like Watts and Anaheim. They could truthfully write home and say they picked their own oranges in their own backyards, that there were hummingbirds outside their bedroom windows. They went, with a hundred thousand like them, to the annual Iowa get-togethers in Griffith Park; they queued up at the radio stations to attend the Breakfast at Sardi's and Queen for a Day programs. Some of them became Townsendites, some of them went in for food fads, some were devoted to Aimee Semple McPherson. They all had false teeth and took high colonics. And about once a week they would provide the Los Angeles newspapers with a murder; about once a quarter they would commit a murder that showed imagination, like the man who killed his wife by forcing her leg into a box of rattlesnakes. Dale Connell had given them the name Glendale people, although they could have been described as Culver City people, Santa Monica people, Santa Ana people. He just happened to have spent more time at the Warner Brothers studio and had passed through Glendale on his way to work, month after week after day. The appellation had nothing to do with his own name, which in any event was a name he had adopted along the way.

His present-day friends, those he would once have called Glendale people, are his own age. That is, they are anywhere from the middle fifties to the middle seventies. He is not unmindful of the fact that he is more tolerant of Glendale people since he became their contemporary. He does not mind living in the midst of Glendale people so long as he does not have to live with them in Glendale.

Most of the men he used to know are dead, and those who survive have lost touch with Dale Connell, do not even know that he is alive. When he dies, and the highlights of his career appear in his obituary, there will be people who will say that they thought he was dead; others who will wonder why they never heard of him; others who have heard of him and will say they wish they never had; and a few who will laugh and say unkind things not unkindly. Dale Connell is aware of all that. In the morning, when he has finished with the breakfast dishes and put on his double-breasted blazer and wrinkled Panama, and walks the eight blocks to the out-of-town-newspaper stand, he opens his New York papers to the obituary pages before turning to the entertainment and book sections. He is precisely fair in his personal epitaphs of old acquaintances; he knows what they would say about him, and his thoughts of them are measure-for-measure gentle and severe, plus the embarrassing triumph of having for a while outlived men who lived better lives than his own. But there is never any severity in his judgments of women whose death notices he reads. He has forgiven every woman who ever gave him a bad time, and all the numerous women he has known are now creatures of equal rank in a company formed by his memory. No matter how unique and individualistic each of them may have been at the time, they all are banded together now, rather like a bundle of love letters tied in red ribbon, resting in the bottom drawer of his bureau under his New York shirts.

On his way home from the newsstand he carries his Panama, gripped by the brim, in one swinging hand, and tucked under the other arm are the newspapers and his stick. Many of his new friends carry canes, not tucked under their arms but used for support, and they are cheap, despised pieces of wood. Dale Connell is fond of his Malacca, with its initialed brass ferrule, bought for him at Swaine, Adeney's by an Englishwoman from whom he had expected at least an Asprey cigarette case. Another Englishwoman, who could not really afford a walking stick, had given him a Dunhill gold lighter with a watch in it. The Malacca makes him think of the second woman's generosity, even though the lighter has long since been pawned; but the giver of the Malacca had been generous in her way, too, and Dale Connell will have something to say about the unpredictability of Englishwomen when he comes to that part of his book.

He works on his book in the mornings, after he has read the newspapers, made his bed, and prepared the instant coffee. The actual writing is not as easy as he thought it was going to be. He has been at it for five years and he has taken $2,500 from a New York publisher who will not advance any more money until Dale Connell shows him some manuscript. Any publisher would be glad to bring out the memoirs of Dale Connell, and Carson Burroughs was extremely enthusiastic when Connell wrote and told him that he had started a book. "You realize, of course," Burroughs had replied, "that even today we may have to tone it down. However, I promise you that we will do our utmost to retain the validity of your memoirs. Meanwhile, when do you think you will be able to show us the first 500 pages?" Six months passed, and Dale Connell had got nothing down on paper. "I have torn up everything I have written so far and am off to a new start with an entirely fresh approach," he wrote Burroughs. "Could you see your way clear to advancing me another $1,000?" He got no immediate answer to this letter; instead he got a surprise visit from Burroughs.

It was more than a surprise; it was something of a shock. He came home one morning and an enormous Cadillac convertible was parked in front of his cottage. It had Florida license plates, but Dale Collins knew no one who owned a Cadillac. Most of his Florida Glendale people owned no car at all. The shock came when he opened the screen door of his front porch and was greeted by Burroughs.

"Hello, Dale," said Burroughs. "I thought I'd drop in and see how you were coming along."

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL WHITTINGHAM

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GLENDALE

"Drop in? Are you in town?"

"Palm Beach. I flew over this morning."

"Is that your car?"

"Hired. Your letter was forwarded to me. I guess my secretary didn't know you were on the West Coast and Palm Beach is on the East Coast. Anyway, she thought she was using her head. And she was."

"Of course. Will you have a drink, or would you like some coffee?"

"I'll have a cup of coffee with you, but don't go to any trouble. I'm chiefly interested in your memoirs. How're they coming?"

"Well, as I told you in my letter, I've got a whole new fresh approach. I wasted a couple of years trying to lick it, but it wasn't altogether waste. I learned how it *shouldn't* be done. You see, I was never a writer before. I used to dictate everything to a secretary, or into a Dictaphone."

"When you were in Hollywood? You have quite a few screen credits. Didn't you write those scripts?"

"Original-story credits, they were. I used to dictate them, and I could always get a secretary to put them in shape. All they cared about was the story line. Very different from sitting down and writing a book, I found out."

"Well, why don't you get yourself a tape recorder and get going that way? I can always find somebody to whip it into shape, once we have the stuff. I'm perfectly willing to advance you another thousand dollars if I have something to show for it, but I have to convince my partners. That's why I came over to see you personally. Hell, if you just sit down and tell the story of your checkered career, Dale, you'd have a real blockbuster. I admit that. Married what? Four times?"

"Five. The first one nobody knows about. That was back in Ohio, when I was twenty years old. I married my piano teacher, she was twenty-eight."

"You didn't stay married to her very long."

"It was annulled. I blew town and joined the Canadian army. Then right after the war I married ——"

"Gaby Perrier? Right?"

"Right. She divorced me to marry the Bolivian, and I married Valerie Vale."

"Beautiful. I always thought the most beautiful girl Ziegfeld ever had. Tragic, of course."

"Yes, at least it turned out that way. You knew what her trouble was?"

"Booze, I always heard," said Burroughs.

"No. That's what everybody thought. No, it wasn't booze."

"What was it? Dope?"

"Not dope, either."

"Well, come on, give. What was it?"

"Wait till my book comes out," said Dale Connell.

"You son of a bitch, what kind of a come-on is that? All right. Then you married Sylvia Rumson and you divorced her because she put you in a novel while you were still married to her."

"Is that the way it was, Carson?"

"Well, wasn't it? She did put you in a novel."

"Was that me, or was it somebody else? Everybody said it was me, but was it?"

"Wasn't it?"

"If I told you who the guy really was in that book, you'd call me a liar. I divorced Sylvia, but I didn't have to pay her any alimony. I didn't even have to pay for the lawyers. If you think back a minute, the next two years I lived like a prince, a maharajah. Not bad for a young guy from Ohio that didn't have a job or anything. No, the guy in that book wasn't me. I won't tell you who it was, but I'll tell you this much. He was a banker. Wall Street. Sylvia disguised the character in the book to make him look like me, but all those details were the banker, not me. In other words, Sylvia pulled a fast one on both of us. Oh, she was quite an operator, Sylvia. You ought to know."

"Not me."

"Oh, yes. You. She told me about you, Carson. Some kind of a convention in Chicago, and you drove back together in your car. I think you had a Marmon."

"Well, that was before she was married to you, so you can't hold that against me. Then you married Kitty Romaine."

"Married Kitty Romaine, was divorced by Kitty Romaine, married her again two weeks after the divorce, and was with her when she died."

"And she was the real love of your life."

"No. Not that I didn't love Kitty, because I did. But she wasn't the real one, my big number, as we used to say then. No, you wouldn't know who that was even if I told you."

"Is that going to be in the book?"

"Yes, without mentioning her name."

"Oh, happily married?"

"No. She's a nun."

"A nun? You were in love with a girl that became a nun? What was she before that?"

"Nothing. A schoolgirl. I used to walk home from school with her. Carry her books. We used to talk. Her father was a doctor, the greatest man I ever knew, although he had no use for me. Coached the high-school football team, and he'd scrimmage with us in his street clothes. He could do anything. Box. Shoot. Play the piano. Sing. Serve Mass. And keep up his practice. Had the first automobile in town. But he only had one child, a daughter. Dark brown hair and blue eyes. Everybody said Doctor Callaghan should have had a son, but he had only this one daughter and I guess no young guy ever measured up to her father. Oh, she was pretty. She could have been the belle of the ball, but she never went out on dates. I'd walk home with her during the winter and spring, when there was no football practice, and we'd stand and talk at their front gate. How I was going to be a big song-writer, and have my own orchestra, and travel all over. Or else maybe I'd go to Western Reserve and study medicine. She never believed that, but she'd pretend to. I always wanted to *talk* to *her*, and I did. By the hour. She really didn't have very much to say, but she had intelligent eyes and I always knew she was listening. They sent her East to school, and that was the year I ran off with the music teacher. I never saw Agnes again after she went away to school. Never heard from her. Never heard from her to this day, not that I expected to after the big scandal. And yet I guess I did expect to hear from her. I wanted her to forgive me. I haven't been inside of a confessional since I was nineteen years old. I never even went to confession when I was in the army, when the chaplain would come around the night before we were moving up. Agnes was the one I wanted to forgive me, not some Canuck priest." He was silent.

"This is a new side of you, Dale," said Burroughs.

"No, it isn't."

"No, I guess maybe it isn't," said Burroughs. "If you get this down the way you tell it, it sure would surprise a lot of people."

"It sure would," said Dale Connell. "It would spoil my reputation. Maybe America isn't ready for that."

"Maybe not. But if I advance you another thousand dollars will you spend some of it on a tape recorder?"

"Make it fifteen hundred and I'll promise to buy one."

"That's more like the Dale Connell I know. All right. Fifteen hundred, but that'll be all until I get 500 pages of manuscript."

"How much is that in tape?"

"I have no idea. You send me the tape and I'll have it transcribed, and when you have 500 pages I'll advance you another thousand. Making thirty-five hundred advance royalties."

A few days later a tape recorder arrived from Miami, with it a Carson Burroughs calling card on which was written, "Start talking—good luck—C. B."

During the next few days Dale Connell studied the instructions and learned to operate the apparatus. As a toy it was amusing. He sang into it, and did his parlor imitations of actors he had known, but when he began to dictate his life story he froze. "I was born on the fifteenth of January, 1897, in the town of High Ridge, Ohio. I was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel J. Connelley and I was named after my father. I attended the public school and graduated from high school in 1915." At that point he always stopped. It took him weeks to discover why he always stopped there: it was that the next autobiographical fact was his elopement, and speaking into the apparatus made him sound to himself like a boy telling his sins to a priest. That he would not do; he was not a boy, the apparatus was not a priest, and every time he approached the apparatus to begin again, Agnes Callaghan became more real and alive to him than she had been in almost fifty years. He could visualize her in her nun's habit; the face he had last seen in 1917, the features unchanged but the cheeks framed in white linen, the forehead almost hidden by white linen, and he could imagine her fingering a crucifix as he had seen other nuns do. Soon the apparatus was so inextricably identified with the calm face of a young girl that he did not like to go near it. He stayed away from it, until one night after some visitors went home he decided to exorcise the spirit of the apparatus, and he did so by turning on the microphone and speaking to it of women he had known. He had had more than his usual two cocktails and a brandy and he described in detail their bodies and their passions. He played the recording back, and the nastiness of his performance so disgusted him that he pulled the tape from the spools and dropped the machine on the floor. He did not have it fixed. He put the broken apparatus in a closet and left it there. It is there now, much the worse for five years in the air that circulates over the Gulf of Mexico. The air is damp and salty, but the sun shines nearly every day and a man does not have to stay cooped up in a closet, like a broken tape recorder.

In the afternoon, after he has had his soup and pie, Dale Connell changes into cotton slacks and polo shirt and blue roped-soled espadrilles and goes to the beach. He takes a book with him, in case he sees no one he knows, but most days he is joined by some of his Glendale people, who love to hear him talk. "You must bear in mind," he says, "that anything can happen in the movie business, and anything can happen in Southern California. So when I tell you a story that sounds insane, just remember that combination."

"Tell us about the party at Lew Cody's," someone will say.

"The Lew Cody party? Well, he was having his house moved from Hollywood to Beverly. The men came to move the house, and Lew had a party going on. So he told them he didn't want to interrupt the party. Just disconnect the electricity and the water lines, he told them. And they put the house on rollers and moved it, but the party went right on, all the way out Wilshire Boulevard, for two days and nights. Lew, and Norman Kerry, and Fatty Arbuckle. Plenty of booze. A jazz band. Girls. Quite a party."

It is all new to his Glendale people, and when he has told them a story he makes a mental note to include it in his book. The trouble is there are so many stories. His Glendale people remember those stars, and they want to hear about their favorites. (Theda is just an anagram for death, Bara is Arab spelt backwards.) The Glendale people care not a whit about London or Paris or Rome and the people he knew during the frequent and sometimes lengthy sojourns he made in Europe. He wanted to say to his Glendale people, "You are missing a lot by not showing more interest in my European days." He has tried them out on stories of gambling in Monte Carlo, racing at Cowes, horse races at Ascot, the

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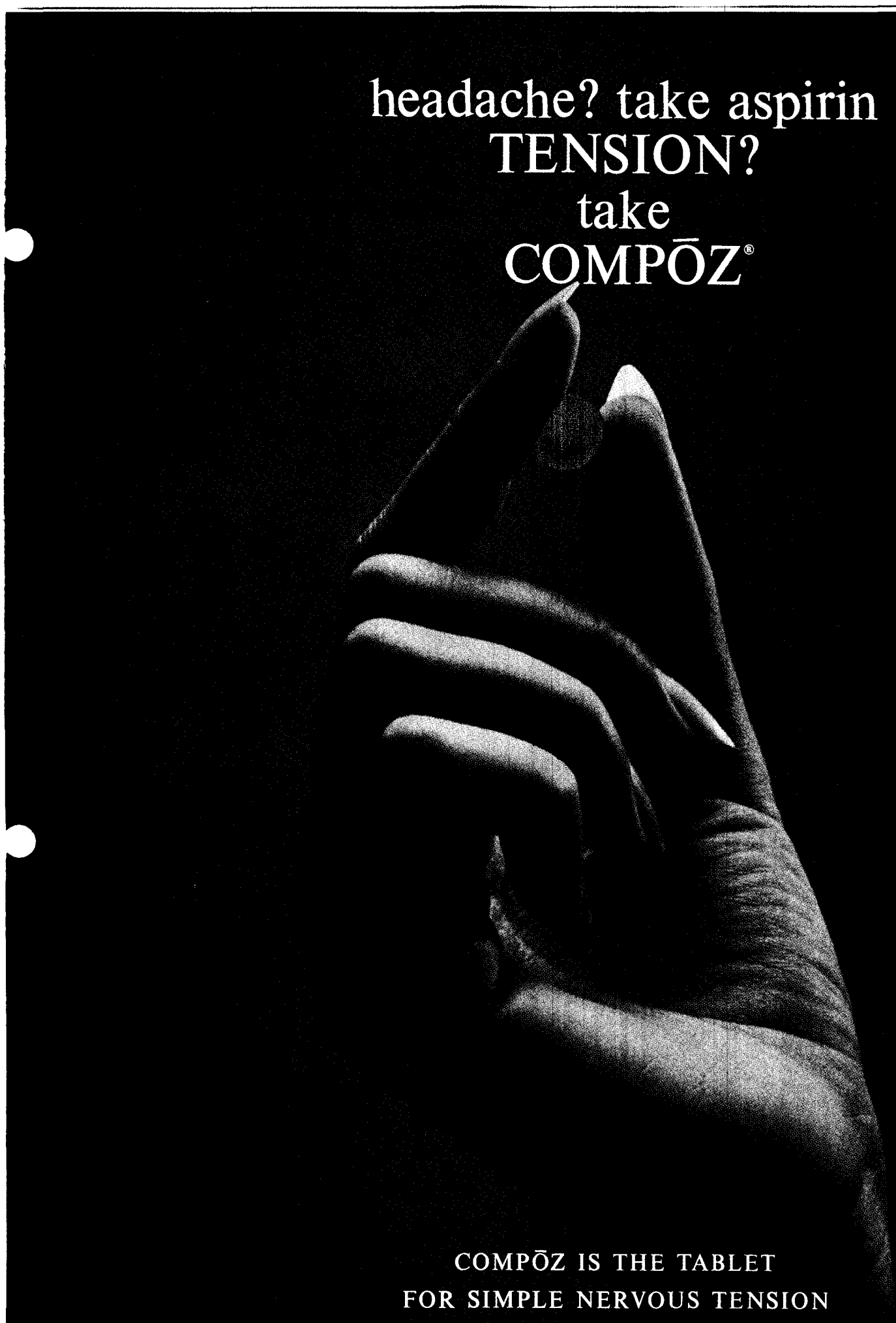

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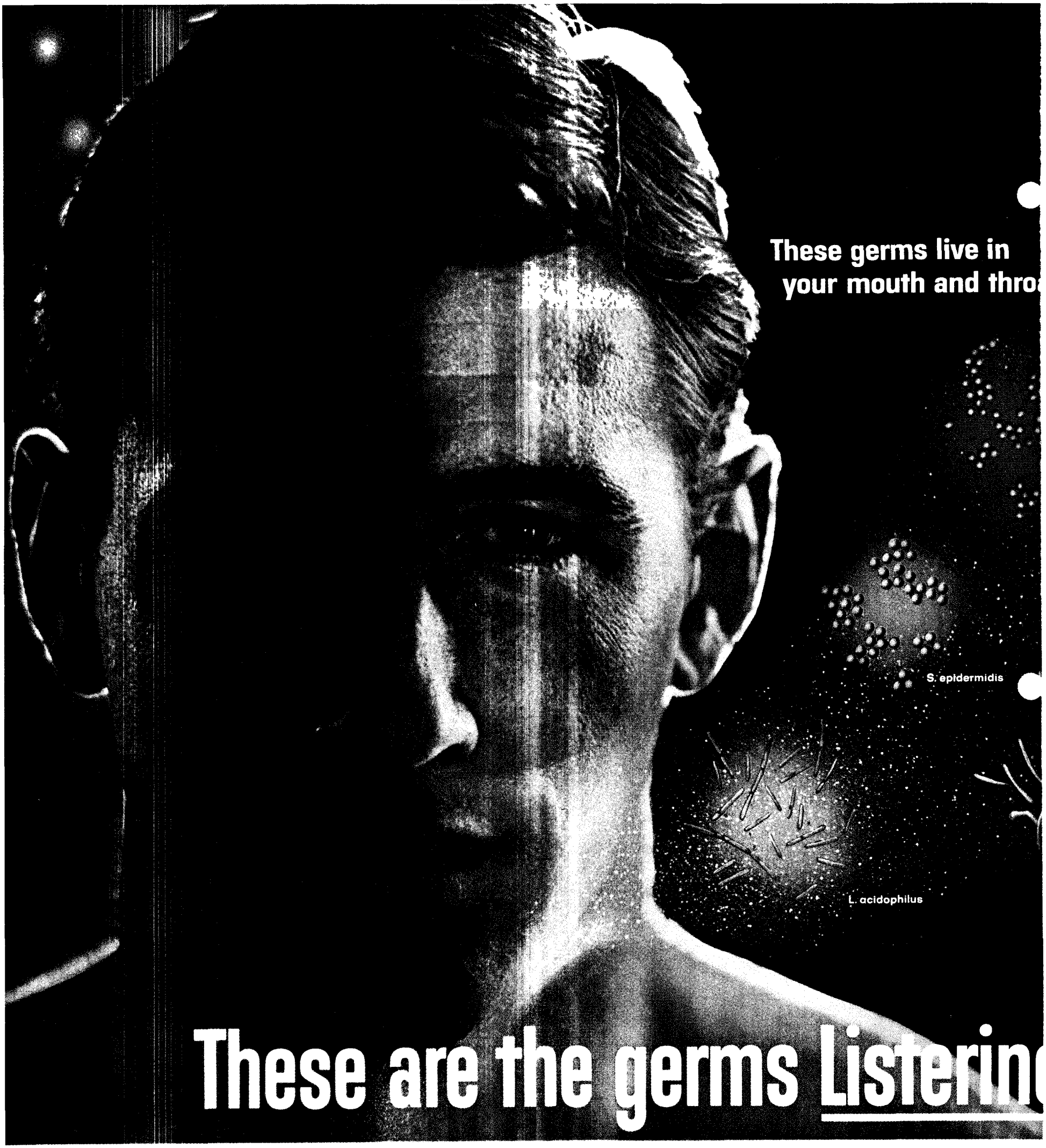

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GLENDALE

extravagances of nobility when they are sowing their wild oats, the practical jokes and the freak bets in the London clubs. But he has noticed that the Glendale people have a way of looking at him, when he tells foreign stories, that is a mixture of polite skepticism and a lack of curiosity. Some of the stories are partially provable; he has trinkets to show for some of his adventures, a half-filled scrapbook—started late, neglected early—that would substantiate some others. Nevertheless the Glendale people do not encourage those overseas reminiscences, and at first he blamed their Middle Western isolationism. But it isn't that, really; not in the usual sense of corn-belt insularity. It is something more personal.

They like it when he talks about his Hollywood experiences, because they know he came from Ohio, and what happened to him in Hollywood could have happened to them. (Fat chance; but that's what they think.) He retains his Ohio twang, in spite of a few Englishisms (stick for cane, jacket for coat), and their ears tell them that he is one of them. It is stupid of them not to realize that what sets him apart from them is not his living room, or being a bachelor, or his manner of dress. In the matter of clothes, for instance, they see only a blazer, and everybody wears blazers today. If they had a little more curiosity they would examine the buttons on his blazer and he would gladly inform them that the crest was that of a dinner club he belonged to in London in the mid-Twenties: a duke was honorary secretary, a member of the royal family paid his three guineas annual dues, a theatrical producer, as famous abroad as Ziegfeld at home, was honorary steward. The Glendale people see only a cane, and some of the Glendale women as well as the men carry canes—could not take two steps without one. They never ask about his Malacca, and he has not created the opportunity to tell them that the lady who gave it to him was indeed a Lady. But they eat up everything he sees fit to tell them about Kitty Romaine. They all remember that Kitty Romaine was almost as famous as Pearl White.

Now and then Dale Connell begins to get a sensation of being overwhelmed by the Glendale people, of being irresistibly sucked back into the Middle West. He has never been back, he has had no communication with anyone in High Ridge since cabling the money for his mother's funeral in 1935. In 1934 he could not have sent the money; he was broke and in debt. In 1936 his sister would not have known how to reach him; he was in Calcutta, trying to promote a motion-picture company. But in 1935 his sister telephoned a columnist on the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who obligingly gave her the address of Alexander Korda, Dale's most recent London employer. When Ursula Connelley died, in 1943, no one notified Dale. He could not have done much in any case; he was in Scotland in an O.S.S. film unit, with his major's pay and nothing more. Ursula was always a whiner, anyway, and in her rare letters to him through the years seemed compelled to say how awful his first wife looked, as though taking him to task for seducing a woman who in fact had seduced him. High Ridge, Ohio, was not small enough to be obliterated by progress, like the pretty little villages that are bulldozed out of existence to make way for super-highways, or inundated for the construction of dams. But there was nothing—and no one—in High Ridge that tugged at Dale Connell's heartstrings. Forty-five, almost fifty years, a long time, and in that time nothing that happened in High Ridge had happened to him. Nevertheless the town is still there, and in his moments of suspecting that his Glendale people have captured him, High Ridge becomes the Middle West, and he wonders if it has ever let him go.

So far there has been no one from High Ridge among the Glendale people. Roberta Wagner's granddaughter is a Pi Phi at State and has visited Tom Cookson's granddaughter in High Ridge. Dale Connell remembers Tom Cookson as an earnest boy who clerked in J. J. Cookson's grocery store and didn't get—or seem to want—much fun out of life. "We never knew each other very well," said Dale, when Roberta mentioned the Cooksons.

"They all remember you, though," said Roberta. "As Dan Connelley. All the girls were crazy about you, is what I hear."

"Now, now, Roberta. You only heard about one."

"Well—one was enough. Imagine running away with your music teacher. There was a case like that in Marion, Indiana, where I come from, only they stayed married. They moved away, but they kept on being married. It just goes to show, all that funny business isn't just confined to Hollywood."

Roberta's husband, Sam Wagner, is a mean little bastard. He has won the Senior Citizens' putting championship for three years running, and he is one of the few Glendale people to have a car. He has a way of listening during a conversation as though he were not listening, staring to his right for three or four minutes, then suddenly staring to his left for another three or four, and back again to his right, and then he will make some remark that shows he has not missed a word. "Dale, I can't figure you out," he once said.

"How's that, Sam?" said Dale.

"Well, I listen to these stories of yours, and I never been able to figure out where you been all the time. One minute it's Hollywood, California. Then the next minute you're in London, England."

"That's just about the way it was, too," said Dale.

"Writing scenarios. But didn't you tell us you wrote songs?"

"I wrote a lot of songs. Probably a hundred, but only a few of them got published, and only four made a hit. That's how I live. I get a little income from ASCAP. No income from the scenarios."

"Then why don't you knock out some more songs, if that's where the money is?"

"Not my kind of songs, not today. 'Wackity-Doo.' 'Little Chapel on the Lake.' They don't go for my songs any more. 'Moana Moon.' 'Let's Tarry in Tallahassee.'"

"Jevver hear of those songs, Roberta?" said Sam.

"Oh, yes. I used to play 'Little Chapel on the Lake.'"

"That was my biggest hit," said Dale. "You still hear it once in a while on the radio. 'Wackity-Doo' when they revived the Charleston, although I wrote that before the Charleston was popular."

"What were you doing in Europe all that time?" said Sam.

"You name it. I wrote scenarios. Some songs. Acted in a couple of plays. Co-produced several shows on Broadway that I brought over from London."

"You certainly were a jack-of-all-trades, all right."

"I had fun," said Dale.

"Is that a picture of you?" said Sam. "You had a waxed moustache?"

"And a full head of hair. Yes, that's me."

"Look at that collar. It's a wonder it didn't choke you. It looks like it was cutting your ear lobes."

"We all wore them then."

"I didn't."

"That was London."

"You look to me like you had lipstick on," said Sam.

"I did. Theatrical makeup. The girl was Jocelyn Candee, a very big name in the London theater."

"Maybe in London, but they wouldn't have given her a second look in Hollywood," said Sam Wagner.

"No, but she managed to become Lady Medlock, the wife of one of the richest men in the United Kingdom. I visited their ——"

"They always left me cold, Englishwomen. I couldn't understand half of what they were saying. We were there in '28, year before the crash. I said I was never going back there, and I never did. And the men were no better."

"Some of the men," said Roberta Wagner.

"Aah," said Sam Wagner. "You know what Napoleon Bonaparte called them don't you? A nation of small shopkeepers."

"Pretty good shops, though," said Dale Connell.

"No. You order a suit there, and it takes a couple months to have it ready. But that's not what I object to. What I object to, they do everything on credit there, you see. Cons'quently, *you're* paying for the deadbeats. I'd rather do business on a cash basis and get what I pay for, not making up their losses on bad debts. You put that in your book, warn the American tourists what they're paying for."

"It won't be that kind of a book."

"Oh, you could put it in somewhere. Are you gonna have that picture in it?" asked Sam.

"I might."

"You better put some of the others in, too, or everybody'll think you're a pansy. That lipstick. Boy! That oughta go big in England. Is this you in the uniform? Doesn't look like the same person."

"I've never been the same person I was in that picture," said Dale Connell.

"Do you think a person changes that much?" said Roberta. "I think we stay the same."

"Of course we do," said her husband. "I'm the same, you're the same, and Dale's the same. You know the old saying, you can take the boy out of Ohio but you can't take Ohio out of the boy."

Dale Connell shook his head. "That young fellow in the Canadian uniform—I'd have nothing in common with him today."

"Don't you believe it," said Sam Wagner. "Our characters are formed by the time we're eighteen, and we stay that way the rest of our lives."

"I'd hate to think so," said Dale Connell. "I certainly don't want to believe that all the places I've been and the people I've met, the things I've done—all that had no effect on me. I was twenty-one when that picture was taken. Now have a look at this one, taken when I was about thirty-five. You don't see any difference?"

"Of course there's a difference," said Sam Wagner. "In this one you're wearing a gray high-hat and a swallowtail, and it looks to me like you have a waxed moustache. Field glasses. Some race track in England, I imagine."

"Yes, and who do you think the other men are? Well, this man on my right. You may not recognize him, but you'd recognize his brother."

"I doubt it."

"His brother was the Prince of Wales. Now the Duke of Windsor."

"Oh, let me see that," said Roberta.

"That may well be," said Sam Wagner. "All the same, underneath the swallowtail and the high hat, it's still you."

"I don't even look the same," said Dale Connell. "Here, do you recognize this man?"

"Sure, that's the writer—Ernest Hemingway. One writer I would recognize. I'd know him, even without the gun. But what are you trying to prove? I admit you must have known all those people. But I can show you some pictures I have at home. One of me shaking hands with Bob Taft. I have one of me and Benny Oosterbaan. And Roberta has one of her congratulating Tommy Milton."

"It's lost," said Roberta. "I don't know what happened to it."

"You lost that picture of you and Tommy Milton? It must be somewhere, in storage."

"No, it's gone," said Roberta.

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"Well, anyway, me, Sam Wagner, and my wife, Roberta, we had our pictures taken with famous people, but I don't claim that changed us. I claim just the opposite. Like that time I sat up and talked half the night, going East on the Broadway Limited, this fellow and I. He seemed familiar, but I couldn't place him and I couldn't place him. Turned out to be Al Jolson, only he didn't have his makeup on. Now there was a fellow I would of liked to get to know him."

"If you had, you would have changed. I knew Joley."

"I'll never forget him in 'The Jazz Singer,'" said Roberta. "Where did we see that, Sam?"

"You saw it twice. We saw it together in New York, but you saw it in Chicago when it played there."

"No, I think I saw it in Indianapolis. I went with Mary Jane Strohmyer. She didn't like it as much as I did. Al married a girl named Keller."

"Keeler. Ruby Keeler."

"Was it Keeler? I always pronounced it Keller, but you knew them. It's funny, I always pronounced her name Keller. Cute little thing. She used to do a tap dance with a cane. Keeler, huh?"

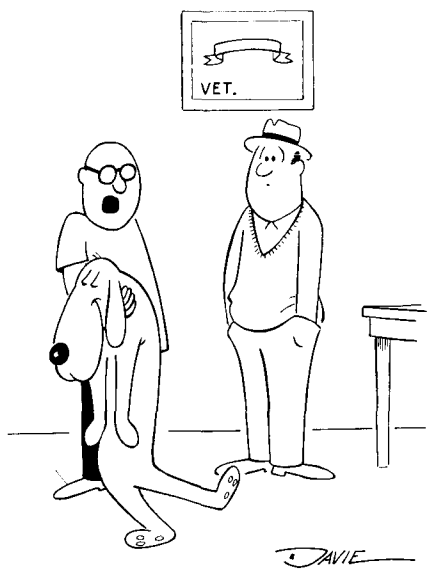
"But she wasn't in 'The Jazz Singer,'" said Sam.

"May McAvoy," said Dale Connell. "But I just happened to think, Roberta. Jolson's *first* wife was named Keller, although I don't know how you'd know that."

"I don't either. I'm not sure I did."

"Don't be so modest," said Sam Wagner. "You used to follow those movie stars. Probably know as much about them as Dale does, without knowing them personally. You ask her something sometime."

"Oh, heavens, I have a terrible memory, and it's getting worse. I can remember what I wore to a party when I was fifteen, but don't ask me where I was last Thursday."



"Let's take him off tranquilizers for a while."

"Just for the hell of it, where were you last Thursday?" said Dale Connell.

"Thursday?" she said.

"That ought to be easy," said her husband.

"Is that a hint? Oh, I know. You were putting against Cy Runstadt."

"Bet your sweet life I was, and beating him three and two. See, you remembered."

Dale Connell has seen snapshots of Roberta in her girlhood, but they tell him very little, much less than he has been able to imagine from having seen her granddaughter in person. Although Roberta's hair is white, and she is rather tall for a woman, it is not impossible, from looking at her, to conjecture some similarities between her and the present Agnes, Mother Callaghan, of the Sacred Heart nuns, that do not depend on mere physical resemblance. It may come down to no resemblance at all, but rather a gentleness in common, and Dale Connell's strong belief that for the Wagners sexual activity is a thing of the past. He could be wrong about that; among his Glendale people he sees signs of erotic consciousness—fierce jealousies, handholding flirtatiousness—but Sam Wagner is seventy, interested only in his capital and in beating other men on the putting green. He is generally disagreeable, and it is a commonplace among the Glendale people that Roberta is the only person in the world that could put up with him (although the principals in that commonplace are, so to speak, interchangeable; Sam Wagner says the same thing about his friends Cy and Lillian Runstadt). Roberta has the same sweetness that Agnes Callaghan would have today, and she is the first woman he has known in forty years that he likes to talk to—when he gets the chance—as he once talked to Agnes. In an odd way she is less sophisticated than Agnes. Simpler. During all those long conversations with Agnes he had never been given an inkling that she was mulling over in her mind a major problem, coming to a decision that would determine the course of her life. Roberta Wagner could not be so reticent. A certain kind of guile was essential to maintain that kind of reticence, and Agnes possessed it; Roberta said everything that came into her mind, and with an innocence that he has not discovered—or looked for—in any women since those long conversations at the Callaghans' gate.

There is no manuscript of Dale Connell's memoirs, in the sense of a narrative that has continuity; there is only a stack of notes and a long list of names of once-famous actors and actresses, of big-game hunters and polo players, playwrights and theatrical managers, movie producers and directors, orchestra leaders and torch singers, restaurateurs and ballroom dancers, English novelists and American heiresses—and men like himself, who had minor talents in the arts or in sports, who had suites at Claridge's when they were in the money or stopped at the Cavendish when they were not. Carson Burroughs is quite right when he says that Dale Connell's memoirs would be a blockbuster, but it is a manuscript that Burroughs will never see. Dale Connell is trying to be conscientious. Every day he adds a name to his already long list; but he cannot bring himself to put down on paper the true stories of all those women.

Once it was the face of Agnes Callaghan in a nun's habit, that made him smash a tape recorder. But now it is Roberta Wagner, a real presence, who intrudes. "I am dying to see your book," she says. But she would be repelled by the book he wants to write. She believes in Mary Miles Minter. THE END

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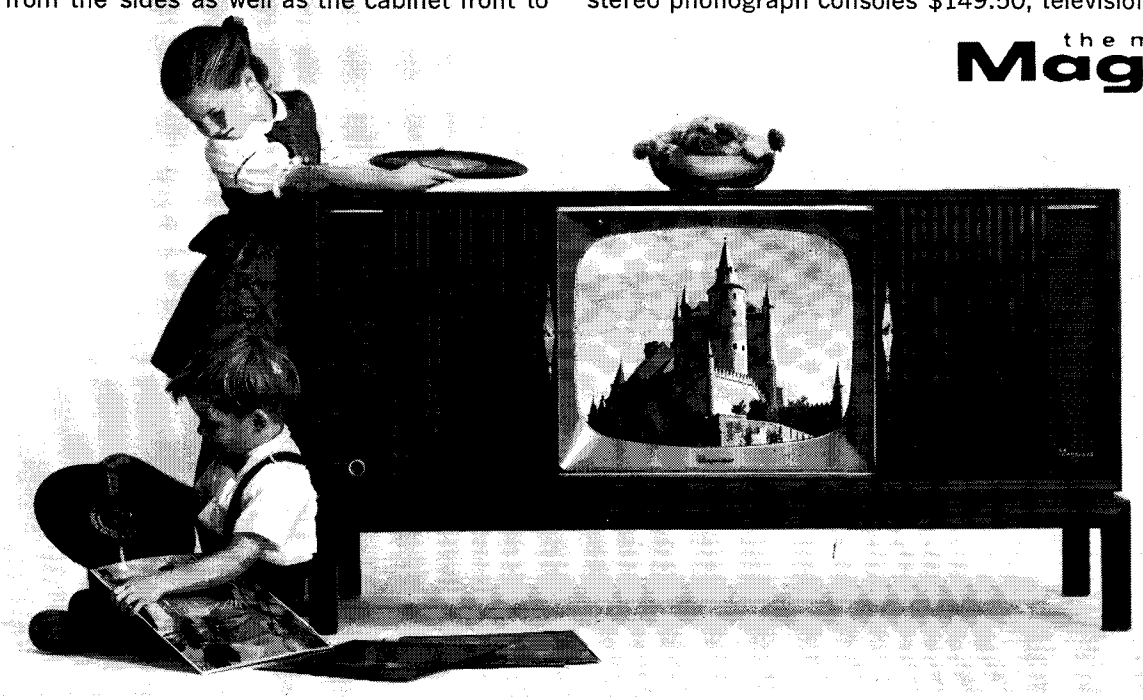

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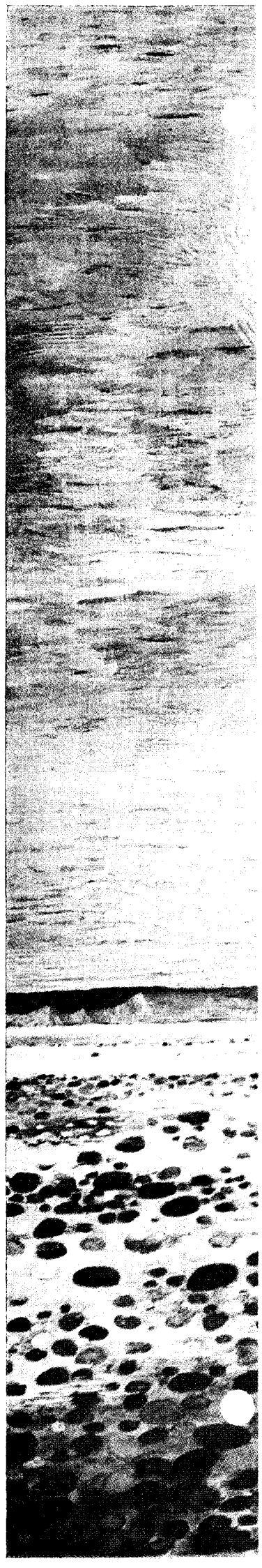
The HONEY BIRD

There were two treasures in the great South African veld—gold and water. And men would die for either one.

By STUART CLOETE



The white, burning silence of the veld was broken by a rifle shot and the smack of a bullet hitting bone. The little group of springbok exploded into a dusty fringe that edged the horizon as they galloped away. That was all. The buck disappeared. Africa relapsed into stillness again.

The man sitting with his elbows on his knees, his rifle in his hands, was in no hurry to get up. The buck he had shot was down. A badly hit buck could still run if you went up to him too soon.

So he sat, still as a stone, and the buck lay, not even kicking. The man's gray horse, its reins trailing on the ground, switched idly at the flies with its long tail.

The man's eye caught a movement in the pale blue sky, a sky bleached like a garment by the sun. A black spot much smaller than a fly was circling the upper air. A vulture. He laughed. "Not today, my friend," he said. "Just the guts; that's all." It was funny how a man living alone so much got to talking to himself. *No danger in it*, he thought. *Not yet. Not till I answer myself, not till I talk in two voices.*

The vulture was lower, as big as a bluebottle. Then bigger, bigger, quite enormous, as its black shadow, coming between him and the sun, swept over the scorched ground in front of him. There were others arriving, carving great loops in the sky, corkscrewing down in wide ellipses.

The scavengers. The seekers of the dead, the sick and the dying—a buck or a man; it was all one to them. They went for the eyes first.

Schalk du Bois was a dried-up, hard-bitten man of 40. Farmer, miner, prospector, engineer, hunter. A rough diamond of a man who had decided it was time to settle down.

That was why he was here. This was the worst and cheapest land in Africa. Hot by day and icy by night. Windy, cruel, but a living could be made here—a good living—with karakuls, if a man was man enough to take it. And he was. Five feet eleven, 160 pounds of bone and muscle. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, his nose the predatory beak of an eagle, his mouth a lipless slash in a saddle-leather face. His mind was that of an animal driven by the whip of his will. His assets were his health, his strength, his knowledge of Africa, 2,000 pounds of capital. Money he had saved. It was not money to him. It was time—years of it. It was risks and sweat, gallons of it, distilled, changed by the mystery of economics into something the bank could store for him—bottled sweat, as it were, that he could get out and buy other people's sweat with.

He was done with it now. Let the others work. He went up to the buck and emptied its entrails onto the veld. It was time to go.

Every 30 hours or so he went back to Brandt's Hoek, the last farm in this direction, to water his tough little horse, fill his water bottle and get a good meal and a feed of mealies for the stallion. The Brandts were simple Boers, glad to meet him, a stranger who had seen the world. He paid for their hospitality with the buck he shot. Brandt was an old man who seldom hunted now and was glad of the meat.

A month ago Schalk du Bois had arrived at Swartkop, a little dorp on a spur that was the railhead for the scattered farmers of this desert area. He went to the Grand Hotel—it had six rooms, a bar and a dining room—and said he was looking for a farm. For a week he had done nothing, just talked and listened to gossip. Everyone said his best plan was to buy an established farm to the East.

"What about the West?" he asked.

The West was no good, they said, unoccupied; there was no water, which was a pity because the grazing was fine. Fine they meant for these parts, where it took 15 hectares to graze a single sheep and 40 or more for horned stock.

He listened to what everyone said and looked at some of the farms that were for sale. They were for sale because they had been farmed out, and the prices asked were absurd. So he had bought a tough little gray stallion and taken to riding about the country. He was in no hurry. He liked it here. It was bare, barren, hard and flat except where low ranges of hills and isolated *kops* rose like cicatrices out of the brown earth skin. It was stony country, covered with loose, water-worn stones that ran from pebbles the size of a man's little fingernail to big ones, stones as big as a man's head or an elephant's.

After a ride one day, parched with the desert dust, he had gone into the bar for a beer. As he put down his glass he heard an old farmer, dried by the sun into a living mummy, say, "You think you've got rid of them, but they turn up again and you can't shoot them like in the old days." The "old days" meant the German days, before the First World War.

Here was something, a clue; the bit of luck he was looking for.

Schalk du Bois went over to the old man and stuck out his hand.

"Du Bois," he said. "And you, I think, are Meneer Braun."

The old man's hand was dry in his, hard, almost cold. It was like holding a reptile. This was a man who could sweat no more—bleed no more. An old-timer, as dried out as a bone.

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HONEY BIRD

"So they are back," he said. He had no idea what was back, but that was where the conversation had fallen dead.

"*Ja*, they are back," Braun said. "Two of them, anyway. As long as they stay to the west I don't care. Let them starve there since we can't shoot them. But I don't want them on my land."

"No," Schalk said, "of course not. No one would." He still did not know what they were. Lions, perhaps. But lions were not protected here; they were 500 miles away on the game reserve.

"They killed a sheep," Braun said. "I told the police, but they don't care. 'What's a sheep to you, Meneer Braun?' the sergeant said. 'You've got 3000.' What business is it of theirs how many sheep I have except to catch me up for taxes?" His voice was querulous. "'And how do you know it was them?' he says. 'By this,' I said." The old man fished in his pocket and brought out a small arrow, unwrapping it carefully from a piece of canvas. "Mind," he said, as Schalk put out his hand, "it's poisoned. That black stuff—snake poison, the milk from cactus and other things."

Now he had it. "Bushmen," Schalk said. "Vermin. That's what they are. In the old days ——"

"The old days? You are too young to remember the old German days."

"I was a child, Meneer," Schalk said. "I was born in Windhoek." Then he went on, "You say they stay to the west?"

"Who stay?" The old man had lost track of the conversation.

"The Bushmen."

"*Ja*," he said, "to the west, and they'd damn well better stay there or I'll shoot one, law or no law."

"How near do they come?" Schalk asked. "To the dorp, I mean."

"Not so near—20 miles or so. They are afraid. It's only if they are very hungry."

A big man who had been sitting in the corner joined them. "That's why the police are easy on them," he said. "They're tame today. A sheep now and then if they're starving; that's all. We killed the game they lived on," he said, "so there's a kind of justice in it."

What a fool the man was, Schalk thought, as he ordered more beer. Justice. There was no such thing as justice. There was force and there was luck, but no justice. "Prosit," he said, raising his mug.

"Prosit," they said, laughing.

"Brings it back," the old man said. "*Ja, ja*, it brings it back. The beer garden in Windhoek, the zoo, the soldiers, the band playing. Those were the days. . . ."

Twenty miles, the old man had said. They had told him all he needed to know. At Rosenberg's General Store he had bought a couple of blankets, some biltong, rusks and 50 rounds of ammunition for his Mauser, and had ridden west.

What fools people were. If there were Bushmen, there must be water. For 10 days he had ridden, sleeping under the stars with his head on his saddle and his horse knee-haltered beside him. It was just a matter of time. Tomorrow, next week, next month. He wondered what Ouma Brandt—Tante Katie, he called her now—would have for supper.

Next day he saw them.

The old Bushman squatted with his bow in his hand as he watched his woman suck up water through a reed and spit it into the ostrich eggs that lay by her side. As they were filled she stopped them with plugs of dark brown beeswax. There was no water here, but under the overhanging rock there was a subterranean spring. That it existed at all was unapparent. The few bunches of grass that grew in the shade of the rocks were eaten off down to the roots and showed no green. When she had done she would put the eggs into the net that she carried and they would bury them in the desert against a future need.

This was the Kalahari, the desert, the last refuge of his people, and he and his woman were among the last of them.

Not far away were etched on the iron-hard stones engravings of wild animals made by his people, and in the caves paintings done by them in the distant past when they had lived free hunters' lives among the wild beasts of Africa. His mind was not as our minds are, not ordered. He had understanding of cause and effect. He lived as his people had always lived—by hunting, by the wild roots his wife dug, the herbs she gathered. There was very little they did not eat. Lizards, snakes, caterpillars and of course the buck he killed with his tiny poisoned arrows.

In his mind he saw his woman as she had been once, the mother of his dead children. Sleek, with fat buttocks that were a reserve against famine. Now they hung loose under her little leather skirt. Now her belly was scarred by the fires she had slept beside, snuggling against the hot ashes till she was wakened by the burning of her flesh. He saw all this as a picture. He saw his little clan and his children, of whom they were the only survivors.

The Bushman's name had been Excellent Hunter. Even among good hunters he was excellent. She, his woman, his wife, the mother of his children, had been called Wind in the Grass, because she was graceful and beautiful. But now they had no names, since they were alone in an empty land. When one spoke, it had to be to the other. To the few people who ever caught a glimpse of them—to the police, for instance—they were just two old Bushmen.

He was consumed with no hate. To live was all he asked—that he live, and that his woman, the companion of his life, should live too. Time, the past, even the future save making stores of water, did not concern him. The present was his time as it is the time of the lion and the buck. He lived in the *now*.

Looking at the horizon he saw a mounted man. No white man would have noticed him, but the Bushman saw him clearly. A big man, carrying a rifle and mounted on a gray horse, at such a distance that he was smaller than half a small red ant.

He clicked a warning. The woman stoppered the egg she was filling, stuffed the full ones and the empties into her woven fiber net, picked up her digging stick and followed her man into the emptiness of the desert.

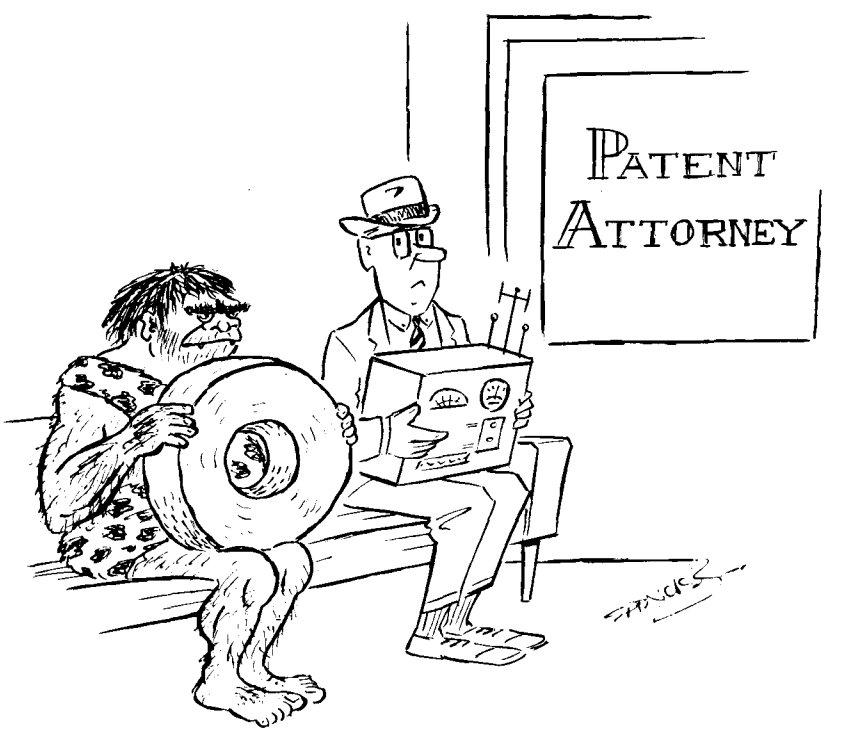
The white man should not have been able to see them. Almost at once these small yellow people merged into the background of reddish sand and became part of it. But Schalk du Bois had seen them because he had been looking for them with his field glasses. They knew nothing about such things. With his eyes on the place where the Bushmen had disappeared Schalk rode slowly toward it, west into the setting sun.

It took him an hour to reach the rock outcrop. He slipped a cartridge into the breech of his Mauser—you never knew with Bushmen—and went forward slowly, leaving his rein trailing over his pony's head. Left like that, the horse would stand for hours as he had been trained to do.

Yes, there was the spoor. There had been only two of them. He saw where the woman had knelt; he saw the little hole she had made to suck up the water, and went back to his horse for the trowel he carried in his saddlebag.

A foot down he struck wet soil. He waited and the hole slowly filled. It was good enough. If the water rose so quickly here in this dry area it must be strong. There was a fault somewhere. The underground water was pushed up by the pressure behind it. Only one thing remained—to taste it. Bushmen would drink anything. For a moment he hesitated, afraid it would be brackish; then, cupping his hand, he scooped some up. It was sweet, as sweet as wine. He sat back and laughed. *Man*, he thought, *you've done it again*. On the way back to the Brandts' he shot another springbok for them.

"Well," they said when he got back, "what news? What have you seen?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Seen?" he said. "Nothing. Just an emptiness."

"*Ja*," Jan Brandt said, "that's the trouble. An emptiness. Good grazing, but not a spring, not a pan, nothing. And what will you do now?"

"Nothing. Maybe try somewhere else," Schalk said.

But the next day he went to the magistrate in the dorp and bought 10,000 hectares of land for a few shillings a hectare.

The magistrate tried to dissuade him. "It's crown land," he said, "and cheap on paper but dear, really, for nothing can live on it without water."

"*Ja*," Schalk said, "you are right, Meneer. It's dry, all right, but ——"

"Perhaps it's minerals you're after," the magistrate said. "You'd have the mineral rights. But it's been prospected."

"*Ja*," Schalk said, "I'm sure it has. Most of Africa has been prospected."

"Then what?"

"I do not know," Schalk said. "I am a Boer and I like room about me. I like to live alone in the world with everything I see being mine. That is my nature."

"You'll be alone, all right," the magistrate said.

A month later Schalk appeared at Brandt's Hoek again with a donkey wagon, three Kaffirs and two big, rough-haired Boer hounds.

Jan Brandt said, "What now? Are you going hunting?"

"*Ja*, I'm going hunting. Can I fill my water drum here at your fountain?"

"Of course," Jan said. Then he said, "I heard a rumor that you bought land near here. Is it so?"

"It is so."

"And what will you do for water?"

"I hope to find it," Schalk said.

Next day they reached the outcrop and the boys took their spades and began to dig. By nightfall he had a well. At three feet they had to stop because the water came in too fast. The dogs put their heads down and lapped the water. The donkeys stood round the well like big long-eared mice while Schalk got a corrugated-iron trough from the wagon, and then they drank. He did not bother to tie them or even to knee-halter his horse. They would not go far from the well during the night.

The boys made a fire and he sat with them to eat a meal of mealie pap and fresh meat. While he ate he thought of the name he would call the place. Sterkfontein—strong spring.

And that was the beginning of it. In a month he had a shack run up, shelter for his boys and a flock of 300 karakuls grazing and growing fat on the scrubby bush that dotted the plain.

Twice, in the night, the Bushmen had come back and twice he had chased them away with his dogs. After that he knew the dogs would see to it on their own.

It took the little Bushwoman two moons to die. The moon is of great significance to the Bushman. She died on the full of the second one. The ostrich eggs had been empty for some time, and life was too hard for her without the water they had tapped for so many years. Her man left her there, sand-colored in the sand, beside a dry, leafless bush. He went on alone to watch the doings of the white man from afar.

He lived on lizards, scorpions, locusts, small birds and mice that he trapped. With great cunning and daring he got water from the spring. He got it at midday when the sun burned like fire and even the dogs slept, and before they woke, the sun had burned away his scent.

Day after day, week after week, he lay hidden, watching the little house, watching the white man, watching the herders. There was nothing on his mind that he could understand. Justice, revenge meant nothing to him. All he knew was that he was on this white man's spoor and eventually he would pull him down. He could have shot him a dozen times with his poisoned arrows, but he did not want to. And all the time his mind searched for things he had heard about white men. One thing stood out. Gold. They were mad for gold. Suppose he baited a trap with gold. The day that everything came clear to him he could have shot the white man easily. The dogs were no trouble now. But he did not want to shoot him. This was his last hunt. When the white man was dead, there would be nothing more to do.

His mind went back into the past. He saw all this as a picture of the past pasted over one of the present. His little clan, two of his brothers, a cousin and their families. Two hands of people. The fingers of two hands, that is, in all.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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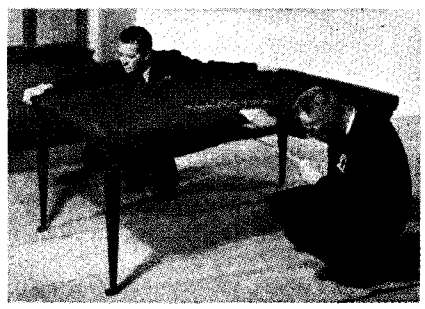

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HONEY BIRD

They had often come to this water, often, their women sucking up the water, the ostrich eggs lying beside them, the men waiting. Now all were gone and only he was left. He saw his dead children. There had been bad times. The white men had shot off the game. Because they were starving they had killed a few sheep. Then they had been hunted down and shot like vermin.

It was against the law, of course, to shoot Bushmen even then, all those years ago, but he did not know it.

He thought again of his woman as she had been, her buttocks hard with fat standing out like a table from her back. A child could sit on them. One of his children again. Then he left the farm and set off to find something he had hidden long long ago.

On the stoep of his house, a glass of dop in his hand, Schalk du Bois stared at the berg that lay on the horizon 70 or 80 miles away, watched it as it changed color. The berg had become an obsession with him: gold, minerals other than gold. Gold was not the only thing, just the best. With money he could become somebody. He saw himself a member of Parliament at the Cape. He saw more farms. Sheep by the thousand. Cattle. Great lands of mealies. And it was all there, all on the horizon, just waiting for someone with the guts to get it. Everyone knew about it. At least two men in the last 30 years had died trying to find it—gone and never come back. But they had been fools.

He had a plan. He was not going to wait seven or eight years for a big rain. No. With 10 donkeys he could do it any time. Each donkey would carry eight gallons of water, a four-gallon can on either side of a packsaddle—80 pounds was not too much for them. He would make 10 to 15 miles a day. The first day he would shoot one donkey, bury one can of water, and give the rest to the animals. Four gallons of water was very little for nine donkeys. But on the second day he would shoot two donkeys, bury four gallons and give the remaining seven donkeys 12 gallons. After that, as their numbers diminished, the water ration would increase.

There was some succulent grazing bush that survived on the heavy dew which would make the donkeys need less water.

He figured on about an eight-day trek. He should have eight gallons on hand at the end of it with no donkeys to water, and four gallons buried every 10 miles or so waiting for him on the return trip.

Time after time he worked it out in his mind. He'd start tomorrow; he'd start next week, next month. The weight of a hair would have swung the balance. And then luck showed its hand again.

Jonas, one of his Ovambo herders, came to him with an old Bushman, his face as wrinkled as a winter apple, his body scarred and black with dirt. The peppercorns of his hair were grizzled, but his eyes set in his high-cheekboned face were bright as wet agates. He had a small bow in his hand and a quiver made from the bark of a kokerboom over his shoulder. He wore a leather flap on a piece of twisted gut below his belly and a torn springbok cloak about his shoulders. He looked from the Ovambo to the white man and then produced something from a small pouch on his belt.

He held it out, his hand closed.

Schalk put out his hand, palm upward. Something fell into it. Something heavy, yellow, a nugget of alluvial gold. So there was gold. His dream would come true. A fortune was being put into his hands.

"What will he take for it?" He held the nugget up between finger and thumb.

"A sheep," the Ovambo said.

"Give him one. And to take me there?" Schalk pointed to the mountains.

The Bushman held up two fingers and said something.

"Two sheep," Jonas said, "when you get back."

When he got the sheep the Bushman killed it, made a fire, cooked it and did not get up till it was eaten. It took him about a day and a half. It was a long time since he had had a belly so full of meat.

By that time Schalk had everything ready. For some time, the four-gallon petrol tins had been collected for this or another adventure. The packsaddles were made of old sacks stuffed with rough grass and sheepskins. He also took the bamboo whip sticks to use as markers. For food he had a bag of biltong, Boer biscuits of twice-baked bread and anything he could shoot along the way.

At dawn, three days after the Bushman had arrived, the caravan set out with the little yellow man in front, the white man driving the donkeys with their cans of water glugging, one on each side of their packsaddles.

The country looked flat—a plain—but it was cut by dry, tormented watercourses which ran in torrents 20 feet deep in the flash floods of the rainy years. Schalk had thought of using his old car to make water depots but had given up the idea. The tires would not have held up, and he would have been stuck in the sandy bottom of the first riverbed. Donkeys were the best bet—cheap, tough, and expendable.

Everything went according to plan. He marched into the setting sun.

The first night he shot a donkey and watered the others from a bucket. There was no need to hobble them. They would never go far from the pile of packsaddles that held water.

Each evening he buried a can in the sand and set up a long bamboo stick with a rag on the end of it as a marker. He also made a cairn of stones, a little pyramid like the grave of a Pharaoh.

Day after day they marched, the old Bushman drifting like a feather over the sand, over the loose stones and pebbles, never stumbling, never looking where he was going. Quite tireless, aloof, unhuman, an animal shaped like a man.

Schalk drove himself. He was more used to riding than walking. His feet were sore despite the soap he rubbed on them and the two pairs of socks he wore. But what was discomfort when the reward was gold?

At first the mountains came no nearer. Then they grew, each day blacker and more menacing. It was impossible to believe that from his stoep they had ever looked pale blue, mauve, soft as a woman's dress.

There had been springbok along the way, so his biltong was intact. The remaining donkeys were holding up well with a bigger water ration.

The Bushman seemed to know exactly where he was going, and Schalk's guess had been right. He shot his last donkey at the foot of the berg.

A baboon barked and he saw the fresh spoor of a zebra. So there must be water here. It might be salt. Many animals would drink brackish water.

The Bushman led him up a rough path—Schalk wondered what had made it—around a great black buttress and into a cave that was like a wound in the mountainside.

Schalk struck a match. The walls came to life. Great animals seemed to spring at him. Lions. Elands. The paintings that decorated the walls all moved in the flickering light. The Bushman ran to a small recess, came out with two rawhide bags, emptied them on the dust of the cave floor: a heap of irregularly shaped nuggets, one as big as a walnut. Gold.

When Schalk looked up, the Bushman had gone.

This was the hoard of one of the men who had disappeared. His bones must be somewhere close by. But Schalk had not come to look for bones. This was alluvial, but there would be a lode, a mother vein. There was water here and game and he'd hunt for it. This stuff had been washed down in the floods. All he had to do was to find the watercourse and follow it.

That was when he found the prospector, his skull and what the hyenas had left of his bones. And gold too. More gold, beside the remains. He must have found the vein and died on the way back—a snakebite? a broken leg?—and lain there till he died of thirst and starvation. Schalk pushed on. He found the gold, a yellow artery half an inch wide, running through a streak of white quartz that shone as if it were wet in the sun. There were the marks of the dead man's hammer. There was the hammer at his feet. Schalk picked it up and drove it into the vein diagonally to lever off a sample. Gold. How soft it was, how heavy.

The days passed. It was time to go back. He had been here a week—or was it even longer?—and was in a hurry to get home now. He did not worry about the Bushman. He had not given him another thought. The Bushman had never been real to him, just a thing he had used to show the way.

Going back was no trouble. There was the daily spoor to follow in the sand. The spoor and other signs would last till the rains came or the winds blew them away.

The bones of the second-to-last donkey were quite clean. Most of them had been smashed by the great jaws of the hyenas. He camped beside them, dug up his water and slept next to the bamboo whip stick with its little flag fluttering over his head.

The gold was heavy. It weighed more than his rifle. Ten pounds, he thought. Ten pounds of gold. Enough to finance a real trip to the mountains as soon as he'd registered his claim. He'd pegged it and mapped it roughly. Luck. What luck he had had. He could have shot a buck but didn't. He was in a hurry and would live on his biltong.

He sweated in the heat. But he was nearly there. He saw the next flag in the distance. The spoor was clearer every day as the number of donkeys increased.

He did not look up again till he was quite near the camp. Then something struck him, something funny, something unusual. Around the flagstaff there was a tinge of green. Green in the desert! He ran toward it. The can had been dug up, emptied and replaced. A few days was enough to bring grass up here if it had water. Grass had grown and been eaten off. Only a single flower remained, a white flower rather like a daisy on a long stem.

It was still hot, the sun a long way from the horizon, from the sea into which it sank each night in the west.

God . . . God . . . Luck. Luck had deserted him. He was too far off to go back.

He lay down to try to calm himself. Then he got up and began to shout. Shout to God in the emptiness. To scream till his mouth parched and his tongue swelled in his mouth.

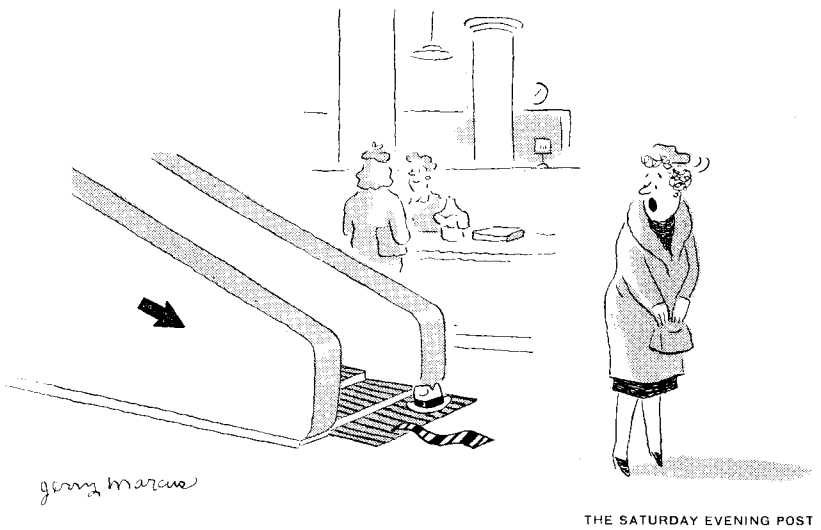
From a distance the Bushman watched the white man stagger, fall, get up, heard him try to shout, saw him shake his fist in the air and strip off his clothes so that he was naked, white as the belly of a snake except for his face and arms. At once the sun hit him, attacking this defenseless whiteness. In little more than an hour he was lobster-red and so swollen that his eyes had disappeared into his face behind his eyelids and his cheeks.

The Bushman stood quite near him now, interested in his struggles. His woman had died of thirst, too, but not like this. Her death had been a slow drying up from lack of water, like that of a plant starved for it.

He had no idea of justice. No ideas at all as we know them. Nothing abstract, but a feeling that without this man his world—that is, the desert—would be a better place, easier to live in.

He had heard they were mad for gold. This proved it. It was their honey. He made a little clicking sound in the top of his mouth that was half a laugh. "I am the honey bird," he said, "no longer the Excellent Hunter . . . the honey bird. . . ."

Above him, vultures came down in wide corkscrew spirals out of the sky. Their black shadows ran like animals over the bare earth. Without looking back, he trotted off, a little yellow man lost in the yellow sand. THE END



"Fred!"

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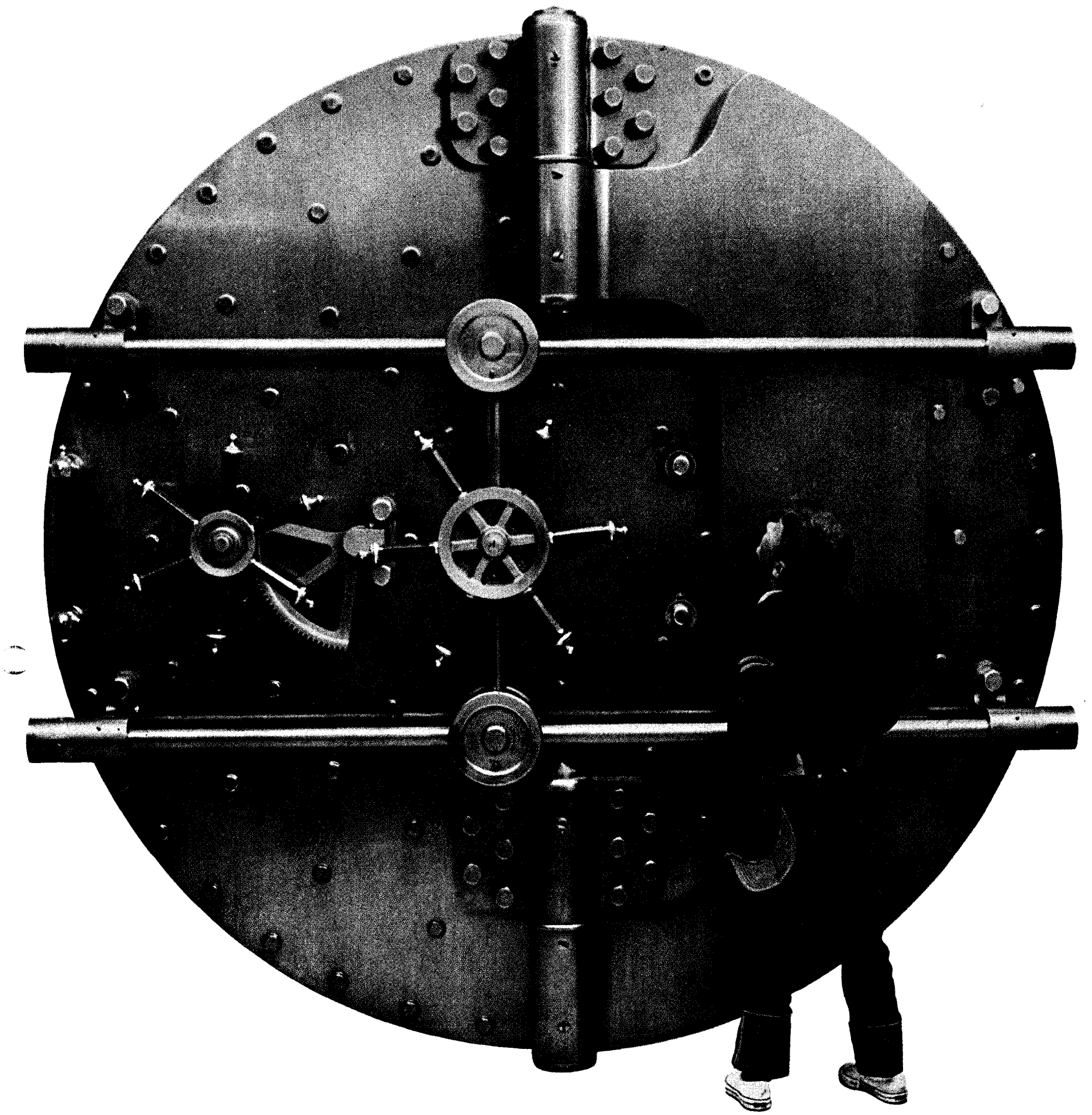

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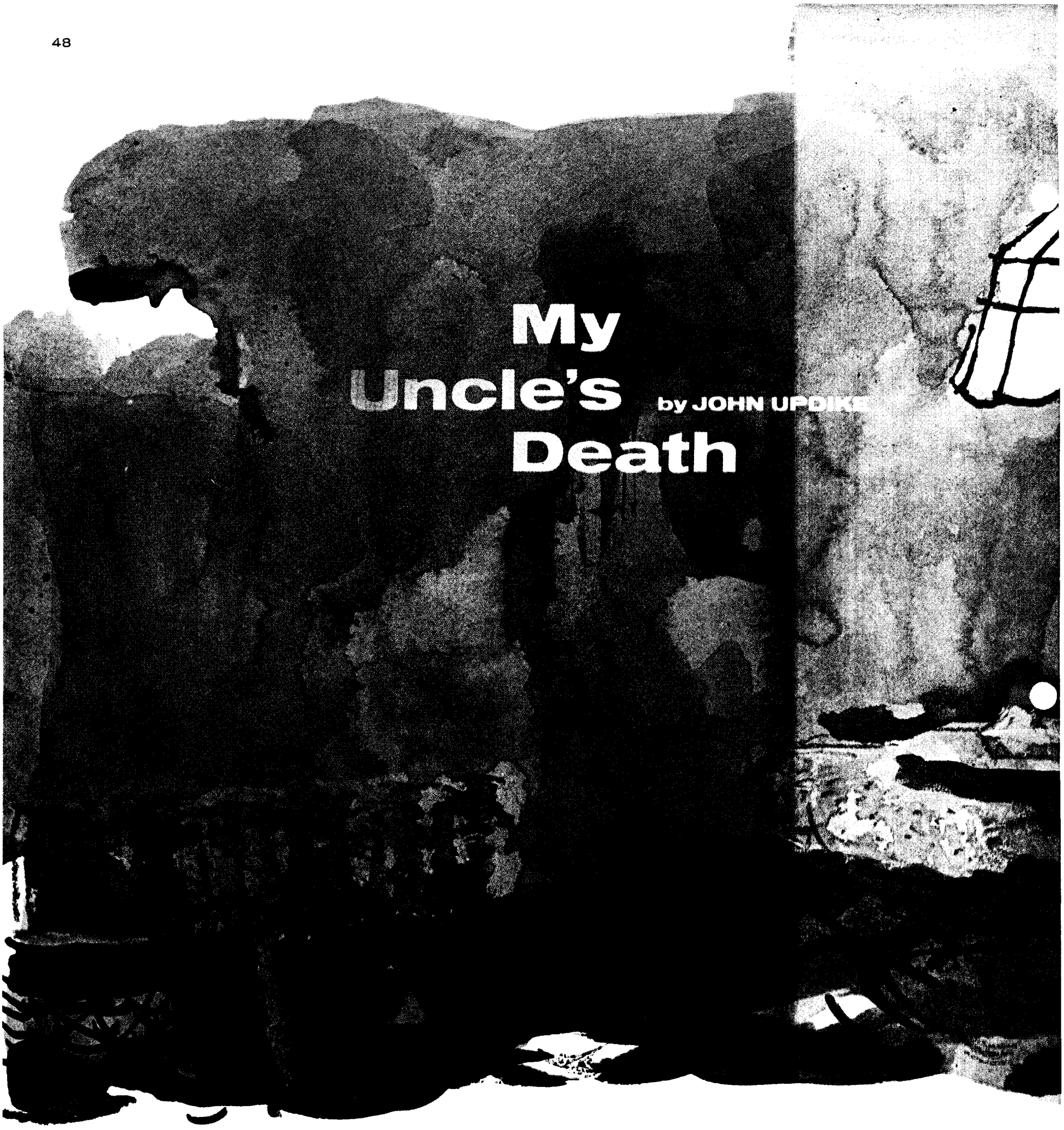

My Uncle's Death

by JOHN UPDIKE

He died while shaving; when I was told of this, I pictured him staggering back heavily, stricken, his own amazed face in the mirror the last thing he ever saw. His face flashed there for him, hung there, slipped backward; and then the mirror was full of the blank bathroom wall. I pictured this so sharply I seemed to have been there.

At his funeral I felt, for the first time, my adult height. The Manatees are not a family of breeders, and the number of relatives was small; walking up the aisle to the front pew with my parents, my aunt and my two cousins, I felt tall and prominent. Walking back down the aisle after the service, I caught, from the faces of those still seated, an odd, motionless, intent look, almost an odor, of sympathy and curiosity and reverence for grief. The look, no doubt, was primarily directed at my aunt, the widow, who, on the arm of my father, led our ragged, rustling procession. But we all—all the relatives—shared in it and were for the moment heroes of bereavement: a surviving band, a clan. I carried my role proudly, though doubting that I had felt enough sorrow to deserve it. I was just sixteen, still an inch or two short of my eventual height, but walking down that aisle I entered, through that strange odor of respect, pity and wonder, the company of adulthood. I became a Manatee. Unfairly enough, my two cousins, my uncle's daughters, were a little younger than I and emerged from the church, with all their bewildering weight of loss, still children, though fatherless.

Yet I had loved my uncle, as much as the distance between us permitted. He was famous and rich. Not so famous and rich, I have since discovered, as our branch of the family imagined, but enough for a head shot and a half column on the obituary page of *The New York Times*. Trained as an architect—though he never got his

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He was an unquiet traveler, possessed by a desire for the places he had never reached.

degree—he speculated in real estate, and there are several blocks of Manhattan that would not look quite the same if he had never lived. The phantom presence of his importance hovered about our family table long before I first saw him seated there as a guest, and when I try to remember him as he was, his fame and wealth, which I so obtrusively wanted for myself, inflate and blur his face, making it unreally large and distant—a clown-faced moon hung in the skimpy branches of my family tree.

I cannot reach him. I can remember nothing about him that is quite real except his death; he is like a celestial body which only eclipse renders measurable. He was six feet, four inches tall, but his immensity was narrow-shouldered, small-boned and unmuscular. He was vain of having, for so outsized a man, rather small feet. He usually wore neat black loafers, virtually slippers, of English leather, and, sprawling soddenly in a chair, he generally contrived to thrust his feet forward on the floor, or up on a stool, so they were noticed. I remember my mother—I must have been ten or eleven—teasing him about his dainty feet. I cannot recapture her words, but she was still slim then, and her pose as she spoke—head tilted back, hands half lifted—stuck in my mind; she so seldom struck an unmotherly attitude that it was as if a strange spirit had come and for a moment possessed her body. My uncle, presumably, responded with a dry flutter of the sheepish gallantry that he seemed to reserve for my mother and for waitresses in restaurants. My mother seemed exempt from the rather lazy distaste with which my uncle viewed the rest of the world, and perhaps, as her son, I was included in the exemption, for he was kind to me.

He taught me gin rummy. The very name of the game excited me with visions of parlor cars

ILLUSTRATION BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

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UNCLE'S DEATH

and high hotel rooms full of heavy, expensive men—world-wielders—smoking cigars and playing for a dollar a point. We would play gin rummy for hours on the side porch of our homely little green-shingled house in our once-rural suburb of Providence. My uncle and his wife and daughters would visit us here once a year, always in the summer, and for exactly three days—never more. He would cite the adage about fish and guests stinking after three days, adding, "And we're both." The manatee is, of course, an aquatic mammal, with a flat snout and rounded tail—but my uncle was willing to twist the truth to cinch a joke.

"Leonard, how's your friend the Lord?" would be, with each visit, the first and virtually the only question that he would direct at my father. It was a joke, but my father would answer the question seriously; his involvement with church and community affairs was so consuming that he was rarely at home in the evenings. He was older than my uncle by two years but had long ago ceased to be a challenge to him. As my father talked about church feuds and Lions' Club politics, my uncle would sink silently deeper into his chair, a kind of fine powder of resignation would whiten his large face, and the thrust-out, exquisitely shod feet would conspicuously fidget.

When, humiliated that my uncle, who manipulated city blocks like a giant, should be bored by the petty details of our timid lives, I scolded my father privately, he said, "No, he's interested. He's my brother. You're an only child, Freddy, so that probably doesn't make any sense to you."

I was an only child, and there was little in my life beyond my uncle's annual visits to broaden my definition of "family." *He's my brother:* This simple assertion plunged me backward into depths I could never understand. By the time I reached my mid-teens, my mind, like a soft surface lightly but repeatedly tapped, had received from these visits some confusing impressions. My father, dismissed by his brother, had turned in his heart toward Thelma, my uncle's wife, a sleepy-lidded, chain-smoking woman whose face seemed to have suffered so many jolts that certain corners of it would never relax again. She must have found much in her pious, modest brother-in-law that was soothing; she was an amateur gardener in much the same obsessed way that he was a deacon, and the two of them would go for long walks together, she looking at the vegetation, he performing altruistic errands. Sitting side by side on the couch looking at old family photographs, *they* seemed the siblings; there was even a physical resemblance. The skin of both had grown darker with age; their faces were wrinkled as if with the cracks of a tough varnish. Meanwhile my uncle, so fragilely pale and pink, hovering humorously on his pampered feet while my mother, more gracefully than usual, performed the motions of housework, showered upon her a kind of antic indulgence which I supposed was fraternal. These impressions, bafflingly contradicted at the end of each visit when my uncle and aunt got into their gray Cadillac with their girls and, waving, disappeared down the driveway together, suggested to me that in the depths of the mystery called "family" there lay, necessarily, an irrevocable mistake.

"Freddy, who ate the cards?" With this absurd question my uncle would invite me to play rummy. My father would be off at work. My aunt and mother would be somewhere in the house tugging, with the elaborate and pained tact that lay between them, the housekeeping duties back and forth. My cousins, who lived in a small chaste bivalve world in which they always faced each other, would be engaged underfoot in some conspiratorial girlish game. I would find the cards. My uncle would sit down and deal. We would play for hours on the porch, the side screens sieving the songs of insects, the sounds of traffic swelling from a whisper at noon to a waterfall roar by suppertime. Timidly I would ask if I weren't wasting his time.

He would laugh and shuffle the cards once more. He had a loud, easy way of riffling them together that I could never quite master. "Most of my time, Freddy, is wasted time. I've sat in railroad stations all day long."

"But isn't there something important you should be doing?"

"Because I'm important? You don't understand, Freddy—importance is entirely a matter of belief. The more important you are, the less important what you do is. When you reach my stage, nothing you do matters at all. The most important thing in my life right now is to whump you at this witless game. Your draw."

He played to win, and I loved him for that. So many adults refuse to give a child the compliment of a contest. Now and then, as he deliberated over the upturned pile, and then plunged and took them all into his hand, I felt for an instant the decisive thrust that had carried him so far into the world of money.

I was still groping, trying to discover in him what it was like to be rich and famous. I searched his face; it was an ugly face, a clown's and giant's both. His cheekbones seemed broadened by the extreme closeness of his old-fashioned, centrally parted haircut. His small slanting eyes twitched alertly in their puffy mountings of sleeplessness. His nose, battered by college football, was rose pink, and his teeth were yellowed by tobacco.

"Someday *you'll* be important," he said suddenly.

Startled, I lied, "Oh, I don't think so."

"I think so. You'll do it to please your mother."

"Really? You think she cares?"

He didn't answer, but instead lay down three triplets and went out. As he totted up the points caught in my hand, he said, "Don't do everything to please your mother. It's a mistake."

It was the only advice my uncle ever gave me, and I am not sure I understand it still. I have, in an unimportant way, become important; if I died tomorrow, I might receive three or four inches in the *Times*—about as much, say, as the mother superior of an upstate nunnery. I have taken a slower, more scholarly route than my uncle, and the other day, in reading a treatise on fools, I encountered a certain King Suibhne, of ancient Ireland, who abruptly became a fool in the tumult of battle: "Unsteadiness, restlessness, and unquiet filled him, likewise disgust with every place in which he used to be and desire for every place which he had not reached." I recognized the sensations. They are ours, the Manatees'. I feel now how my father roved the streets, seeking good to do, because he was possessed by "disgust with every place in which he used to be and desire for every place which he had not reached." And my uncle, too, though he sought to escape the curse by remaining in a chair, was an unquiet traveler; the family discontent vibrated in him until he collapsed. Because shuffling cards and striking matches were the most strenuous things I ever saw him do, when I heard of his first heart attack it seemed a mistake. How could a man overwork his heart when he was always sitting with his feet preeningly stretched out before him?

The summer after the winter of his first attack I was invited, alone, to visit his home in Rye, New York. They lived in a big white house on what seemed to my semirural eyes a rather small lawn. My aunt's flower-and-vegetable garden took up most of the land. I was disappointed that the difference between their house and ours was one of degree rather than kind. A maid came in on Mondays and Fridays, and in the living room there was a paneled closet full of liquor bottles, with a faucet for water and a small pine counter like a bar; otherwise it was a house like ours, with rooms (only more) and rugs (only deeper) and chairs and windows and books. Their bookcases smelled like my parents' college yearbooks and held dark brown Modern Library editions from the '20's, with their jiggly type and stingy margins, and an English edition of *Ulysses* bearing a longbow on the spine. I opened *Ulysses* and was appalled, in the middle of a blank August afternoon, by the keen scent of death the packed words gave off; my uncle had long ago marked a few passages in the margins, and his pencilings were like the tracks of someone who had preceded me through Hell.

I was fifteen that summer and stayed two weeks, reading books and mowing the lawn and playing badminton with my cousins. Several times my aunt drove me into Manhattan. She became confiding; as an only child I was susceptible to adult confidences. She told me about my uncle's heart. It had been weakened by his work, his weight, his total lack of exercise, his drinking, his smoking, and—her eyes suddenly glittered with tears, making my stomach clench—his lack of will to live. "He just doesn't care enough, Freddy, if he lives or dies; he just doesn't see that great a difference." But my attention had snagged on the first thing she had said. His work? But many days he came home from New York on the shoppers' train, and some days he did not go in at all, just loafed around the house in his bathrobe all morning and had lunch by himself at a restaurant in downtown Rye. Though he and Aunt Thelma never quarreled in my presence, I soon learned to detect, from the atmosphere in the house, when he had returned with liquor on his breath. His doctors had ordered him to stop smoking and drinking.

In the evenings, often, my cousins and my aunt would go to bed while my uncle and I sat up playing gin rummy. As soon as his wife's footsteps hit the stair, he would take a rumpled pack of Camels out of his pocket and begin to smoke. His big, crimped, clownish mouth did not so much smoke the cigarettes as swallow them; one after another they vanished in front of his face, and the light of the bridge lamp over his shoulder turned blue. When it was my turn to shuffle, he would go to the paneled closet; there would be a soft tinkling noise, and he would bring back a glass of ice cubes and amber liquid. I would drink ginger ale to keep him company; many nights I drank a whole quart. We often stayed up past one o'clock, and, though little was said that did not relate to the cards, I felt excitingly trusted. My parents kept regular hours, so the region of time beyond midnight still wore a romance for me. As the sounds of traffic outside dwindled to an occasional speeder spurting from one horizon of silence to another, my uncle and I seemed to be traveling together like two card players on a perfectly greased train riding absolutely level tracks into a hushed beyond where his harrowed, puffy face was no longer ugly but utterly appropriate, like an angel's in ether. His presence, in the beginning a mere inflated projection on the flat facts of his fame and wealth, was given a shadowy third dimension by what I knew now of his life. His attack had caused my parents to reminisce about him. He had been the precocious, favored baby of my grandmother's house; he had had a double aptitude, for drawing and mathematics, and had resolved it into the ambition to be an architect. He had finished half his training when his father, in a swift street accident, died, leaving nothing but debts. He had faced the choice of completing his training and beginning his years of apprenticeship, or of quitting and immediately helping my father support their mother; with his slightly brusque decisiveness, he had chosen the latter. Henceforth he lived, as my father put it, "by his wits," and apparently thrived. Their mother lived for twenty more years.

Invariably he kept the score of our games, in precise penciled numerals, the fours closed at the top, the ones fashioned like small sevens. After several glasses of amber liquid, his architect's printing would become mechanically small and even, and all his motions took on the deliberately slowed efficiency of someone determined to complete a distasteful job. When he finished a pack of Camels, he would crumple it in his hand and stuff the paper ball back into his coat pocket. Once he paused and showed the crumpled pack to me. It lay in his wide white palm like a garish pill, or like a tinfoil-headed beetle with a camel's brown sneer buckled into its back. "You needn't tell Thelma about this," he said mildly, stuffing it into his pocket and drawing out a fresh pack. He took care to return the red cellophane strip to his pocket.

"Should you be doing it?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said, huffing through his pink nose with an asthmatic effort I had not noticed before. "I'm an old expert, Freddy, at taking care of myself. In forty-nine years I've never had an accident."

And, anxious to win, I obligingly shuffled another hand, and he heaved to his feet through the blue veil and went to hover, tinkling, at the bar. I suppose I felt that beating him at cards would somehow give me access—if not now, later—to the millions I imagined he had won from the world. In fact, his fortune, inscrutably submerged in loans and options and fractional titles to property, was not so large as my family had thought; his sole bequest to me was a beautiful suitcase of English leather, which I still use.

I never told my aunt how my uncle drank and smoked, though several times an opportunity for telling seemed to have been created. I was fifteen and assumed that adults were their own responsibility. I was flattered by his trust and do not believe now that my betraying it would have significantly added to her knowledge, or helped anyone. Nevertheless, when my mother, one noon in the following autumn, came back from the telephone with a white face and told us, "Ed died this morning," I had this sharp sense, for all the intervening distance, of witnessing my uncle's death. THE END

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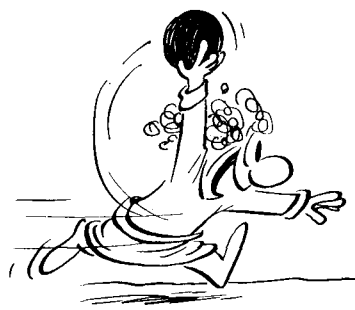

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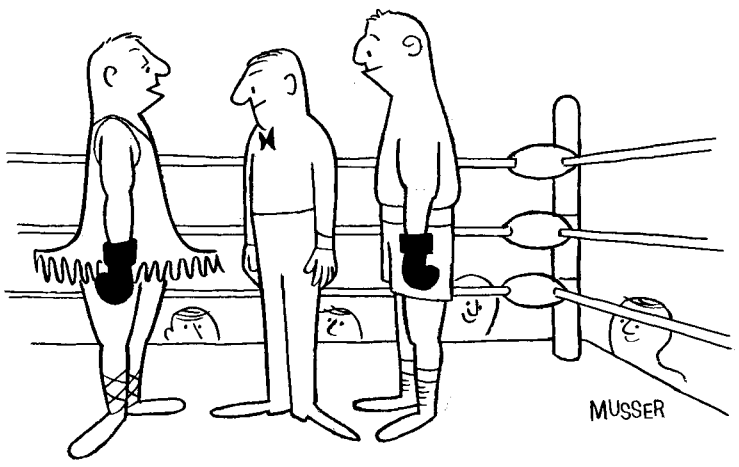
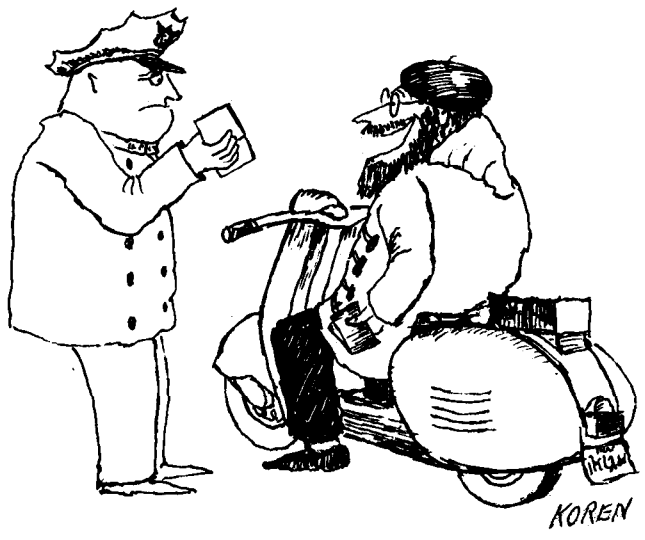


"It reminds me to keep dancing around."

"I don't know what the world's coming to. Today I noticed that my analyst wears elevator shoes."



"It's a poetic license!"

Space glossary for unspacefied people

ABSOLUTE ZERO: What I am left with on April 15th.

BOOSTER: A fellow who says his company makes the best rockets.

CAPSULE: A thing that melts before you can swallow it.

SPACECRAFT: Making pottery while in orbit.

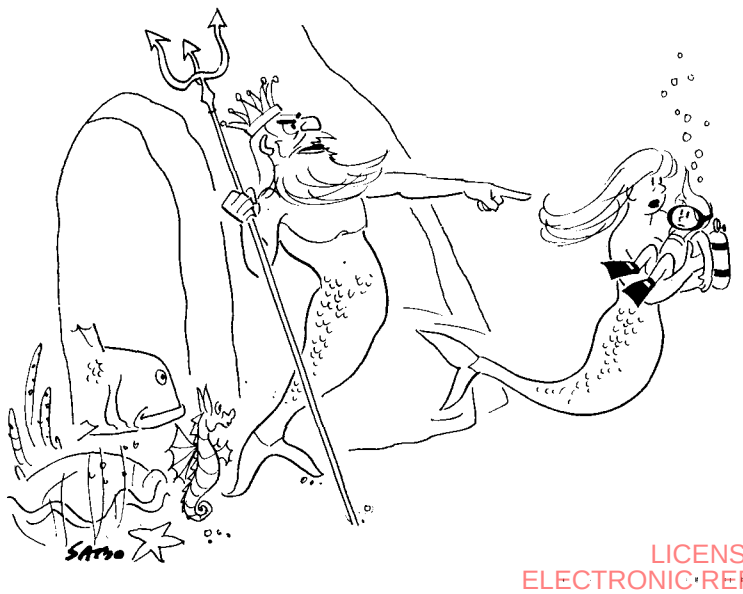
LAUNCH PAD: A boat that sleeps beatniks.

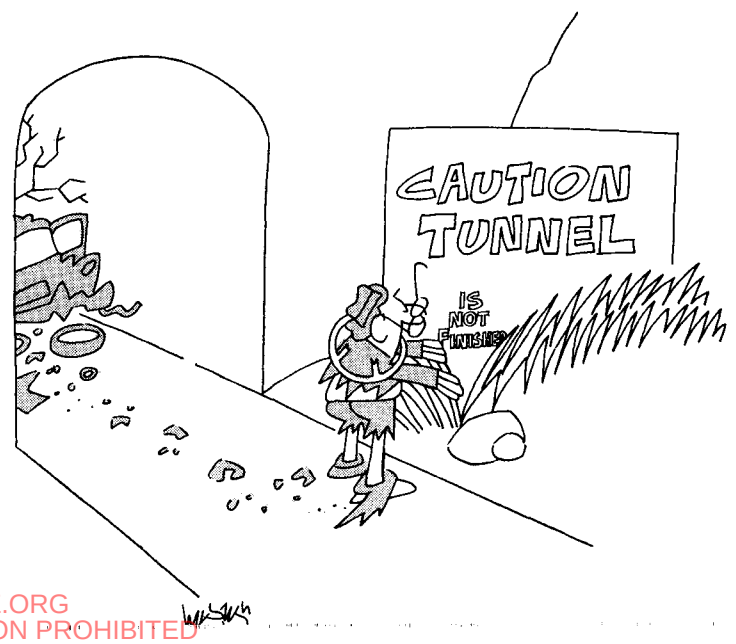
LIFT OFF: An English elevator out of order.

APOGEE: The opposite of perigee.

PERIGEE: The opposite of apogee.

LOYD ROSENFIELD





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Why I didn't quit the Ministry

By Norman Vincent Peale

Three times since my ordination almost 40 years ago I have seriously considered leaving the ministry. Twice I have reached the point of actually writing out my resignation. Some of my friends may be startled to learn this, but I doubt that many ministers will be surprised. They know the moments of deep discouragement that come to us all.

It's not just that most ministers are underpaid and overworked; I think that every man who is ordained is ready and willing to face that. It's the less obvious things that try the soul. The frustration that comes from being strangled by detail, never having enough time to pray, to study, to meditate, to be alone. The constraint that comes over some people when a minister is among them. The resentment that anyone but a saint would feel when people who want all the privileges of church membership contribute little or nothing in terms of time or money to meet the church's needs. The jealousy of some colleagues, the unreasonableness of some superiors.

Tough? Of course it's tough! It's hard on ministers' wives too. The other day a young pastor's wife came up to my wife. "Mrs. Peale," she said, "I'd like to ask you just one question. Can a minister's wife have a best friend?" And Ruth said to her gently, "No, I'm sorry, but in my opinion she can't. Her loyalty belongs to the whole congregation. If she singles out one woman for special confidences, special intimacies, others may be offended."

These and many other difficulties are very real, but I am still in the ministry. Like thousands of others, I haven't quit. I know now that I never will.

Before trying to explain what keeps this particular minister going, perhaps I should sketch the circumstances under which on three separate occasions I almost stopped. The first time was during the depression, in New York. I had accepted a call to a big Fifth Avenue church with eagerness and enthusiasm. But church attendance was low, and the people who did come were harassed and fearful. Nothing I could do or say seemed to get through to them, and finally a great dark wave of self-doubt swept over me. I became convinced that I was totally inadequate, a failure who was trying to fill a pulpit too big for him. I told my wife that I thought I ought to quit and go back to the newspaper business, which I had left to become a minister.

I'll never forget what Ruth said to me. "Norman," she said, "right now you *are* a failure, but not in the way you think. You're a failure because you're thinking primarily of yourself, of your own success or lack of it. You're not thinking about what God may have in mind for you. Maybe He thinks it would be good for you to fail. Anyway, why don't you do what you're always telling other people to do: Trust God, put your life in His hands and ask for His guidance?"

I took her advice and weathered that first crisis. But twice, in later years, I became even more discouraged. In 1955 some members of the clergy criticized my books and sermons so bitterly that I wrote out my resignation. Only my father's faith in me as a man and a minister kept me from handing it in.

Five years later, I became involved in a controversy even more stormy. In the late summer of 1960 I attended a conference of ministers who had gathered in Washington, D.C., to discuss religious freedom in general and separation of church and state in particular. We felt that the latter issue was not being fully discussed in the presidential campaign then under way, and said so. This ended the uneasy silence on the subject with a bang. So great, indeed, was the ensuing furor that I feared it might bring discredit on my church. This time I did submit my resignation. It was rejected.

But even if the elders and deacons had accepted my resignation, I would have gone on being a minister somewhere. I would have *had* to go on, because this business of helping other people become better people by bringing them closer to God is the most exciting, the most stimulating, the most challenging, the most rewarding work in the world, and quitting it would be like dying—only worse.

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When you think of the opportunities a minister has, the problems and difficulties and irritations of his job shrivel down to nothing—absolutely nothing. Consider what he is! He's a front-line fighter in the war against evil, where often the battleground is a human soul. In this endless struggle he has all the confidence and pride and sense of rightness that comes from being openly and unashamedly on God's side. His job is one of literally infinite importance because he is concerned, not just with the here-and-now problems of human beings, but with their destiny for all eternity. Day after day he is invited to look deep into the mysteries of the human heart.

Every minister, regardless of creed or denomination, has seen great things happen to people, things that in the last analysis can be explained only by the workings of the Holy Spirit. I remember one man, an apparently hopeless alcoholic, who put himself in the hands of a New York physician, seeking a cure. The doctor put him in a hospital, sobered him up, gave him some psychotherapy. But then, when he released him, he said, "I've done what I can for you, and I think you're better. But there's about five percent of your personality that I can't get at. And judging from my experience, that five percent will trip you sooner or later."

The man said, "Isn't there anyone who can help me, anyone at all?"

The physician smiled. "There is a doctor," he said, "but he's very expensive. He'll take all you have. I think you know the one I mean."

Help for an alcoholic

Well, the man left the hospital and walked through the city streets until darkness fell. It was a cold, rainy, miserable winter's night, and he told me afterward that a part of him wanted a drink desperately. Not just five percent—95 percent. Finally he came by chance to our church and stood outside the door. Again, a part of him wanted to go in, but a stronger part held him back. He stood there in the rain, unable to touch the door, until finally with a kind of desperation he took out one of his business cards. On it he wrote: "Dear Dr. Jesus, please help me." And he dropped it through the letter-slot and burst into tears. With the tears came an indescribable feeling of warmth, of relief, of release. The desire for drink was gone, completely gone. It has never come back.

To be sure, such dramatic episodes do not occur every day in the life of a minister, but every day does offer him the chance and the challenge to push on toward his ultimate goal, which is to build the ideas and the ideals of his religion into the fabric of society.

Of course, at times progress will seem painfully slow. You've got to be a realist as well as an idealist. There will always be some problems you can't solve, some people you can't change. Sometimes a minister gets the feeling that his best efforts are useless, that the gap between the true Christian ethic and the performance of the average churchgoer is so wide that it's unbridgeable. This sort of discouragement, I think, is often the result of what might be called too-great-expectations. A good many ministers leave divinity school with radiant visions of themselves as benign and saintly shepherds eager to guard and guide a flock of snow-white sheep. Actually there are few saints among us, even in the ministry, and certainly no flocks of snow-white sheep.

But the failings of a few should not blind us to the virtues of the many. My experience has been that the vast majority of people are basically good, basically decent, basically fair-minded. Take the racial question, for example. We have Negroes attending our services, and as members, for years. We also have many members and visitors from the deep South, yet I have never seen one show the slightest animosity or discourtesy. Indeed, the standard was set years ago when the first Negro applied for membership. The application came up routinely at a meeting of the church board, and I asked if anyone cared to comment. There was a moment of silence, and then one of our businessmen-elders spoke up. "Hell!" he said. "It's a Christian church, isn't it?"

His language was a little out of place, but his sentiments weren't!

People are basically religious too. I've heard some pastors complain that "people just aren't interested in religion anymore." I can't agree. People are hungry for anything that will give them a sense of purpose in life. They are yearning for anything that will help them become better human beings than they know themselves to be. As my minister-father once said to me, "If you can just make Jesus Christ a living reality to people, you'll never have to worry about having a congregation. They'll come for miles, they'll break down the doors of the church to get in!"

Therefore, to young ministers—or old ones, for that matter—who find it difficult to interest their parishioners in religion, I would say this: Before you decide that the fault is in your congregation, make sure that it is not in you. The message of religion, the good news that there *is* a God Who loves His people, the promise that there *is* forgiveness of sins, the assurance that there *is* a life beyond the grave, that this is not a cold, inhuman, materialistic universe wound up and left to run like some terrible clock, but a universe of justice and of love—these ideas in themselves are so strong, so magnetic, so irresistibly appealing to people that if you can't get them across there must be something in you, some impatience, some condescension, some hostility, some intellectual arrogance that is setting up a block.

If there is such a block, the thing to do is search yourself for it, then pray and pry it out. This is a process that takes time. You'll probably be granted the time if you stick with the ministry. But you won't have either the time or the incentive if you quit!

Another reason you can't quit is that you have demanded too much of others. You have required of other people precisely the same courage that you now must display yourself. This courage takes many forms, but very often the essence of it is simply the determination to keep going when the going gets tough.

I remember one man, again an alcoholic, who shook off his addiction through prayer and a supreme effort of will. I was so impressed that I asked him to be an usher at the church.

"Norman," he said, "I don't see how I can walk down that aisle before all those people. Some of them have known me as a surly, obnoxious, dangerous drunk. A lot of them think I still am one."

"Well," I said, "right now you're just about the best advertisement I've got for what religion can do for people. So next Sunday I'll be counting on you."

The next Sunday, by the grace of God, there he was, pale, tense, tied in knots inside, but *there*. He walked down the aisle, and some people did stare, and I suppose a few had their doubts about his right to be there. But to me it was a triumph of courage. Through the years there have been dozens of instances where I required of dishonest people the courage to confess their dishonesty, of sinful people the willpower to give up their sin, of timid people the determination to attempt the difficult. You just can't spend your life demanding such things of others and then let them down by failing to display them yourself.

You can't let the church down, either. No matter what faults or shortcomings it may seem to have, and regardless of denominational differences, the church is the institution that brought the human race out of the darkness of the Middle Ages and kept alive the sense of morality and justice that made democracy and freedom possible. The great religious concept of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God is the cornerstone on which our Western civilization rests, and it is no accident that every form of totalitarianism hates and fears that concept and attacks it with all the power at its command. If you are a minister, I think that you are pledged to defend that concept regardless of personal disappointment or frustration.

Apathy in the church

Even if your church or denomination seems to be in a state of apathy or retreat, it is better to fight for improvement than to give up the fight. As has been said, it's better to light a candle than curse the darkness. Indeed, such cycles come to all creeds at times, but this is no cause for discouragement. Environments may change, but the gospel doesn't.

Nor am I much disturbed by recent reports of a percentage decline in church membership in 1961. Although it is true that membership failed to keep pace with the population increase by two-tenths of one percent, it is also true that 1961 saw total church membership in this country increase by over 1,600,000.

By the same token, I do not pay much attention to those who claim that Protestant ministers are leaving the church in great numbers, or that we are facing a great shortage of ministers. I know of only one pastor who has resigned from the church for reasons other than ill health. Just one, out of hundreds. As for seminary enrollments, it is true that in 1960–61 there was a decline of about 1,000 students from the previous year. But the total enrollment moved up by 500 men in 1961–62, and in my opinion the dip was only momentary.

Three discouraging times this noted clergyman nearly called it quits.

All these things should be heartening to ministers who become discouraged at times, as all of us do. But in the last analysis, it's faith in God and faith in people that are the great sustaining forces. The God I believe in stands ready to help any discouraged person who turns to Him with humility and trust. As for people, Sunday after Sunday I look down from my pulpit and see, sitting in their pews, some truly great souls.

Often you see the most unexpected people display miracles of quiet fortitude. I remember once we had as a new member at our church an artist employed by a magazine whose editorial approach was based entirely on that old, familiar commodity: sex—pornography, really, controlled to the point where it could just squeak through the mails. Our artist member kept coming to church, and the more he grew spiritually the more disgusted he became with his part in producing such degrading trash. Finally he told his boss he could do it no longer.

His boss told him not to be a fool. It was in the late years of the depression. Jobs were very scarce. If the artist refused to do the work, the boss said, he would simply find someone else to do it. So what good would quitting do?

The artist said that he was sorry, but that he was trying to live the way he thought Jesus Christ wanted him to live, and that this did not include drawing dirty pictures. So he resigned.

Well, for five mortal months that man was out of work. He suffered. His family suffered. We all suffered, really; our young adult group prayed for him daily. But there was also great power in the drama of this man who found new principles and stuck to them regardless of cost. At last he did get another job. And he got it because his former boss recommended him to another editor. The artist, he said admiringly, was the only truly honest man he had met in New York. Today he's art director of a great advertising agency.

How can anyone turn his back on people like that? How, if you're a minister, can you give up the greatest calling in the world—a life of service to God and man? You can't; you simply can't.

That's why I've never quit the ministry. That's why I never will. THE END

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A new Playboy Club whirls in a tangle of corn, beefs and cabbage.

Ex-bunny Carol Weller found that, despite promises of high pay, there was little jack for rabbits.

Funny

The moral fabric of U.S. society is being eaten away as if it were so much marshmallow-walnut fudge. Some of the evildoers who are munching from within are well known: sneaky-eyed third-grade teachers who drive 53 mph in 50-mile zones; tallowy stockbrokers who cynically refuse to Close Cover Before Striking; small boys who teach their baby brothers to eat night crawlers. Lately, however, a new and more frightening menace has appeared. She is the Playboy Club bunny, pure sin on sight with her fluffy little tail atwitch.

Gathering lettuce while she may, this creature of an instant mythology has taken over Mr. McGregor's gardens in Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, Miami and Phoenix. It is all right, of course, to nibble moral fabric in these cities, because they have plenty of it to spare. But New York is different. Public officials and private citizens have consumed so much moral fabric in New York over the decades that there is very little of it left.

To understand what happened when the bunnies infiltrated Manhattan, you need to know a few key terms. A somewhat impressionistic glossary follows:

Playboy—An old journalistic word indicating green envy on the part of the newsman who used it, and undeserved wealth on the part of the wastrel it was applied to. A playboy was expected to devote his life to philanthropy by distributing his money to headwaiters. The term is seldom used today, because the headwaiters have all the money.

Playboy Magazine—A dream manual for workboys; the male equivalent of *Seventeen*. Reflecting the tastes of Publisher Hugh Hefner (see Bill Davidson's article CZAR OF THE BUNNY EMPIRE in *The Post* of last April 28), *Playboy* offers pictures of Ferraris (vroom, vroom), pictures of yachts (putt, putt), and pictures of undressing girls (zip, zip). Also, diagrams of how to tie your necktie.

Playboy Clubs—For *Playboy* readers; warm, reassuring places for coming in out of the reality while waiting for next month's magazine. Also very good for showing off your Playboy cuff links and cigarette lighter (decorated with the wicked and sophisticated Playboy rabbit symbol) and for practicing the secret Playboy handshake and signalling with your Playboy secret-code ring. Thus, the natural habitat of:

Playboy Bunny—half geisha and half double malted, in a satin swimsuit that shows what swimsuits usually show. To club members, a wiggling, giggling invitation to "let's pretend" sin; to *Playboy* promotion writers "a beautiful, personable, fun-loving girl who is working in the most exciting and glamorous setting in the world of show business"; to New York City's License Commissioner Bernard O'Connell an animal he would just as soon forget.

The story actually begins last November 23, when officers of the Playboy Club's New York branch wandered into

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Side of the Bunny Business

by John Skow

A bunny works among chic murals.

the Manhattan office of Commissioner O'Connell and asked for a cabaret license. The club was to open on December 8, and the imminence of this date may have had something to do with the fact that neither Commissioner O'Connell nor any of his staffers bothered to visit the club. As of this writing, they still had not seen a live bunny, and the tone of the commissioner's voice when he verified this was that of a man who had been asked whether he had ever auctioned slaves in Port Said.

At any rate, the Department of Licenses decided the case almost solely on the testimony of Playboy's own officers and the evidence of the club's publicity releases. The license was denied and the club opened with only booze, background music and bunnies to jolly the customers (a bunny, by New York 'aw, is not entertainment).

There was an *Alice in Wonderland* aspect to all of this. It was clearly the bunnies that O'Connell objected to, chiefly because they mingle with customers. In such cabarets as the Latin Quarter showgirls wear far less than Playboy's bunnies. But it was not the bunnies who were kept out of work by lack of a cabaret license. It was the musicians and comedians. Musicians are legally classified as entertainment in New York—unless they play stringed instruments, in which case they are non-entertainment and legal for Playboy. It is all very complicated.

It was complicated, at any rate, the night I visited the Playboy Club, some six weeks after the opening. From the Playmate Bar up to the Penthouse, the club's seven floors—the decor is a cross between ski-lodge modern and the inside of Sonny Liston's Cadillac—were packed with customers. Most of them looked like conventioneering dentists who had just finished taking the Chinatown tour, but they were undeniably customers. Nevertheless the club staffers were not happy. Kai Winding, the musical director—a trombonist and therefore not permitted to play—was brooding because his lip had gone limp. He wanted to sue the city. Many of the bunnies, I learned later, were mutinous because tips were running lower than the $200-plus-a-week mentioned in the recruiting brochures.

But there was at least one bright spot in all of this. Commissioner O'Connell's bunny-hopping campaign had run afoul of another stalwart public servant. State Supreme Court Justice Arthur G. Klein had struck down O'Connell's ruling with the observation that, however fastidious the commissioner might be in the matter of female attire, "It is not incumbent upon the petitioner to dress its female employees in middy blouses, gymnasium bloomers, turtleneck sweaters, fisherman's hip boots or ankle-length overcoats." But the commissioner, an upright Irishman for whom the set-to had become a crusade, appealed the decision. It looked—and still looks—as if a long stretch of lawyering were in prospect.

Trying to keep all of this in mind, I made my way into the club's lowest depth, the Playmate Bar, to meet Keith Hefner, the Teddy Kennedy of the chain (he is the younger brother of Publisher Hugh Hefner). Suavely oblivious to the coy nudes from the magazine's centerfold with which the bar was decorated, Keith weighed his problems. The club was making pots of money, but not so many pots as it had planned on—it had lost some $20,000 paying off entertainers' contracts after the opening and was missing about $4,000 a night it had planned to collect in cabaret cover charges.

Hefner, a tall, gaunt bachelor in a dark suit and inch-wide white tie, radiated that curious blend of sincerity and bounce that distinguishes the front man in an up-to-date mortuary. He said he was 34 ("but if Hugh wants to be 34 I'll be 32") and admitted that he had had a TV career; from 1958 to '60 he was Johnny Jellybean on a New York kiddie show of the same name. No, he said, the Playboy Club had not been held up for bribes. (Rumors to this effect were circulating, baksheesh to officials being as common in New York as it is in Macao.) Yes, he admitted, there had been a long and continuing parade of New York official inspectors (none of O'Connell's men, however), more than had visited Playboy clubs in any other city. But no harassment; everyone had been polite.

Johnny's bunny rules

Well then, what about the bunnies? What did he look for when he auditioned one? (Six months ago Keith was raised to the senatorial level of his big brother's empire; he is director of bunny training.) Here the younger Hefner's voice became humid with enthusiasm, and I understood the comment of an associate who said that Johnny Jellybean had become a permanent part of Keith's character. A bunny, he said, should be "very, very beautiful, lively, warm and disarming." And sexy? "We prefer to say desirable."

Does a bunny really make all that money? Here Hefner called one of the little creatures over to our table. Earlier she had looked deep into my eyes ("eye contact" is stressed in the rigorous bunny training) and said she was my bunny Gwendolyn. Keith asked her how much she made.

"Honest?" she answered smiling the merry, twinkling smile an airline stewardess flashes when you ask her why one of the engines has stopped.

"Honest," said Keith.

"Really honest?"

"Really honest."

"More than $200 a week," she said, giving the textbook answer without narrowing the smile a millimeter.

But bunnies had been quitting the New York club (Keith admitted that 30 of the original 140 had deserted, and other sources put the number at more than 50). I decided to check the income figure and to get some candid answers about the wild, wicked life in the bunny hutch.

Carol Weller, a pretty, 22-year-old would-be actress who had been one of the New York club's prize bunnies until disillusion drove her back into the real world, told a story that made bunnying sound like something other than the fun, fun and fun of the come-on literature. Had she ever made $200 a week? No; nowhere near it. Frequently her salary ($10 a night) and gross tips had reached $200, but each night the club held back 50 percent of her tips up to $30 and a rather academic 25 percent of her tips from $30 to $60. The deductions were supposed to pay for uniform cleaning ($2 a night) and tips for bartenders and busboys, but the girls suspected they paid the salaries of the bartenders and busboys. (One group of ex-bunnies is suing to recover the withheld tips.)

A bunny is supposed to work a five-day week and an 8½-hour day, but Carol's week often stretched to seven days, and her working day sometimes reached 12 hours. There is, she said, a somewhat incongruous girls'-school atmosphere about this temple of wickedness. (Carol, the daughter of a physician, prepped at Grier School in Pennsylvania.) Girls must endure a demerit system (10 demerits for chewing gum on duty, according to the Bunny Manual).

Occasionally the atmosphere approaches that of a girls' reform school. The club employs the Willmark Service System to check up on its employees, and Willmark operatives are instructed to try to date the girls. If a girl seems reluctant (dating customers is strictly forbidden by the license-conscious club) the plainclothesmen may offer "up to $200" as an inducement. The girls are warned that such attempts will be made by the detectives. If a girl is suspected of misbehavior, she is given these alternatives: quit or take a lie-detector test. Bunny trainer Hefner seemed proud of this humanitarianism.

But the customers, Carol said amusedly (other girls agreed), are far too tame to give a girl much trouble. To the standard bunny greeting ("Welcome to the Playboy Club; I am your bunny Primrose"), members have a standard aren't-we-wicked reply: "If you're my bunny, can I take you home?" The bunny laughs gaily at this and winks conspiratorially at any wives present. The member's heart races pit-a-pat for a few seconds; presumably, in this age of No-Cal sinning, he has received his money's worth.

But surely a girl gets pinched? Carol thought a moment. "No, but once a man pulled off my tail." This was more like it, I thought. Did a wild scene of nymph-and-satyr ensue, a merry chase through the Living Room, around the Piano Bar and up to the Playboy Penthouse? Nothing like it. Carol trotted over to the room director, she recalls, came to attention and said, "Sir, I cannot serve this man. He has stolen my tail." The room director spoke sternly to the wrongdoer: "The tail or your key, sir." (Clubs are "private" and one must buy a key as a membership badge.) At first the fellow blustered, but at the end of a few minutes he gave back the tail, a broken man.

Was this the worst that Carol had to tell? Well, no, she said. "The worst," she said after some urging, "was that all of us had to pad our busts. Every one of us, no matter how much we stuck out. Some of the girls cried at first."

What then, if the busts, the exclusivity—any male can buy a key—and the wickedness are imitation, is the attraction of the Playboy clubs?

Part of the answer, admittedly, is that Playboy clubs are comfortable, if garish, and that decent-sized drinks are served promptly. Another is that the clubs' "private" aspect has some appeal; a salesman who has a key can offer a client something he can't buy for himself—unless he buys a key too.

But what makes Playboy's rabbit preserves outsell competing water holes in almost every city in which they have opened is none of these things. It is the intoxicating elixir of self-delusion. A man who wants to regard himself as wicked and worldly is quickly deflated when he looks at his wife, his boss or his mirror. But at the Playboy Club the hallucination grows in the spiraling smoke. He goes there telling himself he will pick up a girl, if one meets his exacting standards (knowing, of course, that he is safe; the girls are not available). The bunny laughs admiringly at his jokes, brings him his drinks with a velvet touch and ever so tactfully turns aside his ritual proposition ("If you're my bunny, etc.") The member leaves, well satisfied with himself. He tried, didn't he?

This, anyway, is how the bunnies themselves analyze the slender egos they bottle-feed. I repeated the diagnosis to an attractive, middle-aged French woman.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," was her comment.

"No, it's true," I said.

"The girls, they do not go with the men?"

"No, they're not allowed to. And the men don't really want them to."

My friend was deeply shocked. "But," she said in horror, "this is *hypocrisie!*"

It is, at that. But nothing sells like *hypocrisie*, and if Commissioner O'Connell wants a table at the Playboy Club, he had better reserve it a week in advance. THE END

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Dishrags to riches: The saga of Heloise

Heloise Cruse earns $100,000 a year with housework hints, but tells confusing stories about herself.

by MAXINE CHESHIRE

This morning a man in Warren, Ohio, slipped out of his house before breakfast—as he has been doing daily for the past year—and headed down the driveway with a razor blade tucked into his bathrobe pocket. At the mailbox he spread his morning paper on the ground and with practiced precision removed a feature he won't permit his wife to read.

Now in some households this censorship might provoke the little woman to ire. But his wife endures the retaliatory ritual, even though it means she is deprived of the help she used to get from a column called *Hints From Heloise.*

Most domestic-relations-court judges would be inclined to sympathize with her spouse's side of the story. Their homelife hasn't been the same since she read a tip on cleaning birdcages with the vacuum cleaner. The husband's pet parakeet was denuded of feathers in an exhausting excursion through the intake tube.

Though this advice column is aimed at the workworn and not the lovelorn, it is competition which may soon have Abby Van Buren and Ann Landers writing each other letters of condolence.

The author, Heloise Cruse (whose name is pronounced "Hello-Ease"), has, in little more than a year's syndication, gone from dishrags to riches telling other women to launder their lettuce in the washing machine and tenderize their pot roasts with a slug of gin. Enthroned atop a kitchen stool, she rules a domain of domesticity extending into the homes of 25 million readers who follow her sometimes unorthodox rules of housekeeping in more than 400 newspapers.

This year, her income—which she conceals as fearfully as some women lie about their age—is reportedly in the $100,000 bracket, a good deal more than her husband makes as an Air Force colonel at the Pentagon. Heloise acts with such a guilt complex about making so much money that she ignores her bank balances and insists she hasn't spent a penny for personal luxuries. (A new secretary recently discovered that there was $25,000 in the office fund set aside for buying typewriter ribbons and paying phone bills.) "It'll break my readers' hearts," she pleads, whenever anyone gets too inquisitive about her unspent riches.

Heloise wants her readers to think she writes her daily column as a neighborly gesture, the way another woman might want to share a chocolate-cake recipe that won a blue ribbon at the church bazaar. Her readers respond with about 7,000 letters a week containing their household hints to be used in her column.

"I don't care anything about money," she insists. "I just want to help people. You just can't imagine the satisfaction in knowing I've saved some woman thirty minutes today, or maybe thirty cents she can spend on herself. I should have been a social worker—anyway, I'm thinking of giving it all to charity." (She once told friends she was going to endow every state in the union with a "Heloise Home for Unwed Mothers"—a notion which has caused her husband to groan in public and suggest she change the subject.)

Heloise's career—begun after she had by her own description turned "fat and forty"—is so incredible that the sudsiest soap opera on television would never dare to plot the story line.

She claims it was a skeptic who started it all at a cocktail party in Honolulu when her husband was stationed at Hickam Field. Conversation among the guests had turned to secret ambitions and fanciful plans for retirement. One of the men ridiculed Heloise's confession that she had always wanted to be a newspaperwoman and thought she might still give it a fling.

"He laughed right in my face," she recalls now. "He made me so mad when he said I'd have to have special training, I just decided I'd show him.

"First I had some engraved calling cards made. Then I called the paper I wanted to work for and asked when the publisher would be in; they told me at ten. I asked what his lunch hours were; they said eleven to one! I took engraved calling cards to his office at twelve noon and asked for him, handing my card to his secretary. (They did *not* know that I was aware that he would be out!) Two days later I did the same thing. When he wasn't in the second time, I said to the secretary—never telling her I wanted a job—'Will you please make an appointment with him for me?' She did immediately! The next day.

"Anyway, the publisher, Mr. Twigg-Smith, was all smiles and I was so nervous. I had never asked for a job before, and I lost my tongue and blurted out, 'I am a housewife and thirty-eight years old and I want a job and I want to write a daily column to help the housewife and show her how to learn all the short cuts, and I will work for nothing for thirty days to show you that the women will read and need it ——' I lost my tongue!

"He says, 'What experience do you have in the business?'

"Heloise: 'None!'

"Twigg: 'What makes you think you can write?'

"Heloise: 'I can't.'

"Twigg: 'Go over to the typewriter, and let me see some examples.'

"Heloise: 'I can't type!'

"Twigg: 'Maybe you better take some of this paper home and bring it back in a few days and let me see.'

"Heloise: 'Yes, sir!'

"Twigg: 'If you will leave your phone number, I will call you.'

"Three days later—phone rings.

"Twigg: 'Can you be here in fifteen minutes?'

"Heloise: No, sir. It takes twenty to drive to town. Can you give me twenty-five minutes?'

"I went to the paper. I was scared.

"Mr. Twigg took me into Mr. Chaplin's office (he is the editor) and I was so nervous I nearly died. I told him that I would work for nothing if he would just give me a chance.

"Chaplin: 'OK. Start next week—five days a week.'"

That's how Heloise started writing five columns a week for $600 a year. "My husband said I could work if I didn't earn more than $600 and kept up my housework."

Heloise does not share the credit for her success with anyone. "I did it all by myself." She refused to identify the man who sold her to King Features, world-wide syndication outfit, in the first place.

She is no longer on friendly terms with Buck Buchwach, her former managing editor on the Honolulu *Advertiser*. "I *was* her agent," he explains. "You might say she decided to dispense with my services when she moved to the mainland. I had a contract under which I was paid five percent for editing her copy and another five percent as my commission for negotiating her contract with King."

Buchwach was drawing $600 a month. "Then she came to me just before she left and announced that under section so-and-so, article such-and-such, I was out. Now I understand she has signed a new contract for five years that cuts me out." Buchwach is philosophical. "She used to dance around here singing 'We're going to get rich.' She's going to get rich all right, but to hear her, I didn't have a thing to do with it."

Another *Advertiser* executive explains her ambitions this way: "She is the kind who has to make one touchdown after another. I don't know enough about her psyche to know where she got her kicks before she started working, but there certainly are powerful drives in there racing that motor of hers."

In those early days, when she wasn't under a contract that prohibits mention of brand names, she could praise an ink eradicator or a roach annihilator, and the readers rushed out and bought the supply of every supermarket on the island.

It was about this time that Heloise discovered she was born with a Madison Avenue mind. "I was in the advertising business four years, you know," she says, and when pressed for details explains that she once had a profitable sideline while working for the *Advertiser*. "I'd just tear out someone's ads and write them a letter telling them why it wouldn't appeal to women. They would send me back a check for $500, for $300 or $200."

The *Advertiser's* editor, George Chaplin, is baffled at this disclosure, but he does remember hearing about one check, and it may have been for $500, he concedes, but he had the idea it was for an innovation of Heloise's.

Heloise's first columns were titled *Readers Exchange*, where subscribers could write to inquire if Moses had been a Negro or whether anyone knew the origin of the term *blueblood.* Then she began chitchat about chores, flavoring her suggestions with sage and spicy comments and printing readers' hints. Circulation jumped 40 percent, claims the *Advertiser*, and her editors discovered she had a Midas touch in her hunt-and-peck

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Heloise tackles some of 7,000 letters she gets weekly from readers who send housework tips.

"She can't spell 'cat' and 'dog,'" says one of her bosses, but 400 newspapers are carrying her column.

technique. *Advertiser* advertisers found that whatever it was Heloise was selling, other women were buying.

"If she were a cub reporter, the city editor would have already fired her," says one of her bosses at King Features. "She can't even write a postcard. On my good days I describe her copy as bubbly and effervescent. But to be honest, an editor almost has to have a road map to figure out where her sentences are going. And she can't spell 'cat' and 'dog.'

Ideas overshadow IQ

"It isn't your IQ that makes you a success," she says huffily. "It's ideas." She holds no college degree, and her columns are "revised" by a woman in Honolulu identified as someone "with two degrees in English" who is "wholesome, loyal and compassionate." This editing is a fact Heloise denied until a King Features executive had confirmed that her copy makes a 10,000-mile round trip before arriving in New York.

Heloise, on her way to becoming a bigger name at American breakfast tables than Betty Crocker or Aunt Jemima, resents anyone trying to find out what she is really like. She expects all reporters to reprint the biographical ballyhoo which is "worded so nicely" in all her promotional material. Anyone trying to find the facts gets little help from Heloise, who knows what image she wants to create.

She has had success thus far in controlling almost every word that has been written about her. Most of the publicity which promotes her has appeared in the newspapers that pay for her services and have a vested interest in her. The recurrent theme is that she had to learn to be an efficiency expert the hard way: She was working herself to death trying to keep house for a husband and two children on a budget in which there was never enough money for a maid. But her stories are never the same twice. Sometimes she tells interviewers that she learned all she knows from working alongside her mother "as soon as I was big enough to stand up at the drainboard." Other times she is quoted as claiming that she was so ignorant of all household maintenance routines that she "didn't know you had to scrub a john until six months after I was married."

Still another version came just recently, after she thought this article was finished. "I never was really a housewife," she explained, until her column had demanded a domestic touch. "I always had a maid six days a week from the time my husband was a second lieutenant. I went out at nine-thirty every morning to a day of brunches and lunches and teas and then bridge every afternoon until five-thirty."

If there are any skeletons in Heloise's closets, they are probably wearing mink coats. "My housewives don't have mink coats, so why should I have one?" she said recently. She makes a great production out of sliding back the doors on her wardrobe to reveal nothing but two old-fashioned, outdated full-length wraps of ermine and mink which "my husband bought me seventeen years ago."

But two former colleagues tell about being present in her Hawaiian home when she showed off a closet bulging with "mink coats and capes and scarves and stoles." All reportedly were gifts from her father "who gives me mink every Christmas but I don't wear any because I just don't like mink."

She does admit owning at least eight fur pieces at one time: "I sold six to friends, because I thought I was going to return to Hawaii and never need them. My daddy never got me any of them. We bought some wholesale from my uncle, who has a fur business in California, some in the Orient, and my husband brought some back from Siberia."

Heloise makes a fetish of caring nothing about clothes. "You look like something Adrian designed for an old Joan Crawford movie," one of her secretaries told her recently as she dressed in a padded, broad-shouldered suit for public appearances in New York.

There is something to be said for her desire to dress no better than the least affluent of her readers. She appeared in Pittsburgh recently before some 13,000 women. On the same program was Hedda Hopper, who casually mentioned that the umbrella of white mink atop her head was a gift from Sophia Loren. By contrast, there was Heloise, hatted in a swathing of black veiling she had stitched together herself for $2.39. It doesn't take much knowledge of feminine psychology to know with whom those housewives felt empathy.

Her at-home outfits are muumuus and kookie-muus. She designed them in Honolulu for a manufacturer who paid her royalties of 47 cents on each garment. The clothes come in brilliant colors and she sprays her hair to match with dime-store dyes ranging from violet to green. Her coiffure colors make her unforgettable and she knows it. She once used instant hair spray as a gimmick on lecture audiences, and she will still pull a spare can from her handbag and spray her interviewer's hair if the talk is getting dull.

Heloise views any attempt to delve into her past as "an invasion of my privacy," and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Bowles, have been cautioned not to discuss her with prying strangers.

She talks in a circle of self-contradictions which leave most listeners uncertain just what it was they heard. "I can't afford it" are the four most frequently used words in her vocabulary, and every major expenditure she mentions always "took all my life savings." Yet she says, "I've had money all my life. My daddy worked when he was young and retired at forty-two in Fort Worth. He set up trust funds for us when we were little, so I don't need it. I don't work for money." Her husband denies any knowledge of the trust funds, though acquaintances have heard her declare her father owns half of Fort Worth.

At the Veep's party

"I wonder which half of Fort Worth her daddy owns?" a Washington wife of a New Frontier appointee mused mischievously after meeting Heloise at a party attended by a number of Texans at Vice President Johnson's home several weeks ago. "My daddy owns the other half, you know, and ever since I was four years old I've known everybody in Fort Worth who drives a Cadillac."

Heloise dispenses an earthy lingo that is combined with "Yes, ma'ams," and "Yes, sirs," her version of gentility. (Honolulu socialites delight in recalling the time she was introduced to a wealthy Island man. "You're one of them rich bastards, aincha, sir?" she said.)

Though she confuses reporters, she seldom confuses businessmen. New Yorker Gaston Johnston, whose Long Island City plant turns out a product called No-Roach, was one who discovered early that a plug from Heloise could sell more bug killer in Hawaii than a full-page ad. "I went to every major city in the South, and after I had placed my ads with the newspapers, I called on the managing editor at her request. I had verbal commitments from almost every one of them saying that he was interested in buying her if she got syndicated. I like to think that helped her."

Heloise is the first to admit she is a huckster at heart. "They tell me I could have any public-relations job in this country." She once wrote a little laundry leaflet and offered a copy to anyone asking for it. She got 200,000 requests, the biggest mail delivery to an individual in Hawaii's history.

"It cost $8,500 of my savings, but it *made* my column," she says.

It is Heloise's ability to attract pen pals which has persuaded editors all over the world to pay anywhere from $1.50 to $50 a column. She never stops thinking about new gimmicks to boost this drawing power.

Once she extolled cleaning carpets with a cabbage, "the way they do in China." Rug experts in every state besieged their National Institute of Rug Cleaning to tell them if such a thing could be true.

Heloise eventually got a letter confirming that she had spoken the truth. It *was* possible to remove soil from a rug by rubbing it diligently with this vegetable. *But* the fibers would become impregnated with something resembling coleslaw that would not only smell up the house but would also attract insects to a banquet. Furthermore, "to clean a rug 9-by-12 would take eight hours a day for 27 days and would require 285 pounds of cabbage at eight cents a pound. That comes to $22.80, or twice the cost of professional cleaning." She began wheedling for trade secrets. Institute executives put the entire organization at her disposal. The institute's membership put up $15,000 to underwrite all costs involved in a promotion campaign which King Features used to sell Heloise to more papers. The deal began with the organization putting Heloise's picture on the front of a little rug booklet that had been in circulation for the last decade. Then she offered it free in her Sunday column to anyone writing a postcard. "You'll get 200,000 requests," she predicted. The institute got 217,000.

"It's fantastic," says the institute's director. "Before we can let her make the same offer to her daily readers, I have to

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Heloise tints hair to match her gowns.

get an authorization for $75,000. She says we will get responses from at least million women."

Heloise is a successful practitioner of what another famous Texan calls "laying on of the hands." She hugs, caresses, cajoles and kisses any man, woman or child whose vote of confidence she seeks.

When Heloise's husband was transferred back to the States last fall, she set up her home headquarters in a $300-a-month apartment in Arlington, Va., but she seems to have few other luxuries.

"I live on my husband's income [around $12,000 a year] and save ten percent of that," she says. She is proud of being "a tightwad." She buys margarine instead of the high-priced spread and a former secretary once curdled her disposition by taking petty cash to buy cream for a coffee break. But Heloise isn't stingy when it comes to her readers. She keeps a closetful of gifts, which are mailed out when a reader writes a letter that sounds as if her morale needs a boost. One of these women may get a pair of black panties, or a gadget to keep her husband from snoring.

She doesn't always practice what she preaches. She tells readers they are working themselves to death. ("The graveyards are full of women whose houses were so spotless you could eat off the floor," she says. "Remember the second wife always has a maid.") Yet Heloise works long hours, sleeping intermittently in catnaps around the clock.

Nothing is printed in her column unless Heloise has tried it and knows that it works. In Hawaii she hired neighbors to come and help with the testing. Once they fried chicken 50 different ways in every kind of utensil on the market. (They decided you can't beat an old cast-iron pot with a few drops of yellow food coloring added to the shortening "for a golden crust that looks like an artist painted it.")

One paper discovered it can be dangerous to print untested hints from Heloise's admirers. A batch of her mail was put together for a special layout. Within a few days, five irate women demanded new refrigerators. They had followed instructions for defrosting with a steam iron and melted the plastic insides.

"You wouldn't believe some of my mail unless you actually saw it," Heloise says. "Someone wrote me that a sure cure for deafness is to pour a mixture of ant eggs and oil into the ears."

There are still some people who have never heard of Heloise, but not for long, if Heloise's promotional plans work.

"I'll be like a Seal of Approval," she envisions. "A flour company wants to put my picture on five million pantry shelves. I don't want any money but I kind of like the idea of having my face in all those grocery stores. It ought to be good for my column."

Her columns compiled into book form by Prentice-Hall have sold 80,000 copies. She has a shelf of taped radio shows ready to market to the networks. ("They could get a home economist to do the same thing for ten dollars an hour, but that much of my time is worth $2,000.")

At an age when most wives have little to anticipate but grandchildren, Heloise is making a different plan for her old age. "I'm going to be doing this when I'm an old, old woman." THE END

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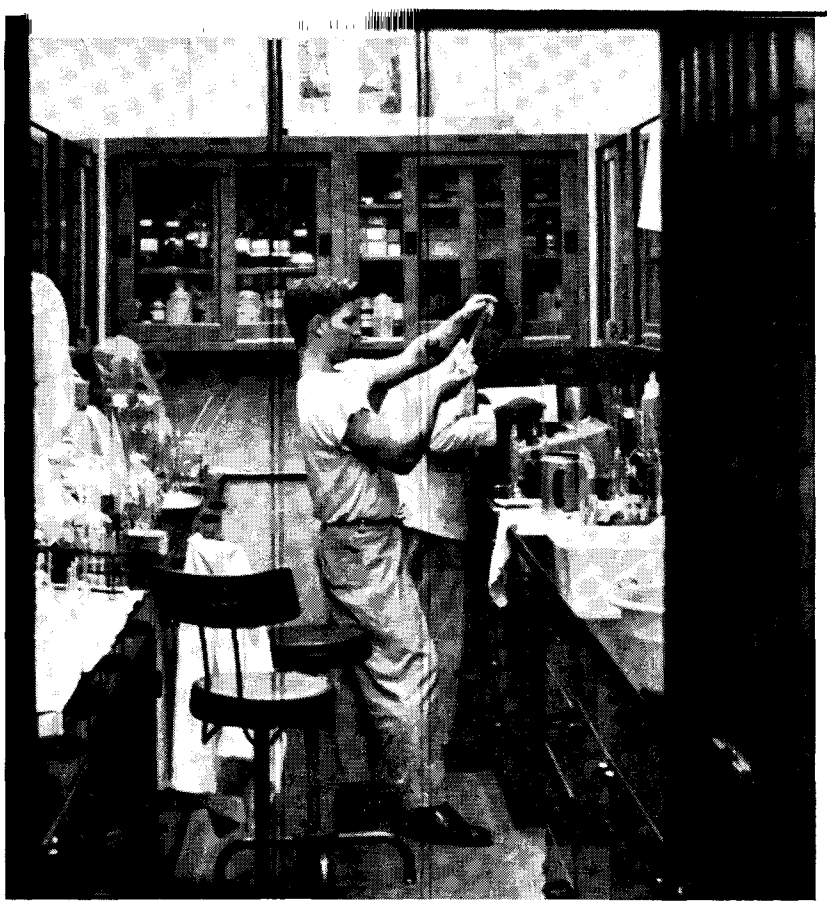

In this prison cell, experiments are performed on convicts.

THE CONVICT VOLUNTEERS

When scientists need human guinea pigs to submit to cancer shots or to test drugs, thousands of prisoners step forward, for surprising reasons.

By THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.

"First they burned me on one arm," the convict said, showing me a large mottled scar, "and then they burned the other one."

"How did they do it?" I asked.

"They did it with this little lamp they had," he said. "It shuts off by itself."

"Was it painful?"

"The pain was pretty bad," he confessed, "about as much as I could take without yelling. A guy had to hold my arm down."

The convict, a 24-year-old jailed for killing a man in a fist fight, is an inmate of Holmesburg Prison in Philadelphia. His injuries were inflicted deliberately, inside the prison walls, but this is no tale of jailhouse torture. He had volunteered, and his ordeal was part of a scientific search for the best way to treat burns, the nation's No. 3 killer of accident victims and a growing atomic-age threat.

In the past 10 years researchers have more and more frequently gone to prisons to test new theories, new techniques, new drugs. Last year in the Federal prisons alone 3,200 inmates participated as volunteers in medical experiments. Convicts make ideal human guinea pigs because their lives are so minutely controlled. Twenty men selected from the same prison will have almost identical diets, sleeping hours and daily routines. "Prisoners have made an enormous contribution to medical research," says Dr. Luther Terry, surgeon general of the U.S. Public Health Service, "in investigations of diabetes, cold viruses, hepatitis, German measles, malaria, polio, drug addiction and many, many other afflictions. We are all in their debt."

"With the recent thalidomide tragedy," says an authority on prison medicine, "and the new concern over the effects of drugs on people, prison testing has assumed great importance." (Thalidomide was tested at Holmesburg as a tranquilizer. Its fearful side effect on pregnant women—their babies born limbless—of course, did not show up.)

But why do convicts volunteer? Why would a convict willingly add pain to his present miseries, or take risks for the society that jailed him? The answers tell much about our prisons and the men they enclose. Do convicts flock to sign up for cancer experiments, for example, because they somehow care less about living? In rare cases, perhaps, but most convicts feel a normal compulsion to stay alive. Volunteering for the tests gives their lives a value they badly need.

"When they injected those live cancer cells into us," a 40-year-old inmate of Ohio State Penitentiary told me, "I thought about how I didn't want to die in the damn prison. I thought about my people having to come here to claim my body—the humiliation of it." The convict, then a volunteer in a cancer-research project, left the penitentiary two weeks ago, not in humiliation but with pride that he has helped in the search for an anti-cancer vaccine.

For taking the risk, the convict was paid nothing. Ohio Penitentiary gives no rewards to convict volunteers, and yet there are always more volunteers than needed. At most prisons with research programs, however, the convicts receive payment. A volunteer for the Holmesburg burn test, for example, earns $50. His discomfort is considerable. The burns are made by a two- or three-second exposure from a carbon-arc lamp. One set of burns is dressed; the other, for the sake of comparison, is left untreated. The volunteers are satisfied. In prison $50 is big money.

Experiments at Holmesburg are conducted by medical teams from universities, hospitals and research foundations. Supported by grants, these scientists buy and install laboratory equipment in the prison and pay the volunteers' wages—a total of about $160,000 a year or an average of $127 per volunteer. The prison donates only space (Holmesburg has given over most of Cellblock H to the research program) and its inmates' time: nine out of 10 of the prison's 1,400 inmates take part.

The man to talk to about testing at Holmesburg is a remarkable convict doing eight years for writing bad checks. His name is not McCullough, but McCullough will do. He is 39, soft-spoken and the sort of prisoner who is so pleasant, so intelligent, so apparently well adjusted that you catch yourself wondering why in the world he is behind bars. If Holmesburg has no "convict boss"—the inmate who according to tradition really runs things—then McCullough is the closest thing to it. His authority stems from his job—the day-by-day administration of all the research projects at Holmesburg for the doctors and prison officials. When he walks the cellblocks the cons swarm all over him. "When do I get on a test, Mac?" they ask, or, "Mac, why aren't you using me?"

"I not only wouldn't put a man on a test as a favor," McCullough told me. "I can't. The kind of the test it is determines who we use, and the needs vary all the time. Right now we're looking for obese men for dieting experiments. And we always need men with slightly high blood pressure."

Experimental diets imposed on inmates have shown how the amount of cholesterol in a person's blood can be controlled to reduce the likelihood of heart attack, stroke and other cardiovascular disorders. For 10 months the volunteers eat nothing and drink only a vile-tasting emulsion three times a day. In one test a convict fell under suspicion in the sixth month. The odor on his breath betrayed the fact that he had sneaked an onion sandwich. The University of Pennsylvania Medical School professor who supervised the cholesterol tests considers it remarkable that, of the 60 men who volunteered, only the onion eater and one other prisoner broke the severe diet. The other man's offense? He chewed a stick of gum.

Surprisingly, it was a fellow volunteer who reported the onion eater.

"In most prisons," McCullough said, "the worst thing you can do is inform on another prisoner. But here—because money is at stake—every once in a while someone will slip up to me and say, 'Mac, that guy didn't drink all his emulsion. He left an inch in the bottom of the glass. He's gonna louse up the whole test, and I'm in on it!' "

At pill-taking time, when the gate to Cellblock H clanks open and a cluster of prisoners straggles in, two of McCullough's helpers are standing by. One gives each volunteer a pill and a cup of water, then checks his name off a list. The other aide makes sure the pills are swallowed. Mouths open, tongues waggle and the pills go down.

Drugs tested at Holmesburg have already been found safe for animals. But the reactions of humans sometimes differ from those of animals, and drugs may have unexpected side effects. Discovering these reactions and side effects is what makes the testing so vital.

"We test drugs on humans," McCullough told me, "under the best possible conditions. The volunteers are in the care of trained researchers, and they're all completely briefed on the experiment beforehand."

McCullough spotted a tall, dark-haired young prisoner and called him over. The convict had volunteered for an antibiotics test, and McCullough asked him to tell about it.

"We get intravenous shots four times a day for eight days," said the prisoner, who is serving eleven-and-a-half years for forgery and assault and battery. "I'm going to get a hundred bucks for this one."

In McCullough's view, the prisoners are anxious to serve as guinea pigs just to earn money: "A lot of the men can make up to $500 in two years, and a few can make well over $1,000 in a single year."

What do they do with the cash? The tall prisoner in the antibiotics test explained, "I've got a wife and a one-year-old kid, and that money's important to them. They're not on relief or nothing."

"Probably the greatest single use the men put their money to," said McCullough, "is hiring lawyers. All of them are pinning their hopes on getting out earlier, and it makes a big difference if you have a lawyer working for you."

In a random sampling of convict volunteers, only one admitted an altruistic motive for participating ("I get satisfaction out of it, testing these drugs so that other people can be healthy"), and none

Philadelphia prisoners sit before ultraviolet light in sunburn-lotion tests made last summer.

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"When they injected the cancer I thought how I didn't want to die."

CONVICT VOLUNTEERS

seemed bitter about being used by society for a chancy job.

"My wife and family are all right," an elderly prisoner said. "They don't need money from me, and so at first I didn't sign up for any tests. But I found that as a man I needed to be earning money. It's a way of maintaining self-respect."

"I've been in other prisons," said a convict currently doing a stretch for burglary, "and it's better here because you have a chance to earn money. There's less anxiety about families. The men behave better."

One of the researchers, Dr. Burton Cahn, a University of Pennsylvania psychiatrist, believes that the tests have reduced the amount of stealing, "because the men have the money to buy what they need in prison. And I think homosexuality has been reduced, too. If you have cigarettes of your own to barter with, you don't have to barter with your body." Everybody at Holmesburg has his own example of how the testing program pays off, not only for humanity but also for the convicts. A young car thief proudly shows the hearing aid he bought with money from a burn test ("Now that I've got this gadget I wouldn't go through it again—too much pain—but it was worth it"); and the warden points to an improvement in discipline ("The men know that if they break a rule they'll be dropped from the payroll, so they usually stay out of trouble").

No payroll for danger

At prisons like Ohio Penitentiary in Columbus, however, there is no "payroll." For six years this penitentiary has been a frontier of cancer research. Volunteers are sternly reminded that despite the danger there will be no pay, no privileges, no promises of "good time" (time lopped off sentences). Yet the "kites" (notes from would-be volunteers) pour in. Doctors always have three to four times as many volunteers as they need.

"It's a funny thing," said Maury Koblentz, the state correction commissioner. "At this prison we have the old heads—the hard-core penitentiary offenders—yet no group volunteers better."

Old head or newcomer, convicts share the public dread of cancer and shudder at the thought of baring an arm to a syringe containing millions of live human cancer cells.

"I'd heard so much about cancer," said a broad-jawed con, a former Army drill sergeant on a stretch for armed robbery. "Maybe I was a little scared when we went to get our shots. But the doc showed us some pictures of kids with cancer, and that got to me. Wherever kids are concerned cons are suckers. One thing that's missing here is love and affection, and when we get a chance to help a kid we jump at it."

To each group of volunteers the doctor, Chester M. Southam of the Sloan-Kettering Institute of New York City, explains what is about to happen. He will inject live cells in both arms, he says, and mark the spots with a tiny tattoo.

"The doc told us how strong the solution would be," a volunteer recalled, "and that there was a very small chance we might catch cancer. And then one con said, 'Aw, hell, doc. Shoot!' And everybody laughed. I stopped laughing when I saw the bottle with the cancer. It was kind of a cloudy liquid, and it looked foul, like something you didn't want in you. When he stuck the damn needle in my arm I thought, 'What have I let myself in for?'"

According to Doctor Southam, the project has taught researchers valuable lessons.

"Over the years," he said, "we have shot cancer cells in a saline solution into the arms of well convicts. Nodules—or lumps—appear in the area of the injection. Within a couple of weeks these disappear. The men are checked every two or three days until the lumps are gone. We now know that the well man can throw off the effects of a cancer implant within a month. We also have found that reinoculation with the same type of cancer cells will mean an even more rapid destruction of those cells."

The studies suggest that a specific defense mechanism in the body rejects the implanted cancer cells. And they indicate that cancer victims lack this disease-fighting mechanism. Doctor Southam is cautious about predicting the ultimate fruits of the tests but he now believes that an immunizing cancer vaccine is a possibility.

So far not one of the 253 volunteers has contracted cancer. But there was a scare in the summer of 1961 when a newspaper reported that prisoner Sam Sheppard, the Cleveland osteopathic surgeon convicted of the second-degree murder of his wife in 1954, had developed a lump on his chest. The implication was strong that Sheppard's lump was the result of the cancer injections he received as a convict volunteer.

Alarmed prison officials immediately ordered a biopsy—surgical removal of a tissue sample—and had sections of the tissue sent to pathologists in several cities. The verdict: not cancerous. Sheppard, a member of a prison wrestling team, had received a blow in a match several weeks earlier; doctors speculated it might have produced the lump.

Although there are always plenty of willing convicts, the cancer project does not require large numbers of volunteers, and for that reason only a small percentage of the penitentiary's population of 4,000 has participated. Some of the nonparticipants are hostile.

"Why should I volunteer?" a squat, rumple-faced convict asked me. "What has society ever done for me? I've been in prison thirty-three years paying for a crime I didn't commit."

Some not only refuse to volunteer but give a hard time to men who do.

"I was called several fools for signing up," said a young father of five, doing life for murdering his employer with a crowbar. "They said, 'Man, don't get into something like that—you might catch it yourself.'"

Why did he volunteer?

"I just read the notice," he said, "and jumped up and said I was gonna. I wasn't scared. I guess after the jury gave me life, that just took all the scaredness I had."

A convict who had killed his mother-in-law said, "I can't build myself up as a big hero because I don't know why I volunteered." But later in conversation he revealed one good reason: "My father died of cancer of the throat. When they carried him out of the house he weighed only 65 pounds."

Another murderer, a convict who spent a year and a half on death row before his sentence was commuted to life, was cocky as he spoke of his crime: "Me and a bookie tangled over a girl; I hit him in the mouth, and he fell and hit his head on a brick." But he grew suddenly wistful when I asked him why he volunteered.

"The doctor told us that one out of every four people living today will get cancer," he said. "Maybe what the doctors learn will save my daughter's life someday."

"Atonement" may be too abstract a word for the reason many convicts volunteer; few are trying to square things with society in general. (Those who said they were, I came to believe, were spouting what they thought the parole board would like to hear. The Ohio parole board is advised of the fact that a man has volunteered but is famous for ignoring the fact, say the cons, when it makes its decisions.) As they watch the cancerous lumps rise on their arms, however, sometimes to the size of golf balls, many men think of specific people they have hurt.

Step up from disgrace

"I've brought so much disgrace to my family," said a convict who had helped kill a guard in an escape attempt, "that I thought I could do something good by volunteering. Now when people ask about me, my parents will have something nice to say."

Invariably, of course, the person the criminal has hurt most—the person who holds him in lowest esteem—is himself.

"I've never done anything right," a habitual criminal now serving time for robbery said. "So something like this makes a man feel good, makes him feel his life's not entirely wasted. It gives you—I don't know—peace of mind or something."

"Self-respect" might be the better term. It is moving to see how the prison volunteers have wrung human balm from scientific, impersonal research programs. At Holmesburg they find self-respect in working for a wage and in having money for needs—family support, legal help and so forth. Raised in a world where the person without money is nothing, they feel a little more like men.

At Ohio the volunteers find self-respect in tackling a risky job—a job which few of the respectable people outside the walls would dare take on—and simply in identifying themselves with a worthy endeavor. To one degree or another the worthy purpose of research projects rubs off on convict volunteers—not only at Ohio and at Holmesburg but at the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, where oral polio vaccine and antimalarial drugs have been tested; at the U.S. prison at McNeil Island, Washington, where convicts undergo experiments to make life safer for American spacemen; and at all the other prisons across the country where men labeled as outcasts help advance medical frontiers. Just being part of it all nourishes something which means more to them than their physical health—their self-esteem.

Even the cocky Ohio inmate who had killed a bookie was raised to a moment of largeness as he spoke of cancer research. "Maybe," he said with a grin, "it'll save the lives of some of my worst enemies. I wouldn't even care." THE END

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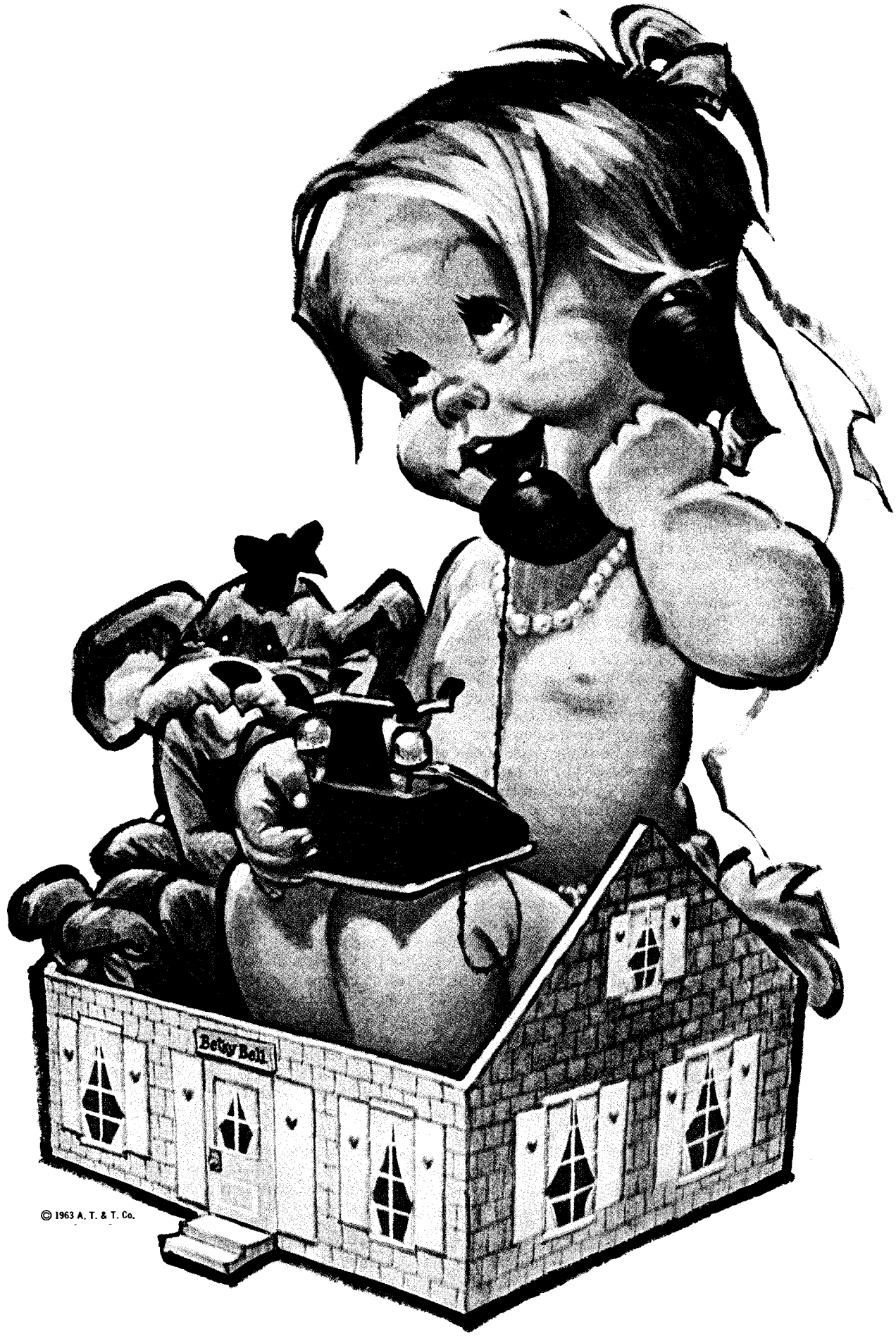

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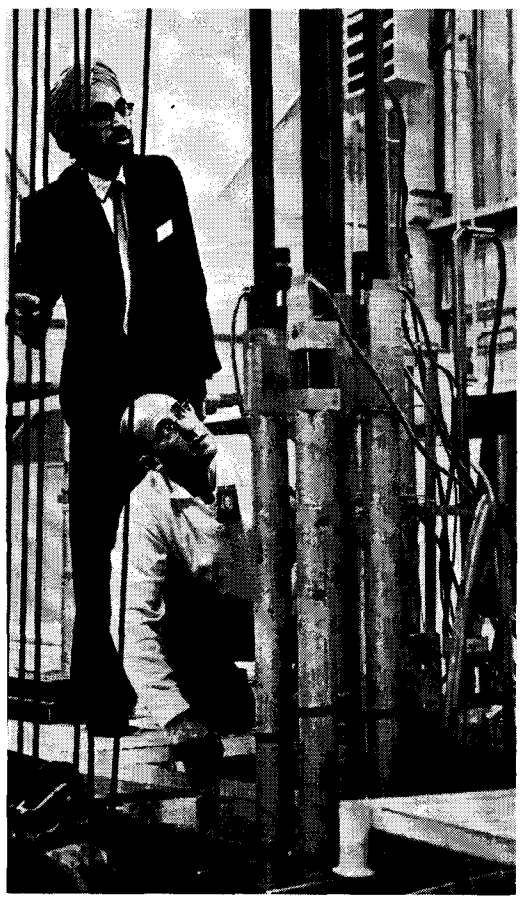
One day last November the Cuban Communist leader Ernesto (Che) Guevara said that if Cuba had its own nuclear weapons it would use them "against the very heart of the United States, including New York." Fortunately, Cuba did not have its own bombs. During the Cuban crisis, the Russians kept offensive missiles in their own hands, clearly unwilling to trust an unstable leader like Fidel Castro with the terrible power of mass weapons.

Yet five years ago Cuba came uncomfortably close to acquiring—from the United States—a device that by now could have given Castro enough fissionable material to make several atomic bombs of his own. He would need much outside help to make them. But few strategists doubt that if he had such weapons Castro could without help destroy Miami or some other major American city.

An accident of history kept the potential for nuclear weapons out of Castro's hands. But it is already too late for the same happy accident to happen in many other countries. Only four nations—the United States, Russia, Britain and France—are known to have nuclear weapons. But at this moment the vital ingredient for atomic bombs is being manufactured in 30 other countries. Before the end of the year the list will also include Argentina, Indonesia, Iraq, the Philippines and South Africa.

Much of this bomb material is made in tiny amounts under rigid outside control, but not all. Most of the producing nations still lack modern science and industry to build nuclear weapons, but some have these, and others are rapidly developing them.

What follows is a report on the threatened spread of nuclear weapons around the world. It will describe how countries unable to make automobiles can now make weapons, how the few primitive bombs that originally cost the United States $2 billion can now be made by smaller countries for less than $100 million. And it will show that such countries, though they lack missiles or even bombers, can deliver their weapons to major cities of the world, including the largest in this country.



An Indian studies Oak Ridge reactor.

Today American leaders worry more than ever about the spread of nuclear weapons, a major factor in the desire for a treaty to end bomb tests. They do not worry that more nuclear giants will suddenly emerge—the massive nuclear systems of the United States and Russia still require billions of dollars and huge industries. Rather they worry that a growing number of nations can make 1945-vintage bombs if they really want to. They are held back at the moment not by lack of ability but by uncertainty whether other smaller nations are going nuclear. If the bomb does spread—as it may in the 1960's—the result will be a nuclear minor league consisting of countries with fierce local hatreds, and of some unconcerned with the safety of the rest of the world. And, though a new country's first weapon would be merely the Model "T" of the atomic world, it still would be a device that could kill a city in a split second.

The material that makes this nightmare possible is plutonium, an element unknown before 1940. The United States Atomic Energy Commission says that plutonium will probably produce half of all the electricity used by the next generation. But today's generation has a more dramatic use for this bizarre metal: It is a shortcut to the atomic bomb.

Plutonium is not found in nature. It is a product of that new international status symbol, the nuclear reactor. Inside a reactor ordinary uranium (which at something like $8 a pound is ridiculously cheap on any nuclear shopping list) gradually becomes plutonium, a bright, heavy metal with some peculiar qualities. It is apt to burst into flame at room temperature. It is one of the strongest poisons known to man. And if enough of the pure metal—less than a measuring-cupful—is brought together in one lump it will destroy the city in which this act is accomplished. It was this much plutonium that exploded over Nagasaki on August 9, 1945, and ended World War II.

Today, eighteen years after Nagasaki, there are 586 reactors in the world. Uranium to fuel them has been located in almost every country. According to Dr. Edward Teller, theoretician of the hydrogen bomb, these reactors are "the key to the atomic bomb." It is not cheering to realize that, by the end of the year, reactors in three dozen countries which do not now have the bomb will be making enough plutonium for more than a dozen bombs a year. By 1967 these and additional reactors will be making enough for more than 100 bombs a year. In the 1970's and 1980's a new kind of reactor called a fast breeder will make so much plutonium in so many places that it is futile to calculate how many bombs could be made.

As Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara says, a major objective of the United States is "to prevent the further proliferation of nuclear weapons." Yet now for the first time it is practical for smaller countries to produce nuclear weapons. Some of these nations are desperate; others are unstable. Some are determined to destroy their enemies or defy the world at any cost.

"We have formal relations with some 110 countries," Secretary of State Dean Rusk said in a special interview for *The Post*. "As far as we can see, some 20 or 25 changes of government will occur every calendar year. Some of these countries have no stable constitutional means for change of government, so that every year perhaps twelve or fifteen of these countries will undergo national crises. In that kind of turbulent world situation, to have a great many countries possessing nuclear weapons that could be used by failing regimes, or that can fall into the hands of new and unstable groups, is not a very inviting prospect. There is not much question that the spread of nuclear weapons will have a profound effect on the unpredictability of world events."

At the moment this fateful spread is temporarily deterred by agreements between some of the countries which export reactors—the United States, Canada, Britain, France, Russia—and some of their customers. These agreements state that the nuclear plants will not be used for making weapons. But not all reactors are covered. And paper agreements can lose meaning when governments change. One of the "protected" reactors was in the Congo during that country's early anarchy. Others have been in other countries periled by upheaval. France had an atomic bomb when threatened by a military mutiny in Algeria.

Is China next to join?

Furthermore, an epidemic of bomb-making threatens to follow the end of what has been called "the hopeless vigil"—the world's wait for the first Red Chinese bomb test. The vigil is hopeless because experts are convinced that the test is coming and that, once tested, a Chinese bomb will be used, actually or psychologically, for aggression.

The Chinese bomb has been unexpectedly delayed. Breakdowns in industry are one cause. Withdrawal of earlier Russian aid is another—if Russia had given China complete cooperation, a Soviet reactor at Peking already could have made enough plutonium for a bomb. Most American Government officials now think the Chinese test will not come until after 1964, but some say they would not be surprised to hear of it any time. In mid-January of this year, Kenjiro Shiga, director of Japan's Defense Agency, said that China already had not one but two atomic bombs.

When China does test a bomb, the Afro-Asian atomic arms race will be on. Possession of the bomb by Red China will probably force India to build her own bomb, despite Nehru's present denials. India has quietly been developing one of the largest nuclear establishments outside the Big Four and has taken pains to keep it beyond foreign control. Her nuclear chief, Dr. Homi J. Bhabha, is one of the most powerful men in India, chief of 2,000 scientists and technicians, and exempted from ordinary financial controls. Once she decides to do so, India could build a bomb in less than two years and thereafter could easily outproduce China.

Control of nuclear weapons is fast getting out of hand as more and more countries obtain reactors that turn out plutonium, key element in the core of the atomic bomb.

Peering through protective window,

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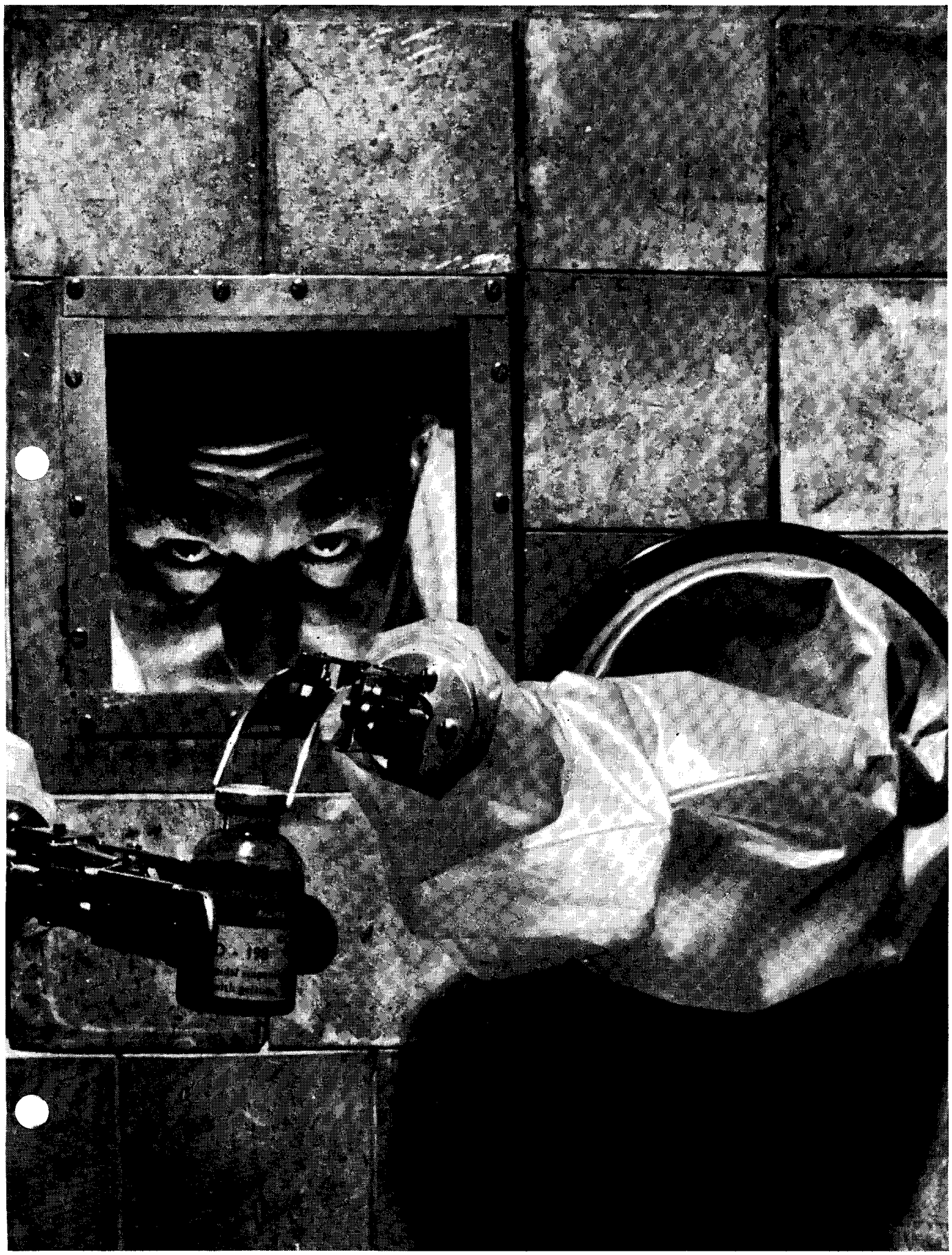
Atomic Bombs for everyone

by Ben H. Bagdikian

The exclusive "nuclear club" may become crowded with new members. Among them: Egypt, Indonesia, the Congo.



n English technician uses mechanical hands to manipulate a vial of chemicals loaded with deadly radioactivity.

An Indian bomb would in turn create severe reactions in another hostile neighbor, Pakistan, which has said she would regard the existence of an Indian bomb as an act of aggression. Red Chinese and Indian bombs probably would cause Nationalist China and Australia to demand bombs from the United States and Great Britain. Japan, now anti-bomb, would face a painful choice: to get into the bomb business or accept second-class status in the Pacific.

No new nuclear power could defeat the United States or Russia in the foreseeable future. The American and Russian stockpiles contain the equivalent of 10 tons of conventional explosive for every man, woman and child on earth; and their defense and delivery systems make it virtually impossible for any smaller country to deliver a killing attack on their entire societies. No other country will catch up for a long time, nor can many afford to try. Command and control systems cost more than 10 times the price of bombs and delivery vehicles themselves—and these systems become obsolescent about every five years.

But a bomb in the hands of a small nation could still kill a city or two, even in a great nation. The mere possibility of losing Leningrad, for example, would cause Russia to think twice; the fear of losing Miami or New York City would give the United States pause. For a weak country to attack a giant would be national suicide. But national suicide is not unknown in history. It is difficult to imagine that Hitler, dying in defeat in his bunker, would not have fired off nuclear bombs if he had possessed them. A mad or desperate leader in a small country today might well do the same.

Moreover, the American-Russian arms race is not the only one in the world. There are dozens of fierce small-power rivalries in which possession of a few atomic bombs, or even of a single bomb, could tip the scales decisively. Egypt, for example, has sworn to annihilate Israel, and she has a military base only 35 miles from Tel Aviv. She also has a small plutonium-producing reactor and a crude rocket, while Israel has a large plutonium-producing reactor under construction. Black Africa and racist white South Africa are headed toward bitter strife, and both sides have reactors.

Even in the hands of a "responsible" nation, an atomic bomb is in danger of accidental detonation or of being fired as a result of a false alarm. The United States takes elaborate precautions to keep neurotic men away from mass weapons, but in spite of these measures at least one American serviceman has threatened to commit suicide by firing a bullet through a missile. His bullet would not have detonated the nuclear warhead—

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Russians built this reactor in Peking.

Only an accident of history kept nuclear potential out of Castro's hands.

but he did not know that. The rising moon once showed up on American radar as an enemy attack. And Premier Khrushchev admitted to Vice President Nixon in 1959 that a Russian test rocket once veered off course toward Alaska and had to be destroyed in flight.

Would a small country with a newly made bomb, under military pressure from jittery neighbors, be able to undertake the expensive and complicated measures required to prevent accidental war? It is far easier now to make bombs than to control them against all unwanted use.

For all these reasons it is with considerable pessimism that most American authorities contemplate the roster of nations with the potential to join the nuclear club. The following countries are believed capable of making bombs within five years without outside help, assuming no break in relations with supplier countries: Belgium, Canada, China, Czechoslovakia, East Germany, West Germany, India, Israel, Italy and Japan. In a somewhat longer time—or earlier with some help in the form of scientific manpower—these countries could have the bomb: Australia, Austria, Denmark, Finland, Hungary, the Netherlands, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. By the early 1970's, at a considerable sacrifice and with imported scientific manpower, these additional nations could join the club: Brazil, Mexico, Norway, Spain and South Africa.

Two possibilities could speed up the timetable: The present nuclear powers might hand ready-made weapons to friends, and some unforeseen technical development might make bombs even easier to manufacture.

Optimists see hope in the fact that some countries which could make nuclear weapons right now have decided not to do so. There are powerful reasons why any smaller country might prefer not to join the club. Recently, for instance, a scientist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology asked a Finnish visitor why his country had not exploited its uranium reserves. The Finn raised his hands in horror. "Don't even talk about it," he said. "The minute we produce uranium in Finland, that minute Russia will be on our border with an ultimatum."

A bomb can be a target as well as a deterrent weapon.

Moreover, while a bomb program does not cost much in the beginning, it could trigger a nuclear-weapons defense-and-delivery race that would empty a national treasury. Nevertheless the atomic bomb holds a terrible fascination for many nations. It appeals to military men and to budget cutters as a cut-rate producer of death: a single one-megaton bomb has the explosive force of 10 years' production of the entire British conventional-explosives industry. Furthermore, national consciences can be quieted by dwelling on the fact that a bomb program develops many skills and facilities that can also be used for research and the production of electricity.

A bomb is power, and power is glory, and throughout history nations have been unable to deny themselves glory. Premier Edgar Faure of France in 1955 said that his country wanted no part of an atomic bomb. In 1959 General Charles de Gaulle said, "We must have this atomic force." France feels the bomb will bring her new respect from Russia and a greater voice in bargaining with her allies. Even Sweden and Switzerland, interested not in glory but in finding a practical method of maintaining their cherished neutrality, have both had bitter public controversies, not yet settled, over whether to manufacture nuclear weapons for defense.

Yet how, it may be asked, can a tiny country like Switzerland consider it practical to make a bomb which cost wartime America $2 billion? That first military nuclear bomb, exploded over Hiroshima on August 6, 1945, was made of uranium-235 produced in a $350 million plant that was immediately superseded by a different kind of uranium-separation plant that cost $2.5 billion. It is this kind of plant that supports the American and Russian mass production of nuclear weapons.

The second military weapon, dropped on Nagasaki three days later, was made of plutonium produced inside a reactor. This is the kind of bomb which modern reactor technology makes feasible—and relatively cheap—for the small would-be-nuclear nation today. Needless to say, the reactor is no automatic bomb machine, with uranium fuel going in one end and the finished bomb emerging from the other. But any reactor will serve as the nucleus for a national bomb program whenever its operators become serious about making nuclear weapons.

Outside the United States, Russia, Britain and France there are 187 reactors either in operation or being built. By 1967, 99 of these in 38 countries will be making plutonium, some in negligible amounts, others in amounts sufficient for one or more bombs a year. Most, though not all, are under control and inspection by American, British or international agreements. Soviet reactors tend to go where there are Soviet troops. But even a small, controlled reactor which produces no plutonium creates an even more fundamental product: the local experience necessary to build large reactors that can make plutonium with no outside control. Already 10 countries have built or are building their own large reactors on the basis of experience with other people's smaller ones: Argentina, Belgium, Canada, India, West Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Sweden, Norway and possibly Israel. At least two of these have no outside controls.

Ironically, the greatest single impetus for national reactors came from the American atoms-for-peace program, initiated by President Eisenhower in 1953, largely as a way of creating a sympathetic view of this country's use of the atom. One result of atoms-for-peace was a Russian counterprogram which provided gift reactors for Red China, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania and East Germany. Until then the Soviet Union had resisted requests for reactors.

Before a country can get American fissionable material or a reactor, approval must be given by the State Department, the AEC, Congress and the President himself. Presumably this prevents reactors from falling into hostile or irresponsible hands. But 12 recipients of such materials have had threatened or actual revolutions.

Near-miss in the Congo

In early July, 1960, for example, urgent cables flashed between Washington and the newly independent Congo. Most concerned the fate of Europeans and the danger of Russian intervention in the rioting that followed independence. But one of these cables sent the American ambassador himself, Clare Timberlake, to his car, which he drove quickly to a spot 10 miles from Leopoldville. There a year before, when the Congo was placid, a small American reactor at the University of Lovanium had gone into operation. Now the AEC was alarmed that pillaging might cause the American reactor to explode and spread deadly radiation over the already-inflamed Congo. Ambassador Timberlake delivered the AEC recommendation: Shut down the reactor and hide the radioactive fuel elements. The rector of the university, Monsignor Luc Gillon, disagreed: If fuel elements were concealed or intercepted during transport, looters might think they were gold and unpack them, with hideous results. The reactor continued to run. But armed guards became an urgent American requirement—and still are. (The Congo is not one of the nations now able to make bombs; but it could in this generation.)

Another revolution-and-reactor episode came close to fruition nearer American shores. In 1956 an American power company said it would build a nuclear-power plant in Cuba because of that country's "long history of friendly and constructive cooperation with the company." This plan collapsed. But in 1958 the Cuban National Bank itself appropriated money for a 22,000-kilowatt reactor to be built by an Anglo-American group at Pinar del Río, west of Havana.

As with the 1956 project, the American Government had given informal approval for use of American fissionable material and reactors—Fulgencio Batista then ruled Cuba—but formal ratification h not been started. Again fate intervene this time in the person of a bearded revolutionary in the Sierra Maestra who distracted the attention of Batista from the reactor project. Had the plan come earlier or the revolution later, a reactor capable of producing plutonium would have fallen into Fidel Castro's hands. Cuba is insufficiently industrialized to make her own bombs, but possession of such a reactor would have added more urgency to the Cuban problem.

The distribution of reactors inevitably spreads. There is even a prospect that plutonium—now a government monopoly everywhere—will become private property. American agreements specifically forbid foreign countries to transfer plutonium to private users "at least until such time as private users in the United States are permitted to acquire title." Last November the AEC recommended that basic nuclear law be changed in 1966 to permit private production and ownership of plutonium. (Anticipating an open private market, the AEC will reduce its plutonium price this June: Though not for sale, enough for a Nagasaki bomb now costs about $150,000; in June it will be $50,000.) Private plutonium would still be subject to government regulation. But it is a sign of growing worldwide access to bomb materials and the new terror this adds any breakdown of law and order.

Possession of enough plutonium for a bomb is not, to be sure, the same thing as having the bomb. Bringing together that cupful of plutonium is not easy. Each atom of the metal shoots out particles that split other plutonium atoms—if the mass is packed together closely enough. When 80 series of these splits have occurred the entire mass disintegrates, in 100 millionths of a second, at millions of degrees. This is a nuclear explosion. But long before the eightieth split the immense heat created by the early fissions will force the mass apart and stop the fission before the mass can explode.

The technique of keeping plutonium in a tight ball at the instant of detonation is the vital secret. Unfortunately, however, the secret is no longer as secure as it once was. Espionage already has offered a shortcut: David Greenglass testified that he told Russian spies that America's Nagasaki bomb consisted of 36 lens-shaped pieces of plutonium blown inward by hundreds of pounds of TNT.

But even without the help of spies, scientists—knowing that the problem can be solved—will not be balked for long. The basic knowledge has been published. They already have a head start on some of the necessary techniques: The use of explosives shaped to push in a precise direction, for example, is well known in oil exploration, steel mills and ballistic

A country starting from scratch woul need modern industry. But it would have to spend less than $100 million for its nuclear factories and production of a few bombs a year. It would take a minimum of six years to design and build plutonium-producing reactors, plants to fabricate fuel and separate plutonium especially for weapon production. Then

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it would be ready for its first bomb. A workable nuclear-test ban would, of course, seriously hamper a nation designing its first bomb. Only an actual test can prove that a design works and, if it does, how much of its plutonium actually fissions.

Even a bomb of proved design has to be carried to the enemy to become a weapon—and a good deal more is involved than the cupful of plutonium. The Nagasaki bomb weighed 10,000 pounds, of which the plutonium core, the size of a baseball, accounted for only 11 pounds. The rest was TNT and other detonation apparatus. It would be imprudent to assume that a new country, 18 years after Nagasaki, could not duplicate this bomb, and perhaps make one smaller. Most scientists think the first bomb of a new nuclear power will probably weigh about 5,000 pounds.

Delivery made easier

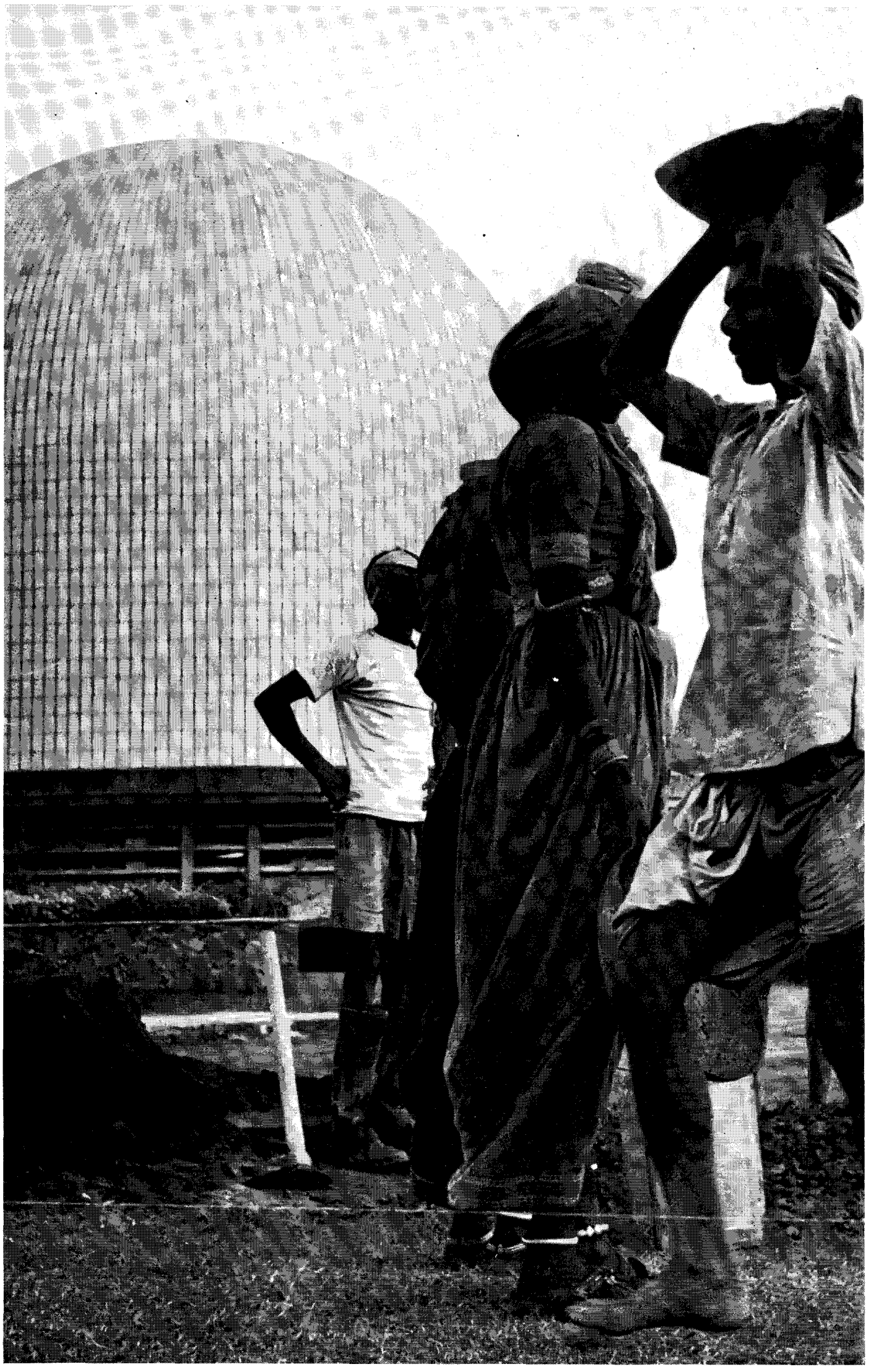
The five-ton bomb was delivered over Nagasaki by a B-29 piston plane that went 300 miles an hour. Any country in the world today can buy or lease an airplane with better characteristics than the B-29. Secondhand military planes built as recently as 1958 are available on the international market.

Moreover, the plane carrying a 5,000-pound bomb package need not be a military model; and it is a wry coincidence that, while the nuclear reactor, the key to the atomic bomb, is one national status symbol, the national airline, which could deliver it, is another. The Boeing 707 and Douglas DC-8 fly at almost twice the speed of the B-29, with far heavier loads, at ranges of 4,000 miles. They do not have bomb bays, but it has been demonstrated that both can carry an extra 5,000 pounds under each wing. This could be a spare engine—or a nuclear bomb.

It is more likely that a minor-league nuclear nation would use its bombs against smaller rivals. But the giants could lose a city or two, and they worry about it. So when the United States tells allies that entering the bomb business is an invitation to insecurity and endless expense, it is suspected of trying to discourage others merely to protect its own cities and atomic dominance. Indeed these are primary aims. But 20 years of experience have also given American authorities special insights that come to men who bear a bitter responsibility.

Not long ago I listened to a conversation between two leading nuclear strategists. They discussed the endless spiral of the nuclear-arms race, which, once started, is so hard to stop, each step producing more insecurity, more expense, more horror. They convinced themselves that any new country would be stupid to enter the business. They were interrupted by a wise British diplomat, who reminded them that even his own sophisticated country had suffered enormous expense and political travail before it discovered this lesson. He wondered how many countries would have to do the same.

"The fact is," he said, "that the dialogue in this room—the facts, the experience, the years of agonizing analysis—is unique: There isn't another country in the world where this conversation could have taken place." THE END



Native workers use primitive tools to landscape the site of Canadian-built reactor (background) near Bombay, India.

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EDITORIALS

The Post and integration

In recent months we have received many letters from our readers asking us to state our position on integration. We have been accused with considerable vehemence of being pro-Negro, perhaps because we have felt it necessary to deal at great length and depth with the problem of the Negro in America.

Let us put it as frankly as possible. Of course we are pro-Negro. We are also pro-white, pro-Jew, pro-Catholic and pro-Protestant. We believe, as we have frequently said, that the promise of American democracy will never be fulfilled so long as any citizen is deprived of his rights because of his race or religion. Private relationships are matters of conscience, but every American is entitled to full enjoyment of the benefits of citizenship.

We do not suggest that integration is easy. We know very well that there are many forms of discrimination in the North as well as the South. But there is a difference. The Negro in the North is not as frequently reminded of any "inferior" status. He can eat in the restaurants and drink from the fountains and not be publicly humiliated because of his color.

Even if we were not convinced of the moral necessity for ending segregation, we would favor it for another reason, one that is every bit as compelling. We are a nation of laws, and it is the law. Southern governors such as George Wallace of Alabama (p. 11) may delude themselves into believing that they can interpose the authority of a state, but the supreme law is the Federal law. That point was settled a hundred years ago.

There is a third reason, more practical than either of the others, for favoring peaceful integration. It is the utter futility and the self-destructive waste of attempting to check the relentless march of history. Governors Orval Faubus and Ross Barnett proved the point. They swore eternal opposition to the law of the land, but Little Rock today is integrated, James Meredith is attending the University of Mississippi, and all that Faubus and Barnett have to show for their obstruction is bloodshed, suffering and the shame that was heaped upon their states. Gov. George Wallace, Bull Connor and other diehards in Alabama should profit by these examples. It is time we stopped fighting the last century's battles here at home and closed ranks against the common enemy abroad, Communism.

As editors of a national magazine, we at *The Post* have a very special responsibility to report on the progress of major events in this nation and the world at large. The emergence of the Negro is one of the most profound developments in American history. His rise from economic and political bondage in this nation and his momentous migration to the North and West are stories that compare in importance with the great westward migration of the 19th century, the two world wars and that great American tragedy, the Civil War. School integration, sit-ins and freedom rides are so much a part of the fabric of our times that responsible editors could not conceivably ignore them. The migration of the Negro is staggering in its social, economic and political ramifications for the entire nation. Negroes used to vote—when they *could* vote—Republican. Some experts, such as Theodore H. White, in his book *The Making of the President*, contend now that this new Negro population in the Northeast actually swung the 1960 election to Democrat John F. Kennedy.

It is essential that all of us understand these things and place them in proper historical perspective. *The Post* has covered the story of the American Negro with responsible, illuminating reports. The first and most memorable of these was a five-part series by John Bartlow Martin, THE DEEP SOUTH SAYS NEVER (June 15–July 13, 1957). In recent months we have described the strategy of the Negro youth's new march on Dixie (Sept. 8, 1962). In November we devoted 13 pages to the dramatic, costly desegregation at the University of Mississippi (Nov. 10, 1962). We have published articles on the Negro aristocracy and the Negro hate group, the Black Muslims. Recently we published a SPEAKING OUT by Carl T. Rowan, Negro Assistant Secretary of State, on THE TRAVESTY OF INTEGRATION.

This week *The Post* is proud to publish a moving and penetrating report on the mood of Birmingham by Joe David Brown (pages 11–19). Birmingham faces the prospect of forced integration. Alabama is the only remaining state where not a single Negro has yet been integrated. Birmingham, as the piece makes clear, is an explosive situation, the next great arena in the integration struggle. It is this kind of dramatic, incisive reporting that is the role of *The Post* in our rapidly changing era.

The Post and fiction

Fiction in this country has from time to time erroneously been reported dead or dying. As Mark Twain once said, after his own death was announced somewhat prematurely, "The reports . . . are greatly exaggerated." Just the other day we read a complaint by one of our favorite writers that "the modern attacks on the novel as a moribund art form have spread out to take in all fiction, and they are more interesting for their vehemence than for the literary accomplishment of the people who insist that fiction is passé." The author of that statement, John O'Hara, is himself one of the strongest reasons for not giving up hope for fiction.

American writers, from Hawthorne, Poe, Bret Harte, O. Henry and Ambrose Bierce to Katherine Mansfield, Dorothy Parker, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway, have long excelled in short-story writing. Today the undisputed master is John O'Hara.

The late Wolcott Gibbs, acerbic critic for *The New Yorker*, was not given to lavish praise. Yet he extolled O'Hara for "his remarkably accurate ear" and his ability to create "reasonable approximations of human beings," something that only the very best writers can do. "I regard him," said Gibbs, "as one of the very considerable writers I have known." So do we, and we believe that the story on page 34, which represents the old pro at his best, proves the point. That story is part of a determination by the editors of *The Post* to bring the best fiction to our readers. The program includes James Jones, Irwin Shaw, Graham Greene, William Saroyan, Leon Uris, John Updike and Philip Wylie, among others. Happily, it will also include more O'Hara. Back in 1960, when he returned to short-story writing after devoting himself to the novel for many years, O'Hara said that he had discovered a new "pleasure and a joy." "The pleasure," he said, "was in finding that after eleven years of not writing short stories I could begin again and do it better; and the joy was in discovering that at fifty-five, and in spite of aches in spine and tendons, I had an apparently inexhaustible urge to express an unlimited supply of short-story ideas." For people who like good writing, that was the best possible news.

In years past the purpose of *Post* fiction was simple: to provide easy escape and entertainment. Today the editors of *The Post* believe that if people want easy escape they can get it from TV. Fiction should serve a more noble purpose. It should enlighten the mind and provide new insights into our culture, our people and our problems, so that we can be better prepared to cope with the awesome age in which we live. Therefore we believe that much of our fiction should deal with contemporary matters. Some outstanding recent examples were FAIL-SAFE by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, TRIUMPH by Philip Wylie and ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVITCH by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. We also believe that to achieve our purpose with *Post* fiction it must be executed by the most gifted writers in the world. This is one more reason why we welcome O'Hara and his distinguished colleagues to our pages.

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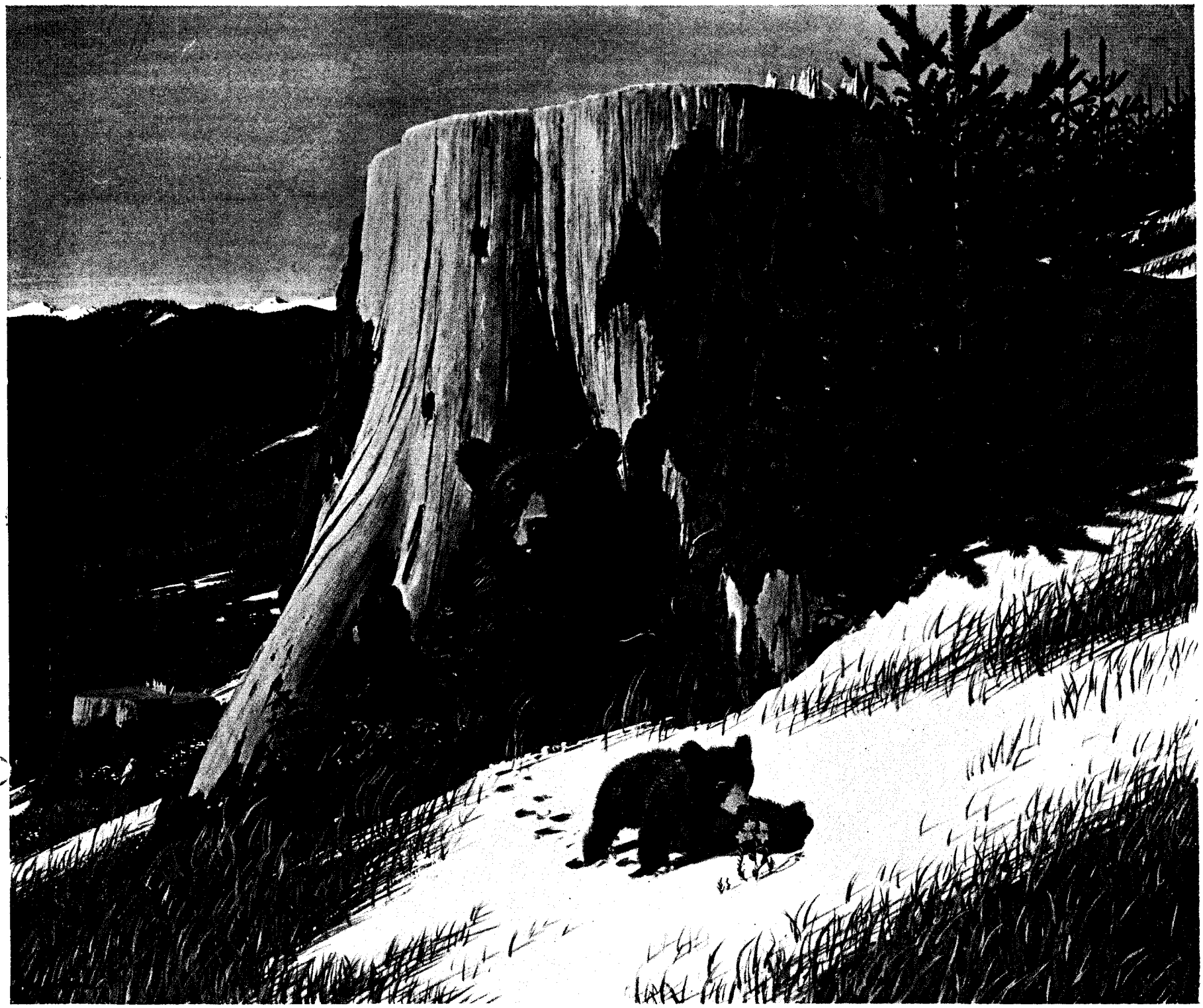

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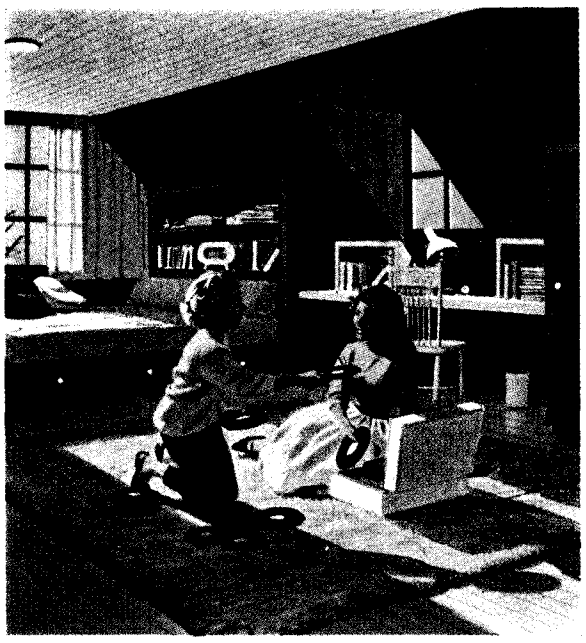

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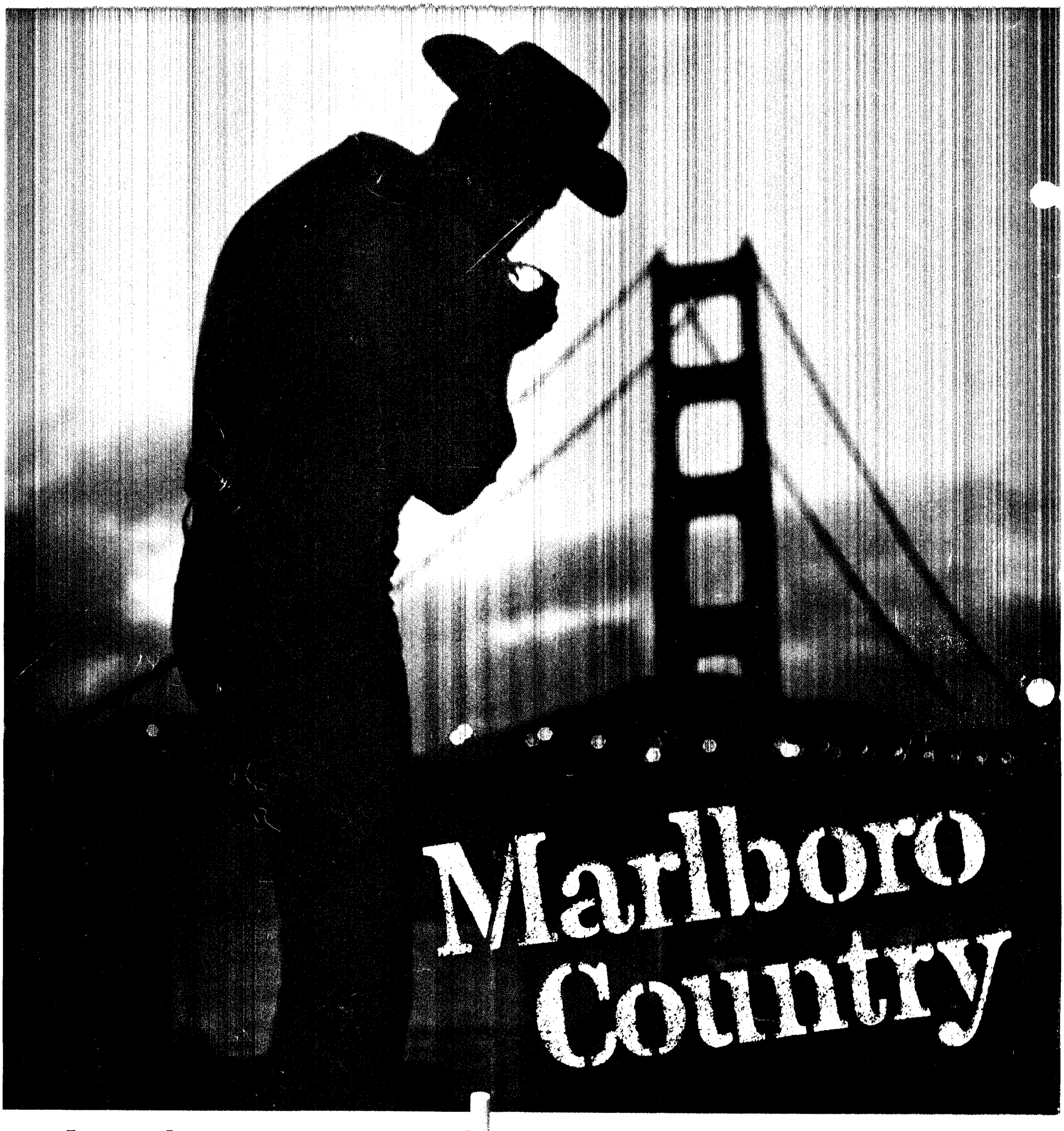

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